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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*The Life of David Garrick; from Original Family Papers, and numerous published and unpublished sources.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., Author of the 'Life of Sterne,' &c. 2 vols. London, 1868.

GARRICK has not been fortunate in his biographers. He has had three—Murphy, Davies, and Boaden. The two first wrote lives of him, which have gone through several editions; the last wrote a Memoir, prefixed to two bulky quartos of Garrick's Correspondence, which were published in 1831. Murphy and Davies knew the great actor. They were members of his company at Drury-lane,—Murphy, during a period which, though brief, was long enough to satisfy even his vanity that the stage was not the true sphere for his versatile and ambitious genius, and also to secure him an unenviable niche in Churchill's *Rosciad*; and Davies from 1752 to 1762, when he quitted the boards, partly through dread of Churchill, partly because he found he could not attend both to his shop—he was a bookseller—and to the business of the stage. 'Nobody,' said Johnson, 'can write the life of a man but those who have eat, and drank, and lived in social intercourse with him.' But a man may have done all these things, and yet write a life very badly. So it was with both Murphy and Davies; for there was bitterness in their hearts of an old standing. Murphy as a dramatic author, and Davies as an actor, had fancied wrongs to revenge, and the humiliation to resent of benefits received and injuries forgiven; and the leaven of their ancient grudges tainted both their works. But Murphy's, besides being venomous, is inaccurate, and, what is more surprising in a man whose dialogue in comedy was terse and sparkling, it is extremely prosy. That of Davies, while much less coloured by prejudice, and upon the whole sensibly and agreeably written, is often incorrect in its details, and far from complete in its treatment of the subject. We should have had very different books from both, could they have dreamed that their own letters to Garrick, with the drafts of his replies, had been preserved, and were one day to rise up in judgment against their ingratitude and injustice to one who had shown them signal forbearance, and loaded them with repeated favours.

These letters, with the rest of Garrick's Correspondence, which he had carefully preserved and docquetted, probably with a view to an Autobiography at some future date, were in Boaden's hands. He had not known Garrick either on the stage or in private. But these documents, with such information as he might have obtained from Mrs. Garrick, whom he did know, were enough to have enabled him to produce a satisfactory life. Boaden, however, was not the man for the work. He had neither the sympathetic imagination, the discriminating judgment, nor the vivacity of style, which it demanded; and his 'Memoir' is meagre in details, and most colourless and jejune in treatment.

That he did not even make a judicious selection of the Correspondence which he edited is now certain. Most valuable as much of it is, not a little could well have been spared to make room for what he omitted. The whole Correspondence having come many years afterwards into the hands of Mr. John Forster, those who cared for such inquiries were taken by surprise by the announcement in a note to his 'Life of Goldsmith' (vol. i. p. 242), that the letters which Boaden had not published would 'form the most striking and valuable contribution that has yet been made to the great actor's history.' This statement was in some measure confirmed by the quotations given by Mr. Forster from a series of Garrick's early letters to his family; and curiosity was still further whetted by the appearance in the same gentleman's elaborate Essays on Churchill and Foote of other letters from the same source, scarcely less interesting from the light which they threw upon Garrick's character and his relations to these and others of his contemporaries.

It is to be regretted that a judicious and well-edited selection of these papers should not have been published, and left to speak for itself; or, at all events, that Mr. Forster, or some other writer of unquestionable skill, should not have worked them up into a Life, that might have taken a place in literature worthy of the great actor's reputation. Instead of this, they have been entrusted to the author of these volumes, who has produced a work which assuredly does not answer that condition.

Like Johnson's friend Birch, Mr. Fitzgerald seems to be 'a dead hand at a life.' Within two years or so he has grappled with Charles Lamb's and Sterne's, and now Garrick's is before us in two volumes, that number together nearly a thousand pages. Like all hasty literary work it is much too long. If lives are to be written on this scale, we must, as Sydney Smith said, get back to the days of Methusaleh, when men's years were counted by hundreds, and not by tens. But length is not its only or its worst fault. It wants accuracy, judgment in selection, and
method

method in arrangement; and is, besides, at once tawdry and slovenly in style. Mr. Fitzgerald is merciless to the inaccuracies of other people. His own are legion. He talks, for example, of Garrick's, when he means Thomson's, 'Tancred and Sigismunda' (vol. ii. p. 121), of 'the great Earl of Chatham,' instead of Lord Chesterfield (vol. i. p. 75),—the great Earl of Chatham in 1737!—places the death of Foote, not at Dover, but at 'a lonely French port' (vol. ii., p. 250), and tells us (vol. i., page 224) that a speech which Garrick wrote for Macbeth's last scene, and which has not within the memory of playgoers been spoken on the stage, 'will always keep its place' there. The same blundering heedlessness pervades Mr. Fitzgerald's style. Here are a few examples of his respect for syntax. 'Carrying the precious wares in their pockets that *was* to make all their fortunes' (vol. i., p. 35). 'There *was* always crowded houses' (Ibid., p. 335). 'The pupil *whom* he fancied *was* fast asleep below' (Ibid., p. 30). The confusion of Mr. Fitzgerald's sentences, amusing at first, becomes irritating by repetition. In one place he informs us that a leading wit and critic at the Bedford Coffeehouse was to be seen there nightly after he was dead. 'Here, too, *was seen* that wild and witty, and drunken Dr. Barrowby, who, after a jovial life, *had died* the death that so often attends on a jovial life' (vol. i., p. 283). But the shock of such nonsense is tolerable, compared to the bewildering effect produced by Mr. Fitzgerald's utter disregard of method, or the simple rules which regulate the use of the pronoun. Into the middle of a passage about one person he constantly thrusts what is, in fact, a note about somebody else, and then goes on with the main thread of his narrative in a way that makes it impossible to know of which he is speaking. So little master, too, of the simplest rules of composition is the gentleman, who has undertaken to give the world a critical estimate of the literary merits of Lamb and Sterne, that he can fill page upon page with sentences such as these:—

'This foolish proceeding was welcomed by the town with delight, now rather famished for want of real nutriment.' (v. ii. p. 157.) 'It was the last thing in the world he dreamed, that his friend would think of entering into opposition against him.' (Ibid. p. 184.) 'A complete collection of these Garrick pamphlets would be curious. *The British Museum is a very imperfect gathering, but whose number is still very considerable.*' (v. i. note p. 244). 'On one May night '57, Garrick must have been brought word of the strange and dramatic scene.' (v. i. p. 323).

Nor is Mr. Fitzgerald more accurate in statement than in style. Another striking defect of his book is the absence of reference

to his authorities. Even where he does mention them—a rare occurrence—it is in such vague terms as ‘Cradock,’ ‘Kirkman,’ ‘Stockdale,’ ‘Cooke.’ The general reader is not much the wiser for such a reference as this. He is not likely to know even of the existence of Stockdale’s or Cradock’s *Memoirs of themselves*, or of Kirkman’s or Cooke’s *Memoirs of Macklin*. And even when Mr. Fitzgerald condescends to furnish this faint clue to his authority, it is no easy task to verify his statements, for as a rule he gives no citation of either volume or page. The value of any statement in a work based, as this is, entirely on what other people have written, must of course depend wholly on the character of the source from which it comes. But Mr. Fitzgerald systematically deprives his readers of this test. Page after page is made up of passages manufactured out of Tate Wilkinson’s, Mrs. Bellamy’s, Stockdale’s, Davies’s, and other memoirs, without a word of acknowledgment. The letters published by Boaden are quoted, or their contents used, at every turning; but, as a rule, no indication is given of the source from which the quotations are taken.

But enough of Mr. Fitzgerald and his shortcomings! More pleasant will it be to our readers and ourselves to turn from these to the great actor and amiable man whose story he has attempted not very happily to tell.

David Garrick was born at the Angel Inn, Hereford, on the 19th February, 1716. He was French by descent. His paternal grandfather, David Garric, or Garrique, a French Protestant of good family, had escaped to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, reaching London on the 5th of October, 1685. There he was joined in the following December by his wife, who had taken a month to make the passage from Bordeaux in a wretched bark of fourteen tons, ‘with strong tempests, and at great peril of being lost.’ Such was the inveteracy of their persecutors, that, in effecting their own escape, these poor people had to leave behind them their only child, a boy called Peter, who was out at nurse at Bastide, near Bordeaux. It was not till May, 1687, that little Peter was restored to them by his nurse, Mary Mougner,* who came over to London with him. By this time a daughter had been born, and other sons and daughters followed; but of a numerous family three alone survived—Peter, Jane, and David. David settled at Lisbon as a wine merchant, and Peter entered the army in 1706. His regiment was quartered at Lichfield; and some eighteen months after he received his commission he married Arabella, the

* Not Montgrier, as printed by Mr. Fitzgerald.

daughter of the Rev. Mr. Clough, Vicar Choral of the cathedral there. There was no fortune on either side, but much affection. The usual result followed. Ten children were born in rapid succession, of whom seven survived. Of these the third was David, who made his appearance somewhat inopportunistically, while his father, then a lieutenant of dragoons, was at Hereford on recruiting service.

Lichfield was the home of the family. There was good blood on both sides of it, and they were admitted into the best society of the place, and held in deserved respect. David was a clever, bright boy; of quick observation, apt at mimicry, and of an engaging temper. Such learning as the grammar-school of the town could give he obtained; and his training here, and at Edial some years afterwards under his townsman Samuel Johnson, produced more of the fruits of a liberal education than commonly results even from schooling of a more elaborate and costly kind. The occasional visits of a strolling troop of players gave the future Roscius his first taste of the fascinations of the drama. To see was to resolve to emulate, and before he was eleven years old he distinguished himself in the part of Serjeant Kite in a performance of Farquhar's 'Recruiting Officer,' organised for the amusement of their friends by his companions and himself.

Meanwhile the cares of a numerous family were growing upon his parents. To meet its expenses, his father exchanged from the dragoons into a marching regiment, and went upon half-pay. Peter, the eldest boy, had gone into the Navy; and upon the invitation of the uncle, whose name he bore, young David, then only eleven, was sent to Lisbon, apparently with the expectation that a provision for life would be made for him in his uncle's business. But either his uncle had no such intention, or the boy found the occupation distasteful, for his stay in Portugal did not extend over many months. Short as it was, he succeeded in making himself popular there by his vivacity and talents. After dinner he would be set upon the table to recite to the guests passages from the plays they were familiar with at home. A very pleasant inmate he must have been in the house of his well-to-do bachelor uncle. No doubt he was sent home with something handsome in his pocket; and when a few years afterwards the uncle came back to England to die, he left his nephew 1000*l.*,—twice as much as he gave to any others of the family.

Garrick's father, who had for some years been making an ineffectual struggle to keep his head above water upon his half-pay,

pay, found he could do so no longer, and in 1731 he joined his regiment, which had been sent out to garrison Gibraltar, leaving behind him his wife, broken in health, to face single-handed the debts and duns, the worries and anxieties, of a large family. In her son David she found the best support. His heart and head were ever at work to soften her trials, and his gay spirit doubtless brightened with many a smile the sad wistfulness of her anxious face. The fare in her home was meagre, and the dresses of its inmates scanty and well worn; still there were loving hearts in it which were drawn closer together by their very privations. But the poor lady's heart was away with the father.

'I must tell my dear life and soul,' she writes to him in a letter quoted by Mr. Fitzgerald, which reads like a bit of Thackeray or Sterne, 'that I am not able to live any longer without him; for I grow very jealous. But in the midst of all this I do not blame my dear. I have very sad dreams for you. . . . but I have the pleasure when I am up, to think, were I with you, how tender. . . . my dear would be to me; nay was, when I was with you last. O! that I had you in my arms. I would tell my dear life how much I am his.—A.G.'

Her husband had then been only two years gone. Three more weary years were to pass before she was to see him again. This was in 1736, and he returned, shattered in health and spirits, to die within little more than a year. One year more, and she, too, the sad faithful mother, whose 'dear life' was restored to her arms only to be taken from them by a sterner parting, was herself at rest.

During his father's absence Garrick had not been idle. His busy brain and restless fancy had been laying up stores of observation for future use. He was a general favourite in the Lichfield circle—amusing the old, and heading the sports of the young—winning the hearts of all. Gilbert Walmsley, Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court, a good and wise friend, who had known and loved him from childhood, took him under his special care. On his suggestion, possibly by his help, David and his brother George were sent as pupils to Johnson's academy at Edial, to complete their studies in Latin and French. Garrick and Johnson had been friends before, and there was indeed but seven years' difference in their ages. But Johnson even then impressed his pupil with a sense of superiority, which never afterwards left him; while Garrick established an equally lasting hold upon the somewhat capricious heart of his ungainly master. From time to time he was taken by friends to London, where, in the theatres

theatres that were to be the scenes of his future triumphs, he had opportunities of studying some of the leading performers, whom he was afterwards to eclipse. Even in these early days the dream of coping with these favourites of the town had taken possession of him. But he kept it to himself, well knowing the shock he would have inflicted on the kind hearts at home, had he suggested to them the possibility of such a career for himself.

By the time his father returned from Gibraltar Garrick was nineteen. A profession must be chosen, and the law appears to have been thought the fittest for a youth of 'so much readiness and address, and with an obviously unusual faculty of speech. Some further preliminary studies were, however, indispensable. He could not afford to go to either university, and in this strait his friend Walmsley bethought him of a 'dear old friend' at Rochester, the Rev. Mr. Colson, afterward Lucasian Professor at Cambridge, a man of eminence in science, as a person most likely to give young Garrick the instruction in 'mathematics, philosophy, and humane learning' which was deemed requisite to complete his education. To him, therefore, a letter was despatched, asking him to undertake the charge, from which we get an authentic and agreeable picture of the young fellow's character:

'He is a very sensible fellow, and a good scholar, nineteen, of sober and good dispositions, and is as ingenious and promising a young man as ever I knew in my life. Few instructions on your side will do, and in the intervals of study he will be an agreeable companion for you. This young gentleman has been much with me, ever since he was a child, and I have taken much pleasure in instructing him, and have a great affection and esteem for him.'

Mr. Colson accepted the proposal; but by the time the terms had been arranged, another young native of Lichfield, in whom Walmsley felt no slight interest, had determined to move southward to try his fortunes, and was also to be brought under Mr. Colson's notice. This was Samuel Johnson, whose Edial Academy had by this time been starved out, but for whom London, the last hope of ambitious scholars, was still open. He had written his tragedy of 'Irene,' and it had found provincial admirers, Walmsley among the number, who thought a tragedy in verse the *open sesame* to fame and fortune. For London, therefore, Johnson and Garrick started together—Johnson, as he used afterwards to say, with two-pence-halfpenny in his pocket, and Garrick with three halfpence in his; a mocking exaggeration, not very wide, however, of the truth. Walmsley announced their departure to Mr. Colson on the 2nd March, 1737, in the often quoted words:—

'He

'He (Garrick) and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Johnson,* set out this morning for London together; Davy Garrick to be with you early next week; and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed with some translation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer.'

For some reason not now known Garrick did not go to Mr. Colson in a week. On reaching town he lost no time in getting himself admitted to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn (19th March, 1737) by payment of the admission fee of 3*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, the only act of membership which he appears ever to have performed. He stayed in London with Johnson for some time, and their finances fell so low that they had to borrow 5*l.* on their joint note from one Wilcox, a bookseller and acquaintance of Garrick's, who afterwards proved one of Johnson's best friends. Most probably Garrick's plans of study under Mr. Colson were disconcerted by the illness of his father, who died within a month after Garrick had started from Lichfield. Nor was it until the death soon afterwards of the Lisbon uncle, and the opening to Garrick of his 1000*l.* legacy, that he found himself in a condition to incur that expense. Late in 1737 he went to Rochester, and remained with Mr. Colson for some months, but with what advantage can be only matter of conjecture. Colson, like the Rev. Josiah Cargill, as described by Meg Dods, was 'just dung donnart wi' learning,'—a man too much absorbed in abstruse scientific studies to be the fittest of tutors for a youth of the mercurial temperament and social habits of Garrick. But there was so much of honest ambition and natural goodness of disposition in his pupil, that it may safely be assumed he did not fail to profit by the learning of the man, of whose peculiarities he must have been quite aware before he placed himself under his charge. Whatever his progress in the *literæ humaniores*, Rochester was as good a field as any for such a student of character and manners. He certainly made himself liked in the family, and Colson's daughter, Mrs. Newling, recalling herself to Garrick's notice twenty years afterwards, speaks of the great pleasure with which she reflects 'upon the happy minutes his vivacity caused' during his stay with them.

* In 1769, when Garrick was one of the most notable men in England, the letters of Walmsley to Colson were published by Mrs. Newling, Colson's daughter. She sent the originals at the same time to Garrick's friend, Mr. Sharp, to be forwarded to the great actor. In the very charming letter to Garrick which accompanied them, Mr. Sharp says, 'If I had called, as I sometimes do, on Dr. Johnson, and showed him one of them where he is mentioned as one Johnson, I should have risked perhaps the sneer of one of his ghastly smiles.'—(*Garrick Correspondence*, v. i. p. 334.) This remark Mr. Fitzgerald, with characteristic inaccuracy, ascribes to G. Stevens.

Early in 1738 Garrick returned to Lichfield. By this time his brother Peter had left the navy, and returned home. There were five brothers and sisters to be provided for, so Peter and he clubbed their little fortunes, and set up in business as wine merchants in Lichfield and London. David, by this time tolerably familiar with the ways of town, and not unknown at the coffee-houses where his wines might be in demand, took charge of the London business. Vaults were taken in Durham Yard, between the Strand and the river, where the Adelphi Terrace now stands, and here Foote, in his usual vein of grotesque exaggeration, used to say, he had known the great actor 'with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine merchant.'

Of Garrick at this period we get a vivid glimpse from Macklin, an established actor, who was then Garrick's inseparable friend, but was afterwards to prove a constant thorn in his side through life, and his most malignant detractor after death. Garrick 'was then' as Macklin told his own biographer Cooke, 'a very sprightly young man, neatly made, of an expressive countenance, and most agreeable manners.' Mr. Cooke adds, upon the same authority:—

'The stage possessed him wholly; he could talk or think of nothing but the theatre; and as they often dined together in select parties, Garrick rendered himself the idol of the meeting by his mimicry, anecdotes, &c. With other funds of information, he possessed a number of good travelling stories,' (with which his youthful voyage to Lisbon had apparently supplied him), 'which he narrated, Sir (added the veteran), in such a vein of pleasantry and rich humour, as I have seldom seen equalled.'—*Cooke's Life of Macklin*, p. 96.

There could be only one conclusion to such a state of things. The wine business languished—that it was not wholly ruined, and Garrick with it, shows that with all his love of society he was able to exercise great prudence and self-restraint. 'Though on pleasure bent, he had a frugal mind.' Early habits of self-denial, and the thought of the young brothers and sisters at Lichfield, were enough to check everything like extravagance, though they could not control the passion which was hourly feeding itself upon the study of plays and intercourse with players, and bearing him onwards to the inevitable goal. Their society, and that of the wits and critics about town, were the natural element for talents such as his. He could even then turn an epigram or copy of verses, for which his friend Johnson would secure a place in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' Paragraphs of dramatic criticism frequently exercised his pen. He had a farce, 'Lethe,' accepted at Drury Lane, and another, 'The Lying Valet,' ready for

for the stage. Actors and managers were among his intimates. He had the *entrée* behind the scenes at the two great houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and his histrionic powers were so well recognised, that one evening, in 1740, when Woodward was too ill to go on as harlequin, at the little theatre in Goodman's Fields, Garrick was allowed to take his place for the early scenes, and got through them so well that the substitution was not surmised by the audience.

Nor had his been a mere lounge's delight in the pleasures of the theatre. The axiom that the stage is nought, which does not 'hold the mirror up to nature,' had taken deep hold upon his mind. But from the actual stage he found that nature, especially in the poetical drama, had all but vanished, and in its place had come a purely conventional and monotonous style of declamation, with a stereotyped system of action no less formal and unreal. There was a noble opening for any one who should have the courage and the gifts to return to nature and to truth, and Garrick felt that it was 'in him' to effect the desired revolution. That the public were prepared to welcome a reform had been demonstrated by the success, in February, 1741, of his friend Macklin at Drury Lane, in the part of Shylock, which the public had up to that time been accustomed to see treated on the stage as a comic part. Reading his Shakspeare by the light of his vigorous intellect, Macklin saw the immense scope the character afforded for the display of varied passion and emotion. Nature had given him the Shylock look, and in his heart he had 'the irrevocable hate and study of revenge,' of which the character is so grand an expression. In the early scenes he riveted the audience by the hard cutting force of his manner and utterance. The third act came, and here he says:

'I knew I should have the pull, and reserved myself accordingly. At this period I threw out all my fire; and, as the contrasted passions of joy for the merchant's losses and grief for the elopement of Jessica, open a fine field for an actor's powers, I had the good fortune to please beyond my warmest expectations. The whole house was in an uproar of applause, and I was obliged to pause between the speeches, to give it vent so as to be heard.'

'No money, no title,' added the veteran as he recited his triumph 'could purchase what I felt. And let no man tell me after this what fame will not inspire a man to do, and how far the attainment of it will not remunerate his greatest labours. By G—d, sir, though I was not worth fifty pounds in the world at this time, yet, let me tell you, I was Charles the Great for that night.'—*Cooke's Life of Macklin*.—p. 93.

Macklin's powers were of an exceptional kind. He wanted variety

variety and flexibility, and those graces of person and manner which are indispensable to a great actor. His success was, therefore, only momentary; and it was left to his young friend and companion to complete the reform, of which his own treatment of Shylock was the first indication.

Nor was that reform far distant. The very next summer was to decide Garrick's career. His broodings were now to take actual shape. But before hazarding an appearance in London he wisely resolved to test his powers in the country; and with this view he went down to Ipswich with the company of Giffard, the Manager of the Goodman's Fields' Theatre, and made his appearance under the name of Lyddal as Aboan in Southern's tragedy of 'Oroonoko.' This he followed up by several other characters, both tragic and comic, none of them of first importance, but sufficient to give him ease on the stage, and at the same time enable him to ascertain wherein his strength lay. His success was unquestionable, and decided him on appealing to a London audience.

The quality in which Garrick then and throughout his career surpassed all his contemporaries was the power of kindling with the exigencies of the scene. He lost himself in his part. It spoke through him; and the greater the play it demanded of emotion and passion, the more diversified the expression and action for which it gave scope, the more brilliantly did his genius assert itself. His face answered to his feelings, and its workings gave warning of his words before he uttered them; his voice, melodious and full of tone, though far from strong, had the penetrating quality hard to define, but which is never wanting either in the great orator or the great actor; and his figure, light, graceful, and well balanced, though under the average size, was equal to every demand which his impulsive nature made upon it. We can see all this in the portraits of him even at this early period. Only in those of a later date do we get some idea of the commanding power of his eyes, which not only held his audience like a spell, but controlled, with a power almost beyond endurance, his fellow performers in the scene. But from the first the power must have been there. He had noted well all that was good in the professors of the art he was destined to revolutionise; and he had learned, as men of ability do learn, even from their very defects, in what direction true excellence was to be sought for. Long afterwards he used to say that his own chief successes in 'Richard the Third' were due to what he had learned through watching Ryan, a very indifferent actor, in the same part. Richard was the character he chose for his first London trial; a choice made with a wise estimate

estimate of his own powers, for the display of which it was eminently fitted. At this time the part was in the possession of Quin, whose 'manner of heaving up his words, and laboured action,' as described by Davies, were the best of foils to the fiery energy and subtle varieties of expression with which Garrick was soon to make the public familiar. He appeared, by the usual venial fiction on similar occasions, as a 'gentleman who never appeared on any stage.' The house was not a great one; still the audience was numerous enough to make the actor feel his triumph, and to spread the report of it widely. They were taken by surprise at first by a style at once so new and so consonant to nature.

'To the just modulation of the words,' says Davies, 'and concurring expression of the features, from the genuine workings of nature, they had been strangers, at least for some time. But, after Mr. Garrick had gone through a variety of scenes, in which he gave evident proofs of consummate art, and perfect knowledge of character, their doubts were turned into surprise and astonishment, from which they relieved themselves in loud and reiterated applause.'

Macklin, of course, was there, and often spoke of the pleasure that night's performance gave him.

'It was amazing how, without any example, but on the contrary, with great prejudices against him, he could throw such spirit and novelty into the part, as to convince every impartial person, on the very first impression, that he was right. In short, Sir, he at once decided the public taste; and though the players formed a cabal against him, with Quin at their head, it was a puff to thunder; the east and west end of the town made head against them; and the little fellow, in this and about half a dozen other characters, secured his own immortality.'—*Cooke's Life of Macklin*, p. 99.

The 'Daily Post' announced his reception next day, in terms which, however little they would be worthy of belief in any journal of the present day, at that time were enough to arrest attention, as 'the most extraordinary and great that was ever known on such an occasion' as a first appearance. Another critic in 'The Champion,' who obviously was equal to his work, a phenomenon at no time common in newspaper critics of the stage, called attention to his nice proportions, his clear and penetrating voice, sweet and harmonious, without monotony, drawing, or affectation; 'neither whining, bellowing, or grumbling,'—tragedians of those days must have been marvellously like our own,—'but perfectly easy in its transitions, natural in its cadence, and beautiful in its elocution.'

'He is not less happy in his mien and gait, in which he is neither strutting nor mincing, neither stiff nor slouching. When three or four

four are on the stage with him *he is attentive to whatever is spoke*, and never drops his character when he has finished a speech, by either looking contemptuously on an inferior performer, unnecessary spitting, or suffering his eyes to wander through the whole circle of spectators. His action is never superfluous, awkward, or too frequently repeated, but graceful, decent, and becoming.

This is invaluable, both as showing what Garrick was, and what the actors of that time—in this also, unhappily, too like the actors of our own—were not. He was ‘terribly in earnest.’ He did not play with his work. He had transported himself into the ideal Richard, and his strong conception spoke in every flash of his eyes, every change of his features, every motion of his body. It is characteristic of the fervour with which he threw himself into the part, that before the fourth act was over he had all but run out of voice, and was indebted to the seasonable relief of a Seville orange from a chance loiterer behind the scenes for getting articulately to the end of the play. This failure of the voice often happened to him afterwards, and from the same cause. It is one of the characteristics of a sensitive organisation, and did not arise in him from any undue vehemence, but evidently from the intensity which he threw into his delivery.

A power like this was sure of rapid recognition in those days, when theatres formed a sort of fourth estate. Garrick’s first appearance was on the 19th of October, 1741. He repeated the character the two following nights, then changed it for ‘Aboan,’ his first part of the Ipswich Series. The audiences were still moderate, and his salary, a guinea a night, moderate in proportion. But fame had carried the report of the new wonder from the obscure corner of the city, near the Minories, in which his friend Giffard’s theatre was situated, to the wits and fashionable people in the West-end. Richard was restored to the bills. ‘Goodman’s Fields,’ says Davies, ‘was full of the splendours of St. James’s and Grosvenor Square; the coaches of the nobility filled up the space from Temple Bar to Whitechapel.’ What Garrick valued more than all this concourse of fashionables, men of high character and undoubted taste flocked to hear him; and on the 2nd of November, Pope, ill and failing, who had come out early in the year to see Macklin’s ‘Shylock,’ and had recognised its excellence, was again tempted from his easy chair at Twickenham by the rumour of a worthy successor having arisen to the Betterton and Booth of his early admiration.

‘I saw,’ said Garrick, describing the event long afterwards to the somewhat magniloquent Percival Stockdale, ‘our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side-box near the stage, and viewing me
with

with a serious and earnest attention. His look shot and thrilled like lightning through my frame, and I had some hesitation in proceeding from anxiety and from joy. As Richard gradually blazed forth, the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring hand of Pope showered me with laurels.'—*Stockdale's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 152.

Pope returned to see him twice; and his verdict, which reached Garrick through Lord Orrery, shows how deeply he was impressed by Garrick's fresh and forcible style, and the genuine inspiration which animated his performance. 'That young man never had his equal as an actor, and he will never have a rival.' Pope dreaded that success would spoil him; but Garrick's genius was not of the ungenuine kind, which is spoiled by success. He knew only too well how far his best achievements fell short of what his imagination conceived. Others might think his delineations could not be improved. Not so he; for act as long as he might, there was no great part, in Shakespeare especially, which would not constantly present new details to elaborate, or suggest shades of significance or contrast which had previously escaped him. The praise of old Mrs. Porter, herself the greatest tragedian of her time, who had come up to town to see him from her retirement in the country, must have spoken more eloquently to him than even Pope's broad eulogium, and in it, too, there was the prophecy of the 'All hail, hereafter.' 'He is born an actor, and does more at his first appearance than ever anybody did with twenty years' practice; and, good God, what will he be in time!'^{*} The Duke of Argyle and Lord Cobham, great authorities in stage matters, pronounced him superior to Betterton. The very conflicts of opinion to which such high commendations gave rise were the best of fame for the young artist. They drew crowds to the theatre; and even before the end of 1741, it was often far too small to accommodate the numbers that flocked for admittance. The humble salary of a guinea a night was clearly no adequate return for such merits. Giffard offered him a share in the management upon equal terms; and within the next few months the foundation of the actor's ultimate great fortune was laid.

Such success could not fail to provoke the jealousy of those performers who had hitherto occupied the foremost ranks. It was a virtual condemnation of all they had trained themselves to think true acting. 'If this young fellow is right, then we have all been wrong,' said one, as if in that statement were

^{*} This speech was conveyed to Garrick in a letter, 26th April, 1742, from his friend the Rev. T. Newton.—*Garrick Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 8.

included a final verdict against him. 'This,' remarked the sententious Quin, 'is the wonder of a day; Garrick is a new religion; the people follow him as another Whitefield; but they will soon return to church again.*' Return, however, they did not. A new era had begun; and Garrick, whose ready pen did not always do him such good service, was able to retort the sarcasm in a smart epigram, of which these two lines have kept their place in literature.

'When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy but Reformation.'

When Dukes by the dozen, great Parliament men, Mr. Pitt and others, and even Cabinet Ministers, were to be seen in the front boxes applauding, and were known to court the young actor's acquaintance, the adverse whispers of the few, who are always too wise to believe in what all the rest of mankind believe in, were of small account. Gray might pooh-pooh the new genius, and Walpole insinuate that he 'saw nothing wonderful in him'—when did he ever recognise anything truly great?—but they felt themselves to be the heretics, and powerless against the overwhelming tide of popularity which had set in. Even Colley Cibber, whose adaptation of 'Richard the Third' was Garrick's assay piece, and whose preconceived notions of the character must have received a rude shock from the new soul put into it by the young actor, was reluctantly driven to admit to Mrs. Bracegirdle, 'Gadso, Bracey, the little fellow is clever.' The praise of so good a critic and so experienced an actor were indeed valuable, and in recounting his successes to his brother Peter, Garrick writes with obvious pride (22nd December, 1741), 'Old Cibber has spoken with the greatest commendation of my acting.'

While people were still in admiration at the tragic force of his Richard, he surprised them by the display of comic powers, scarcely less remarkable, in Clodio in the 'Fop's Fortune,' Fondlewife in Congreve's 'Old Bachelor,' and other characters; thus early demonstrating his own doctrine that 'there must be comedy in the perfect actor of tragedy,' of which he was afterwards to furnish so brilliant an example. His lively farce of 'The Lying Valet' (produced in December, 1741), established his reputation as a writer, at the same time that it gave him in Sharp a field for the airy vivacity, the ever-bubbling gaiety of tone, the talent

* Quin and Garrick became excellent friends. Leaving a coffee-house one night together, only one sedan chair was to be had. 'Put Davie in the lantern,' said Quin, stepping into it. 'Happy to give Mr. Quin light in anything,' was Garrick's rejoinder.

of making witty things doubly witty by the way of saying them, for which he was afterwards so famous. Some of his friends (his townsman Newton, the future Bishop, then tutor to Lord Carpenter's son, among the number) thought his appearance in such parts a mistake. 'You, who are equal to the greatest parts, strangely demean yourself in acting anything that is low or little,' he wrote, 18th January, 1742. 'There are abundance of people who hit off low humour and succeed in the coxcomb and the buffoon very well; but there is scarce one in an age who is capable of acting the hero in tragedy and the fine gentleman in comedy. Though you perform these parts never so well, yet there is not half the merit in excelling in them as in the others.' Sound enough advice in the main and to actors of limited scope, and most politic as a warning, by which Garrick profited, not to let himself down by playing merely farce parts. But there is no good reason why an actor of the requisite genius should not play Touchstone as well as Othello, Sir Toby Belch as well as Coriolanus, with no more loss of caste than Shakspeare for having written them. But then there must be the requisite genius to justify the attempt. This Garrick had, as was soon afterwards proved, when he passed from King Lear to Abel Drugger, in 'The Alchemist,' from Hamlet to Bayes in 'The Rehearsal,' and left his severest critics in doubt in which he was most to be admired. Indeed it was just this wide range of power, this Shakspearian multiformity of conception, which was the secret of Garrick's greatness, and, *after his death*, made even the cynical Walpole confess that he was 'the greatest actor that ever lived, both in comedy and tragedy.' Newton himself was struck by this a few months later. He had just seen Garrick's Lear, and after giving him the opinion of certain friends that he far exceeded Booth in that character, and even equalled Betterton, he goes on to say:—

'The thing that strikes me above all others is that variety in your acting, and your being so totally a different man in Lear from what you are in Richard. There is a sameness in every other actor. Cibber is something of a coxcomb in everything: and Wolsey, Syphax, and Iago, all smell strong of the essence of Lord Foppington. Booth was a philosopher in Cato, and was a philosopher in everything else! His passion in Hotspur I hear was much of the same nature, whereas yours was an old man's passion, and an old man's voice and action; and, in the four parts wherein I have seen you, Richard, Chamont, Bayes, and Lear, I never saw four actors more different from one another, than you are from yourself.'—*Garrick Correspondence*, v. i. p. 7.

His Lear, like his Richard, seems from the first to have been superb. Cooke, indeed, in his 'Memoir of Macklin,' says the first

first and second performances of the part disappointed that severe critic. It did not sufficiently indicate the infirmities of the man 'fourscore and upwards'—the curse did not break down, as it should have done, in the impotence of rage—there was a lack of dignity in the prison scene, and so forth. Garrick took notes of Macklin's criticisms on all these points, withdrew the play for six weeks, and restudied the character in the interval. Of the result on his next appearance Macklin always spoke with rapture. The curse in particular exceeded all he could have imagined; it seemed to electrify the audience with horror. The words 'kill—kill—kill,' echoed all the revenge of a frantic king, 'whilst his pathos on discovering his daughter Cordelia drew tears of commiseration from the whole house. In short, sir, the little dog made it a *chef d'œuvre*, and a *chef d'œuvre* it continued to the end of his life.'

While the town was ringing with his triumphs, and his brain was still on fire with the fulfilment of his cherished dreams, Garrick did not forget his sober partner in business nor the other good folks at Lichfield, to whose genteel notions his becoming a stage-player, he knew, would be a terrible shock. The Ipswich performances had escaped their notice; and brother Peter, when in town soon afterwards, found him out of health and spirits. It was the miserable interim 'between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion' of it. Garrick, though he had quite made up his mind to go on the stage, was afraid to break the news to his family. But he did so the day after his *débüt* at Goodman's Fields, while the plaudits of his audience were yet sounding in his ears, in a letter to his brother and partner, deprecating his censure with an unassuming earnestness which speaks volumes for the modesty of the artist, and the simple and loving nature of the man:—

'My mind,' he writes, '(as you must know) has been always inclined to the stage, nay, so strongly so that all my illness and lowness of spirits was owing to my want of resolution to tell you my thoughts when here. Finding at last both my inclination and interest required some new way of life, I have chose the most agreeable to myself, and though I know you will be much displeased at me, yet I hope when you shall find that I may have the genius of an actor, without the vices, you will think the less severely of me, and not be ashamed to own me for a brother. . . . Last night I play'd Richard the Third to the surprise of everybody, and as I shall make very near 300*l.* per annum by it, and as it is really what I doat upon, I am resolved to pursue it.'

The wine business at Durham Yard, he explained, had not prospered—400*l.* of Garrick's small capital had been lost—and

he saw no prospect of retrieving it. He was prepared to make every reasonable arrangement with his brother about their partnership, and in his new career better fortune awaited him, of which his family should share the fruits. But the news spread dismay in the old home at Lichfield; their respectability was compromised by one of their blood becoming 'a harlotry player,' and getting mixed up with the loose morals and shifty ways of the theatrical fraternity. Before Peter's reply reached him, Garrick must have known that his fame was secure. But the tone of his rejoinder is still modest, though firm. Writing again on the 27th, he assures his brother that even his friends, 'who were at first surprised at my intent, by seeing me on the stage, are now well convinced it was impossible to keep me off.' As to company, 'the best in town' were desirous of his, and he had received more civilities since he came on the stage than he ever did in all his life before. Leonidas Glover has been to see him every night, and goes about saying he had not seen acting for ten years before.

'In short, were I to tell you what they say about me, 'twould be too vain, though I am now writing to a brother. . . . I am sorry my sisters are under such uneasinesses, and, as I really love both them and you, will ever make it my study to appear your affectionate brother, D. Garrick.'

A less modest or more selfish man would have thrown off with some impatience the weak scruples of his family about loss of caste. How could he be doing wrong in following the irresistible bent of a genius for what he knew to be one of the most difficult as well as noblest of the arts, however it might have been discredited by the folly or vice of some of its followers, or disparaged as an 'idle trade' in the opinion of the unreflecting? But Garrick's heart and no less excellent temper determined him to pursue a conciliatory course. He reminded his brother, therefore, 'how handsomely and how reputably some have lived, as Booth, Mills, Wilks, Cibber, &c., admitted into and admired by the best companies.' He told him (10th November, 1741), that 'Mr. Pitt, who is reckoned the greatest orator in the House of Commons, said I was the best actor the English stage had produced, and he sent a gentleman to let me know he and the other gentlemen would be glad to see me. The Prince has heard so great a character of me, that we are in daily expectation of his coming to see me.' This sort of thing was calculated to impress the rather dull brain of Peter and the timid souls of the sisters, which would have been impervious to any appeal on the score of the intrinsic nobility of the actor's art. Garrick could feel within himself, and might have told them, that he had his vocation as
clearly

clearly as ever poet or painter had his, and that it no more rested with himself what 'he should do or what refuse,' than with a Milton to write, or a Raphael to design. But to have written to the good people at Lichfield of these things would have been to talk to stone walls. He therefore keeps steadily before their eyes the numbers of great folks who are pressing for his acquaintance — 'the great Mr. Murray, counsellor,' Pope, Mr. Littleton, the Prince's favourite, with all of whom he has supped, and who have all treated him 'with the highest civility and complaisance.' He has dined with Lords Halifax, Sandwich, and Chesterfield. 'In short, I believe nobody (as an actor) was ever more caressed, and my character as a private man makes 'em more desirous of my company.'* When they found their brother making his way in the highest quarters, and becoming well to do at the same time, the views of his family underwent a change. It was not, however, till the 2nd of December, 1741, that Garrick threw off the mask and performed under his own name. By this time even they must have begun to doubt whether honour was not more likely to accrue to them than discredit from the step which he had taken. But it must have been no small pain to him to have the vulgar estimate of his profession thrown so remorselessly in his teeth by his own kindred; and that even in the first excitement of his success he had misgivings as to what would be his social position, and had expressed them to his friend Newton, may be inferred from a letter of that wise and liberally-minded man:—

'You need make no apology,' he writes to Garrick, December 7, 1741, 'for your profession, at least to me. I always thought that you were born an actor, if ever any man was so; and it will be your own indiscretion (and I hope and believe you will hardly be guilty of such indiscretion), if coming upon the stage hurts your reputation, and does not make your fortune. As great talents are required for acting well, as for almost anything; and an excellent actor, if at the same time he is an honest worthy man, is a fit companion for anybody. You know Roscius was familiar with Cicero, and the greatest men of his time; and Betterton used frequently to visit Bishops Sprat and Atterbury, and other divines, as well as the best of the nobility and gentry, not as a mimic and buffoon, to make diversion for the company, but as an agreeable friend and companion.'

This was encouragement of a very commonplace kind to a man who respected his art and himself. But still it was encouragement, and encouragement not to be despised. For it was not alone the many-headed vulgar who thought themselves entitled to look with a kind of scorn upon a player, but the so-called men

* For the details of this part of Garrick's Correspondence, see Book III, cap. ii. of Goldsmith's Life by Mr. Forster.

of letters, with Johnson at their head, who above all others should have been superior to such prejudice, lost no opportunity of letting Garrick feel that they regarded the actor as of an inferior order to themselves. It was only men of the highest gifts, like Burke, Warburton, Camden, or Reynolds, or of the highest social position, like the Dukes of Devonshire or Portland, or the Spencers, who never wounded his self-respect by airs of superiority or condescension.

Garrick paid the actor's accustomed penalty for success by being overworked. Between his first appearance in October, 1741, and the following May, when the Goodman's Fields Theatre closed, he played no less than 138 times, and for the most part in characters of the greatest weight and importance in both tragedy and comedy. Among the former were Richard, Lear, Pierre; among the latter, Lord Foppington, in Cibber's 'Careless Husband,' Fondlewife, and Bayes. The range of character and passion which these parts covered was immense. To have played them at all, new as he was to the stage, was no common feat of industry, but only genius of the most remarkable kind could have carried him through them, not only without injury, but with positive increase, to the high reputation his first performances had created. In Bayes he was nearly as popular as in Richard and Lear; and he made the part subservient to his purpose of exposing the false and unnatural style into which actors had fallen, by making Bayes speak his turgid heroics in imitation of some of the leading performers. But when he found how the men whose faults he burlesqued—good, worthy men in their way—were made wretched by seeing themselves, and what they did in all seriousness, held up to derision, his naturally kind heart and good taste made him drop these imitations. Garrick's true vocation was to teach his brethren a purer style by his own example, not to dishearten them by ridicule. Mimicry, besides, as he well knew, is the lowest form of the actor's art, and no mere mimic can be a great actor, for sincerity, not simulation, is at the root of all greatness on the stage.

The success of Garrick at Goodman's Fields, emptied the patent houses at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and the patentees had recourse to the law to compel Giffard to close his theatre. Garrick was secured for the next season at Drury Lane. But as that house did not open till September, and the people of Dublin were impatient to see him, he started off for that city early in June, and remained there playing a round of his leading parts till the middle of August. An epidemic which raged during the greater part of this time, caused by distress among the poor, and by the great heat, got the name of the Garrick Fever.

Fever. But the epidemic which he really caused was not among the poor, but among the wits and fine ladies of that then fashionable and lively city, who were not likely to be behind his English admirers in enthusiasm. He was berhymed and fêted on all hands, and from them he got the title of Roscius, which to this hour is coupled with his name. During this engagement he added Hamlet to his list of characters. Like his Richard and his Lear it was treated in a manner quite his own, and like them it was from the first a success, but was, of course, much elaborated and modified in future years.

At Drury Lane Garrick found himself associated with his old friend Macklin, who was deputy manager, and with that 'dallying and dangerous' beauty Peg Woffington, under whose spell he appears to have fallen as early as 1740. As an actress she was admirable for the life, the nature, and the grace which she threw into all she did, set off by a fine person, and a face, which, as her portraits show, though habitually pensive in its expression, was capable of kindling into passion, or beaming with the sudden and fitful lights of feeling and fancy. She had been literally picked out of the streets of Dublin as a child crying 'halfpenny salads,' and trained by a rope-dancer, Madame Violante, as one of a Lilliputian company, in which she figured in such parts as Captain Macheath. Like Rachel and many other celebrated women, she contrived, it is hard to say how, to educate herself, so that she could hold her own in conversation in any society; and such was her natural grace, that she excelled in characters like Millamant and Lady Townley, in which the well-bred air of good society was essential. Frank, kindly and impulsive, she had also wit at will, to give piquancy to the expressions of a very independent turn of mind. She never scrupled to avow that she preferred the company of men to that of women, who 'talked,' she said, 'of nothing but silks and scandal.' The men returned the compliment by being very fond of her company. 'Forgive her one female error,' says Murphy, 'and it might fairly be said of her that she was adorned with every virtue,'—a truly modest plea, when it is considered that Peg was not more chaste, and certainly not less mercenary than Horace's Barine, to whom indeed she was likened in some pointed but very heartless verses by one of her many lovers, Sir Hanbury Williams. 'By Jove,' she exclaimed, as she ran into the green-room one night from the stage, when she had left the house cheering her exit as Sir Harry Wildair, 'they are in such delight, I believe, one half of them fancy I am a man.' 'Madam,' rejoined Quin, 'the other half, then, has the best reason for knowing to the contrary.' But when Garrick first fell under her fascination, these frailties

frailties had not been developed. She was then in the bloom of her beauty,—and how charming that was we can see from Hogarth's exquisite portrait (in the Marquis of Lansdowne's Collection), which forms one of the chief attractions of the portrait exhibition now at South Kensington,—and though suitors of wealth and rank surrounded her, genius and youth had probably more charms for her than gold and fine living. Garrick was deeply smitten by her, and he seems for a time to have thought her worthy of an honourable love. For one season he kept house together with her and Macklin, and they were visited by his friends, Johnson and Dr. Hoadley among the number. It was thought he would marry her; but Peg's aberrations—her 'one female error'—grew too serious. She was in truth an incurable coquette. It was the old story of Lesbia and Catullus. Garrick's heart was touched, hers was not. It cost him a good many struggles to break his chains, but he broke them at last, and left her finally in 1745 to the rakes and fools who were out-bidding each other for her favours.

He was worthy of a better mate; and he was to find one before very long; for in March of the following year (1746) the lady came to England who was to replace his feverish passion, for the wayward Woffington, by a devotion which grew stronger and deeper with every year of his life. This was the fair Eva Maria Veigel, which latter name she had changed for its French equivalent *Violette*. She was then twenty-one, a dancer, and had come from Vienna with recommendations from the Empress Theresa, who was said to have found her too beautiful to be allowed to remain within reach of the Emperor Frederick I. Jupiter Carlyle, returning from his studies at Leyden, found himself in the same packet with her, crossing from Helvoet to Harwich. She was disguised in male attire, and this although travelling under the protection of a person who called himself her father, and two other foreigners. Carlyle took the seeming youth for 'a Hanoverian Baron coming to Britain to pay his court at St. James's.' But the lady becoming alarmed by a storm during the passage, her voice, no less than her fears, at once betrayed her to Carlyle. This led to an avowal of her profession, and of the object of her journey, and the young handsome Scotchman took care not to leave London without seeing his fair fellow-traveller on the Opera stage, where he found her dancing, to be 'exquisite.*' Such was the general verdict.

The

* 'Autobiography of Carlyle,' pp. 183 and 197. The misrepresentations of Mr. Fitzgerald in reciting this story are inexcusable. He says, 'Among their fellow-travellers were two foreigners, with a very handsome young page. This party they

The dancing of those days was not a thing in which every womanly feeling, every refined grace, was violated. It aspired to delight by the poetry of motion, not to amaze by complexities of distortion, or brilliant marvels of muscular force. Beautiful, modest, accomplished, the Violette not only charmed on the stage, but soon found her way into fashionable society. So early as June, 1746, Horace Walpole writes to his friend Montague:—‘The fame of the Violette increases daily. The sister Countesses of Burlington and Talbot exert all their stores of sullen partiality and competition for her.’ The Countess of Burlington took her to live with her, and was in the habit of attending her to the theatre, and waiting at the side-wings to throw a shawl over her as she left the stage. These attentions, due solely to the charm of the young lady, and the enthusiasm of her patroness, were quite enough to set in motion the tongues of the Mrs. Candours and Sir Benjamin Backbites of society. The Violette, they began to whisper, was a daughter of Lord Burlington, by a Florentine of rank; and when, upon her marriage with Garrick in 1749, she received a handsome marriage portion from the Countess, this was considered conclusive evidence of the scandal. It was not, however, from the Earl, but from the Countess that the dowry came. It consisted of a sum of 5000*l.* secured on one of her ladyship’s Lincolnshire estates, Garrick on his part settling 10,000*l.* on his bride, with 70*l.* a year of pin-money.* It is quite possible that the security for 5000*l.* granted by the Countess was simply an equivalent for some such sum previously handed over to her by the young lady. But the parties kept their own counsel in their arrangements, and so left the busy-bodies at fault. ‘The chapter of this history is a little obscure and uncertain as to the protecting Countess, and

they assumed to be a Hanoverian Baron,’ &c. Carlyle says ‘three foreigners, of different ages, who had under their care a young person of sixteen, very handsome indeed, whom we took for a Hanoverian Baron,’ &c. Mr. Fitzgerald says she was ‘a young dancer, coming to try the English stage at the little theatre at “the Hay,” and the supposed Hanoverian Baron begged their patronage for his *protégée*.’ It was to the Opera House in the Haymarket, and not to the little theatre there, that Violette was going, and the supposed Baron, Carlyle expressly says, was the Violette herself. Twelve years afterwards he dined with the lady and her husband at their villa at Hampton Court. ‘She did not seem at all to recognise me,’ he says, ‘which was no wonder at the end of twelve years, having thrown away my bag-wig and sword, and appearing in my own grisly hairs, and in parson’s clothes.’ The twelve years Mr. Fitzgerald makes ‘some ten,’ and in defiance of Carlyle’s direct statement to the contrary, he makes him say, ‘he suspected she remembered that voyage well!’ So is biography written.

* The evidence of this is before us in a copy of the Marriage Articles, to which the Countess is a party. They are dated 20th June, 1747, two days before the marriage, and disprove all that is said on the subject both by Mr. Boaden and Mr. Fitzgerald.

whether

whether she gives her a fortune or not,' Horace Walpole wrote out to a friend in Florence a few days after the marriage, and speculation has since gone on mystifying what was in itself a very simple affair.

The Countess, it is said, looked higher for her young friend than the great player, as a Countess with so celebrated a beauty in hand was likely to do; and it was not without difficulty that Garrick won what proved to be the great prize of his life. He had on one occasion to disguise himself as a woman, in order to convey a letter to his mistress. But the fact of her receiving it bespeaks the foregone conclusion that he had won her heart; and, that fact once ascertained, the Countess was probably too wise to oppose further resistance. How attractive in person the young dancer was her portraits survive to tell us. What her lover thought of her appears from some verses which he wrote in the first happiness of what we cannot call his honeymoon, for their whole married life was one honeymoon.

'Tis not, my friend, her speaking face,
Her shape, her youth, her winning grace,
Have reached my heart; the fair one's mind,
Quick as her eyes, yet soft and kind—
A gaiety with innocence,
A soft address, with manly sense;
Ravishing manners, void of art,
A cheerful, firm, yet feeling heart,
Beauty that charms all public gaze,
And humble, amid pomp and praise.'

That this charming picture owed little or nothing to the exaggeration of the lover, is confirmed by the uniform testimony of all who knew her. Wilkes, no mean judge, called her 'the first,' and Churchill 'the most agreeable woman in England.' 'Her temper,' says Stockdale, 'was amiable and festive; her understanding discriminating and vigorous; her humour and her wit were easy and brilliant.' Sterne, seeing her in 1752 among the beauties of Paris who thronged the Tuileries Gardens, said she 'could annihilate them all in a single turn.' 'To David Hume,' as Madame Riccoboni tells us, '*elle rappelait au souvenir ces illustres dames Romaines dont on se forme une idée si majestueuse.*' Beaumarchais speaks of her '*sourires fins et pleins d'expression.*' To her husband Gibbon writes, 'May I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Garrick? By this time she has probably discovered the philosopher's stone. She has long possessed a more valuable secret—that of gaining the hearts of all who have the happiness of knowing her.' Horace Walpole drops his cynicism in speaking of her, 'I like her,' he says, 'exceedingly; her

her behaviour is all sense, and all sweetness too.' Of this 'best of women and wives,' as Garrick called her, he proved himself worthy by a loverlike wakefulness of affection which no familiarity ever dulled. During the twenty-eight years of their married life they were never one day apart. His friends were hers; where he went she went, and by the grace of her presence made his doubly welcome. The *beaux esprits* of Paris were only restrained from throwing themselves at her feet by the unusual spectacle of a lover husband, '*l'heureux mari*,' as Madame Riccoboni calls him, '*dont les regards lui disent sans cesse, I love you!*' Even Foote, brutal in his contempt of constancy and the home virtues, was touched by the beautiful oneness of their lives. In February, 1766, when he was recovering from his terrible accident, and, face to face with pain and sorrow, could listen to the dictates of his better nature, he wrote to Garrick, 'It has been my misfortune not to know Mrs. Garrick; but from what I have seen, and all I have heard, you will have more to regret, when either she or you die, than any man in the kingdom.' Seven years later, and when he had enjoyed the privilege of knowing her better, the same reckless wit, who spared no friend, however kind, respected no nature however noble, and from whom, as the event proved, a thousand wrongs were unable to alienate Garrick's forgiving nature, wrote of the lady to her husband in these terms:—'She has the merit of making me constant and uniform in perhaps the only part of my life—my esteem and veneration for her.' Singularly enough the finest portrait of this charming woman is associated with Foote. It was painted by Hogarth for Garrick, and is now in Her Majesty's possession. It presents Garrick in the act of composition, his eyes rapt in thought, and his wife stealing behind him and about to snatch the pen from his upraised hand. He is in the act of writing, so says the catalogue of his sale, his prologue to Foote's farce of 'Taste.' This supplies the date, 'Taste' having appeared in 1752, just two years after their marriage. The picture is the very poetry of portraiture. The character, as well as the lineaments, of both are there, and it needs no stretch of fancy to imagine Garrick on the point of illustrating the virtuoso's passion for the antique by the line—

'His Venus must be old, and want a nose,'

when his reverie is broken by the saucy challenge of as pretty a mouth and sweet a pair of eyes as ever made a husband's heart happy.

What Garrick owed to the happy circumstances of his marriage can scarcely be stated too highly. In his home he found all

all the solace which grace, refinement, fine intelligence, and entire sympathy could give. As artist, these were invaluable to him; as manager, a man of his sensibilities must have broken down without them. In 1747, two years before his marriage, he had, along with Mr. Lacy, become patentee of Drury Lane theatre, to which his performances had been confined, with the exception of a second visit to Dublin in 1745-6, and a short engagement at Covent Garden in 1746-7. So well had he husbanded his means since his *début* at the end of 1741, that he was able, with some help from friends, to find 8000*l.* of the 12,000*l.* which were required for the enterprise. Lacy took charge of the business details, while all that related to the performances devolved upon Garrick. He got together the very best company that could be had, for, to use his own words, he 'thought it the interest of the best actors to be together,' knowing well, that apart from the great gain in general effect, this combination brings out all that is best in the actors themselves. On the stage, as elsewhere, power kindles by contact with power; and to the great actor it is especially important to secure himself, as far as he can, against being dragged down by the imbecility of those who share the stage with him. Sham genius naturally goes upon the principle of '*ma femme et cinq poupées*;' real inspiration, on the contrary, delights in measuring its strength against kindred power. This was Garrick's feeling. At starting, therefore, he drew round him Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Woffington, among the women,—Barry, Macklin, Delane, Havard, Sparks, Shuter, among the men. Later on he secured Quin and Woodward, and, whenever he could, he drew into his company whatever ability was in the market. He determined to bring back the public taste, if possible, from pantomime and farce, to performances of a more intellectual stamp. Johnson wrote his fine Prologue to announce the principles on which the theatre was to be conducted, and threw upon the public, and with justice, the responsibility, should these miscarry, by the well-known lines,—

'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For those, who live to please, must please to live.'

The public, as usual, fell back after a time upon its love for 'inexplicable dumb show and noise,' and Garrick had no choice but to indulge its taste. But in these early days the array of varied ability which his company presented, backed by his own genius, filled, as it well might, the theatre nightly.*

Garrick

* We have before us an extract from the books of the theatre, from which it appears

Garrick purchased his success, however, by an amount of personal labour, for which only his own passionate enthusiasm for his art could have repaid him. To keep such forces in order was no common task; to reconcile their jealousies, to conciliate their vanity, to get their best work out of them, demanded rare temper, rare firmness, and extraordinary tact. Even with all these, which Garrick certainly possessed, his best efforts frequently provoked the spleen and shallow irritability of those about him. Nor was it only the airs of his tragic queens that upset his plans and put his chivalry to sore trial. Woffington and Clive—one the fine lady of Comedy, the other the liveliest of Abigails—kept him in continual hot water. But his *bonhomie* was not to be shaken; and when Clive had written him a more scolding letter than usual, he took it as a symptom of better health, and his salutation to her when they next met would be,—‘I am very glad, madam, you are come to your usual spirits.’ Even the fiery Kitty could not resist such invincible good humour.

Of course malicious stories in abundance were propagated against him, many of them due, beyond all question, to his very virtues as a manager. He worked from too high a point of view to be understood by many of the people who surrounded him. Excellence was his aim, and he allowed no one to trifle with the work he assigned them. Strict and elaborate rehearsals, under his own direction, were insisted on, much to the annoyance of some of the older actors, who had grown habitually careless as to the words of their parts. His own presiding mind arranged the business of the scene, and ensured *ensemble* and completeness. He took infinite pains to put his own ideas into the heads of performers who had no ideas of their own, so that his actors often made great hits, which were mainly due to the soul he had contrived to infuse into them at rehearsal.

‘Wonderful, sir,’ Kitty Clive wrote to him (23rd January, 1774), ‘you have for these thirty years been contradicting the old proverb that you cannot make bricks without straw, by doing what is infinitely more difficult, making actors and actresses without genius.’

Again on 23rd January, 1776, when the stage was about to lose him, she writes from Cliveden (Clive’s Den, as her friend Walpole calls it) with her usual delightful heartiness:—

‘I have seen you with your magical hammer in your hand endea-

appears that the nett profits of the two first years of Garrick’s management were 16,000*l*. The nightly receipts, which varied from 100*l*. to 150*l*. when he did not play, invariably exceeded 200*l*. when he did. Besides his share of the profits Garrick received 500*l*. a year for acting, 500*l*. for managing, and 200*l*. for extras,

vouring

vouring to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own. I have seen you, with lamb-like patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you; and when that could not be done, I have seen your lamb turned into a lion. By this, your great labour and pains, the public were entertained; *they* thought they all acted *very fine*—they did not see you pull the wires. There are people now on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they think themselves very great: now let them go on in their new parts, without their leading-strings, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is. I have always said this to everybody, even when your horses and mine were in their highest prancing. While I was under your control, I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery; and you know your Pivy* was always proud; besides, I thought you did not like me then; but *now* I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter.—*Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 128.

It was only human nature, and not actors' nature especially, that Garrick should be pulled to pieces by the very members of his company to whom he had been most serviceable. Obscurely servile to his face, behind his back they persecuted him with the shafts of slander. 'I have not always,' as he wrote in 1764, 'met with gratitude in a playhouse.' These were the people who whispered about that he was not the great actor the world supposed, but that he maintained his pre-eminence by stifling the gifts of other people, and letting nobody have a chance of popularity but himself. This was singularly untrue. All other considerations apart, Garrick was too good a man of business not to make the very best use he could of the abilities of his company. An opposite course meant empty houses, and a failing exchequer, besides double work to himself as an actor. As he wrote to Mrs. Pritchard's husband (July 11, 1747), in answer to some querulous suspicions that she was to be sacrificed to Mrs. Cibber:—

'It is my interest (putting friendship out of the case) that your wife should maintain her character upon the stage; if she does not, shall not the managers be great losers? . . . I have a great stake, and must secure my property and my friends to the best of my judgment.'

But Garrick was also governed by higher motives. He had a true artist's delight in excellence, and a kind hearted man's sympathy with well merited success. His whole relations to his actors prove this. Nor has a word of blame on this score been left on record against him by any of his really great compeers, such as Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Woffington, Quin, Barry,

* A friendly nickname, which appears to have been given to her by Garrick.
Sheridan,

Sheridan, King, Smith, or Weston. The charge rests upon the insinuations of the smaller fry of players, egotists like Mrs. Belamy or Tate Wilkinson, who charged him with the meanness which was congenial to their own instincts. Horace Walpole, delighting as usual in detraction, echoed their complaints of Garrick's 'envy and jealousy;' and Mrs. Siddons very unwisely encouraged the charge, by insinuating that her comparative failure during her first engagement in London, in 1775-6, was due to this cause. After she had become the rage of the town in 1782, three years after Garrick's death, her answer, when questioned as to her relations with him, according to Walpole, was to the effect, that 'he did nothing but put her out; that he told her she moved her right hand, when it should have been her left. In short I found I must not shade the tip of his nose.' This was an ingenious way of accounting for that being so indifferent in 1776, which the town was raving about in 1782. But what are the facts? In that first engagement Mrs. Siddons, recently a mother, was weak and much out of health; most certainly she gave no evidence of the remarkable powers which she afterwards developed. Yet she was so especially favoured by the manager, that she got the name of Garrick's Venus. At that time he had in his theatre two first-class actresses, Mrs. Yates and Miss Younge, both extremely popular; yet he put Mrs. Siddons into several of their parts, and selected her to act with him repeatedly in his farewell performances,—a distinction of infinite value to so young an actress. Garrick obviously liked and took pains with her, and his suggestions could not have been otherwise than beneficial to a performer, whose Lady Anne, in 'Richard III.,' was pronounced by the London Magazine of the day to be 'lamentable.' And no doubt she did profit by them, although she had not the generosity to own it. Well might Garrick say, 'I have not always met with gratitude in a play-house.'

But, in truth, Garrick never had any real cause to be either envious or jealous of any one. The success of his rivals Quin, Barry, Sheridan, Mossop, never dimmed the splendour of his own for one hour. His only dangerous rival as to popularity at any time was Powell, and this popularity, as the event proved, was chiefly due to the fact that Garrick was out of England for the time. 'A substitute shines brightly as a king until a king be by.' Worn out with the fatigues of his profession, Garrick had gone abroad in September, 1763, to make the grand tour. The previous summer he had come across Powell, then a merchant's clerk in the city, and had taken great pains to instruct him. Such was his promise, that Garrick engaged him to play the juvenile

juvenile tragedy parts in his absence. Powell had a good voice and figure, and considerable power of tragic expression, and he became a great favourite, filling Drury Lane, and enabling Lacy to write abroad to his brother manager, that they were doing so well he need be in no hurry to return. Garrick would have been more than mortal had such tidings been altogether welcome. No one likes to think he is not missed in the circle of which he has been the 'observed of all observers;' least of all an actor, ever too conscious of the fickleness of popular favour, and naturally loth to resign his hold upon the public. But we find no trace of either jealousy or chagrin on Garrick's part. On the contrary, he was annoyed at Powell for endangering his reputation by playing mere fustian:—

'I am very angry with Powell,' he writes to Colman, 'for playing that detestable part of *Alexander*; every genius must despise such fustian. *If a man can act it well, I mean, to please the people, he has something in him that a good actor should not have. He might have served Pritchard and himself too, in some good natural character. I hate your roarers. Damn the part. I fear it will hurt him.*'

To Powell himself he wrote from Paris (12th December, 1764) in terms, the generous warmth of which it is impossible to mistake, that the news of his great success had given him 'a very sensible pleasure.' The gratitude which Powell had expressed for 'what little service' he had done him by his instructions last summer 'has attached me to you as a man who shall always have my best wishes for his welfare, and my best endeavours to promote it.' He warns him against playing too many parts, and the dangers of haste:—

'Give to study, and an accurate consideration of your characters, those hours which young men too generally give to their friends and flatterers. . . . When the public has marked you for a favourite (and their favour must be purchased with sweat and labour), *you may choose what company you please, and none but the best can be of service to you.*'

The admirable words with which he concludes this letter cannot be too often quoted:—

'The famous *Baron of France* used to say that an actor "*should be nursed in the lap of queens,*" by which he means that the best accomplishments were necessary to form a great actor. *Study hard, my friend, for seven years, and you may play the rest of your life. . . . Never let your Shakespeare be out of your hands; keep him about you as a charm; the more you read him, the more you will like him, and the better you will act him. . . . Guard against splitting the ears of the groundlings—do not sacrifice your taste and feelings to the applause of the multitude; a true genius will convert an audience to his manner,*

manner, rather than be converted by them to what is false and unnatural.
—Garrick Correspondence, i. 177.

Powell was not 'a true genius.' There is weakness in every line of his comely face, as we see it in the fine mezzotint by Dixon after Laurenson, and he did not profit by these golden precepts. He had sensibility, which ran over into the extreme of lachrymose weakness on the one hand, and of furious rant on the other. Intellectual culture, which alone might have cured this defect, he made no effort to obtain, and growing too well satisfied with himself to serve in the ranks, he deserted to Covent Garden, to Garrick's great vexation, and died soon afterwards at Bath (3rd July, 1769) of a raging fever, at the age of thirty-two.

Much as Garrick was worried by his actors, the fraternity of authors caused him even greater disgust. Every scribbler who had put together something he chose to call a play, thought himself entitled to regard the refusal of his rubbish as a personal wrong, dictated by the meanest motives. Garrick's weak dread of the power of this class of persons to injure him by attacks in the press constantly led him to act in defiance of his sounder judgment. Men like Murphy avowedly traded on this weakness. 'That gentleman,' says Tate Wilkinson, with his wonted elegance, 'could tease his soul and gall his gizzard, whenever he judged himself wronged,' his means being, in Murphy's own words, 'a fierce campaign' in the papers. Garrick was moreover too sensitive himself not to be tender to the sensitiveness of an author. Often, therefore, when his answer should have been a simple refusal, he would give a qualified denial, which was used to justify further importunity, or a complaint of injustice when the decided negative came, as it often did come at last. The insolence of tone assumed by these writers towards Garrick is indeed incredible. It constantly implied the question, what right had a mere player to sit in judgment upon their literary skill? The gifted creature who had compiled five acts of dreary morality or fiery fustian was not to be amenable to the puppet to whom he offered the honour of mouthing it. If a refusal came, although accompanied as it generally was by a letter of criticism, admirable for literary acumen and rich with the experience of years of practical study of the stage, it was set down to jealousy, or private dislike, or some other contemptible motive. Horace Walpole was only echoing the complaints of this class of persons when, in writing to his friend Montague about his own impossible play of 'The Mysterious Mother,' he said (15th April, 1768):—

'Nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that
jackanapes

jackanapes Garrick,* who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases.'

By passages such as these much wrong has been done to Garrick's reputation for fairness. His assailants and detractors, it must be remembered, have always had the command of the press, and much of their abuse, by sheer dint of repetition, has stuck to his name. Garrick's real mistake was in putting on the stage and wasting his own and his actors' powers upon too many bad pieces. Did he refuse any that have lived? Not one, except 'The Good-natured Man' of Goldsmith. He offered to play 'She Stoops to Conquer;' and, although these pieces are now classical, let it not be forgotten that, so contrary were they to the prevailing taste, that on their first production they narrowly escaped being damned. "She Stoops to Conquer," a comedy! says Walpole; 'no, it is the lowest of farces!'

One instance will suffice to show how unfairly Garrick was treated in matters of this sort. He refused Home's 'Tragedy of Douglas' 'as totally unfit for the stage.' Home's Edinburgh friends were indignant and went into absurd raptures about the piece, when it was soon afterwards produced on their local boards. Even Sir Walter Scott, writing seventy years afterwards, cannot deal with the subject without insinuating that Garrick refused the piece because there was no part in it in which he could appear with advantage!† And Jupiter Carlyle, alluding to Garrick's subsequent kindness to Home, chooses to find the explanation of it in the fact that 'he had observed what a hold Home had got of Lord Bute, and, by his means, of the Prince of Wales.' But Carlyle suppresses what he must have known, that Home altered his play materially to cure the defects Garrick had pointed out, and that all Lord Bute's influence, if he had any, was brought to bear on Garrick before he rejected the play. It was through Lord Bute the play was sent to him, and the following portions of a letter from Garrick to his Lordship, now published for the first time from the original in our possession, establish conclusively that, whether right or wrong in his decision, Garrick came to it solely on the literary merits of the piece:—

'MY LORD,

'July ye 10th, 1756.

'It is with the greatest uneasiness that I trouble your Lordship with

* Yet did Walpole in 1775 present the great player with a beautifully chased gold repeater, which was lately in the possession of Mr. Toovey, of 177, Piccadilly, inscribed 'Horace Walpole to his esteemed friend David Garrick, 1775.'

† 'Misc. Works,' vol. xix. p. 309.

my sentiments of Mr. Hume's tragedy. The little knowledge I had of him gave me the warmest inclination to serve him, which I should have done most sincerely had the means been put into my hands; but upon my word and credit it is not in my power to introduce *Douglas* upon the stage with the least advantage to the author and the managers.

* * * * *

'I am obliged, my Lord, to be free in the delivery of my opinion upon this subject, as I think both Mr. Hume's and my reputation concern'd in it: I should have had the highest pleasure in forwarding any performance which yr. Lordship should please to recommend; but nobody knows so well as you do that all the endeavours of a patron and the skill of a manager will avail nothing, if the dramatic requisites and tragic force are wanting.

* * * * *

'The story is radically defective and most improbable in those circumstances which produce the dramatic action—for instance, Lady Barnet* continuing seven years together in the melancholy, miserable state just as if it happen'd the week before, without discovering the real cause; and on a sudden opening the whole affair to *Anna* without any stronger reason than what might have happen'd at any other time since the day of her misfortunes. This, I think, which is the foundation of the whole, weak and unaccountable. The two first acts pass in tedious narratives, without anything of moment being plan'd or done. The introducing *Douglas* is the chief circumstance; and yet, as it is manag'd, it has no effect. It is romantic for want of those probable strokes of art which the first poets make use of to reconcile strange events to the minds of an audience. *Lady Barnet's* speaking to *Glenalvon* immediately in behalf of *Randolph*, forgetting her own indelible sorrows, and *Glenalvon's* suspicions and jealousy upon it (without saying anything of his violent love for the lady, who cannot be of a love-inspiring age), are premature and unnatural. But these and many other defects, which I will not trouble yr. Lordp. with, might be palliated and alter'd perhaps; but the unaffected conduct of the whole, and which will always be the case when the story is rather told than represented; when the characters do not talk or behave suitably to the passions imputed to them, and the situation in which they are placed; when the events are such as cannot naturally be suppos'd to rise; and the language is too often below the most familiar dialogue; these are the insurmountable objections which, in my opinion, will ever make *Douglas* unfit for the stage. In short, there is no one character or passion which is strongly interesting and supported through the five acts. *Glenalvon* is a villain without plan or force. He raises our expectations in a soliloquy at the first, but sinks ever after. *Lord Barnet* is unaccountably work'd upon by *Glenalvon*, and the youth is unaccountably attack'd by *Lord Barnet*, and

* Afterwards changed by Home to Lady Randolph.

loses his life for a suppos'd injury which he has done to him, whose life he just before preserv'd. And what is this injury? Why, love for a lady who is old enough to be his mother, whom he has scarcely seen, and with whom it was impossible to *indulge* any passion, there not being time, from his entrance to his death, ev'n to *conceive* one.

'I have consider'd the performance by myself; and I have read it to a friend or two with all the energy and spirit I was master of, but without the wish'd for effect. The scenes are long, without action. The characters want strength and pathos, and the catastrophe is brought about without the necessary and interesting preparations for so great an event.

* * * * *

'I have undertaken this office of critic and manager with great reluctance. . . . If I am so happy to agree with Lord Bute in opinion, it would be a less grievance to Mr. Hume to find my sentiments of his play not contradicted by so well-known a judge of theatrical compositions.

'I am, my Lord, yr. Lordship's most humble and most obedt. servant,

'D. GARRICK.'

The verdict of these days, at least, will be with Garrick; for although the play had a great success in Scotland, partly from local feeling and more from the fact that the author was driven by the bigots out of the Church for having written it; and although the genius of Mrs. Siddons kept it for many years upon the stage, it has long since disappeared, beyond the powers of any actress to recal. In London it never had a great success, and even when first produced at Covent Garden, with its northern fame fresh upon it, and supported by Barry and Mrs. Woffington, Tate Wilkinson tells us 'the play pleased, but no more.'

In general Garrick's tact in divining what would or would not go down with the public was unfailing. Dr. Brown, the author of 'Barbarossa' and 'Athelstan,' two successful plays, told Stockdale that, before they were acted,

'Mr. Garrick distinguished to him all the passages that would meet with peculiar and warm approbation; to the respective passages he even assigned their different degrees of applause. The success exactly corresponded with the predictions.'

No wonder, therefore, if authors eagerly availed themselves of this invaluable faculty, which Garrick was always ready to place at their disposal. These were, however, in the complacent Walpole's estimation, 'creatures still duller than himself, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases,' and the whole tribe of 'the unactable' were ready to catch up and repeat the strain. Had Garrick's alterations been confined to the works of the 'Browns,

Browns, the Francklins, the Hills, and the like, it would have been better for his fame. But he took to altering Shakspeare with what we, who are better able to estimate the workmanship of the great dramatist, can only regard as sacrilegious audacity. We must not, however, forget that if he mutilated he also restored; and, in making the alterations he did, he probably secured a warmer verdict for the whole piece, *in the then state of the public taste*, than if he had played Shakspeare pure and simple. 'The Winter's Tale,' for example, was cut down by him into three acts. But the play had wholly vanished from the stage. To have played it as Shakspeare wrote it Garrick knew very well would never do. But it was worth an effort to get people's attention recalled to its most important parts—to bring Hermione, that purest, and holiest, and most wronged of Shakspeare's women, in living form before their eyes, and to elevate their taste by that most exquisite of pastorals in which the loves of Florizel and Perdita are set. That he acted on this principle is clear from the concluding lines of his prologue to the altered piece:—

'The five long acts from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to sixteen years, lay by forsaken.
Lest, then, this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confined and bottled to your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!'

No man in Garrick's position would now venture to write additions to Shakspeare. But are our own managers and actors less culpable, when they elbow him out of his own pieces by overdone scenic splendour, and by readings of his characters false to the spirit in which they were conceived? There may be worse things on the stage, where Shakspeare is concerned, than a garbled text. To Garrick, at all events, it is mainly due that the genuine text was restored to the stage. He knew his Shakspeare, not from acting editions, like Quin, Barry, Pritchard, and others, but from the original folios and quartos. With true literary enthusiasm he made a fine collection of first editions of all the great early dramatists, which now forms one of the treasures of the British Museum. Thomas Warton and George Steevens used it largely, and it was Johnson's own fault that it was not equally available to him for his 'Shakspeare.'

Garrick's sympathies with literature and literary men were very great. He formed a fine library, and not only formed but used it. He was well versed in the literature of Europe, especially of Italy and France. He wrote well himself. His prologues and *vers de société* are even now pleasant reading. He

would turn off one of his prologues or epilogues in two hours. As a rule, an epigram—such as his famous one on Goldsmith—took him five minutes. There was no man of literary eminence in England with whom he was not on a friendly footing. 'It has been the business, and ever will be, of my life,' he wrote to Goldsmith (25th July, 1757), 'to live on the best terms with men of genius.' When such men wanted money, his purse was always at their command and in the handsomest way. Sterne, Churchill, Johnson, Goldsmith, Murphy, Foote, had many proofs of this helpful sympathy, not to speak of men of lesser note. And yet the two last were constantly denouncing his avarice and meanness. Happily, Murphy's own letters survive to convict him of injustice. To quote one of many: 'I am convinced,' he wrote to Garrick (20th September, 1770), 'that you look upon the loan of two or three hundred pounds to a friend as a small favour; and I am further persuaded that I am welcome to be in your debt as long as I please. Having said this, I said it from conviction,' &c. This letter was *apropos* of a sum of 200*l.*, which Garrick had lent him *without acknowledgment of any kind*. And yet this was the man who, from Garrick's death down to his own, went about, saying, 'Off the stage, sir, he was a little, sneaking rascal; but *on* the stage, oh, my great God!' It is pitiful to think a good man's name should be at the mercy of such a creature. Foote's sarcasms on Garrick's parsimony are preserved by the anecdote-mongers. 'Stingy hound!' if we are to believe Tate Wilkinson, was Foote's favourite epithet for him. But Foote was constantly appealing to Garrick for money in considerable sums, and people do not go to 'mean' men for that. What is more, there is no instance of its having ever been refused; although no man had better reason to turn his back upon another. 'You must know—to my credit be it spoken—that *Foote hates me*,' he writes to Mrs. Montague, under the provocation of a charge of meanness made at the table of a common friend. Yet, when Foote most needed help, all his manifold offences were forgotten, and Garrick stood by him with the most loyal devotion. 'There was not a step,' says Mr. Forster, 'in the preparation of his defence' against the infamous charge trumped up against him by the Duchess of Kingston, 'which was not solicitously watched by Garrick.' And to Garrick himself Foote wrote about this time:—

'My dear kind friend, ten thousand thanks for your note! . . . May nothing but halcyon days and nights crown the rest of your life! is the sincere prayer of S. Foote.'

The iteration of this charge of meanness as to money, in the face

face of the clearest evidence to the contrary, has influenced even Mr. Forster into lending his countenance to it. In a note to his *Essay on Churchill* he prints extracts from two letters by Garrick to his brother George, written from Paris, immediately after hearing of the poet's death, telling him to put in a claim for money lent to Churchill. 'Mr. Wilkes,' he writes, 'tells me *there is money enough for all his debts, and money besides for his wife, Miss Carr, whom he lived with,*' &c. 'You'll do what is proper; but put in your claim.' 'I think,' he says, in a subsequent letter, 'and am almost sure, that Churchill gave me his bond. *I asked him for nothing; he was in distress, and I assisted him.*' It is not easy to see why Mr. Forster should say, as he does, that he 'must sorrowfully confess' these letters 'bear out Foote's favourite jokes about his (Garrick's) remarkably strong box, and his very keen regard for its contents.' What would he have had Garrick do? Say nothing about his debt at all? Why so, when there was money enough, according to the statement of Churchill's bosom friend Wilkes, to pay everybody, and also to provide for those who were dependent upon Churchill? Perhaps, however, he should have waited for a few weeks in seemly grief for Churchill's death. But why? Garrick had no special cause to mourn for Churchill as a man. He had proved his admiration for his genius by very substantial loans of money on more occasions than one; and it is surely the merest sentimentalism to charge to an undue love of money the fact of his telling his man of business to look after a debt. In matters of business why are poets, or the executors of poets, to be dealt with differently from other people?

Johnson, by some of his hasty sayings, lent countenance to this imputation of parsimony. But at other times he did Garrick justice on this point, and that in very emphatic terms. 'Sir, I know that Garrick has given away more money than any man that I am acquainted with, and that not from ostentatious views.' Again, 'He began the world with a great hunger for money; the son of a half-pay officer, bred in a family whose study was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence halfpenny do. But when he had got money he was very liberal.' Here we get the truth. The well-judged economy of the man, who has his own fortune to make and is resolved to achieve independence, will make him avoid idle expenses in a way which is odious to the very men who are most apt to draw upon his purse when he has filled it by a life of prudent self-denial. 'To Foote and such scoundrels,' as Reynolds wrote, 'who circulated these reports, and to such profligate spendthrifts, prudence is meanness and economy is avarice.'

Johnson

Johnson was not always so just to Garrick in other things. He liked the man, and would suffer no one else to speak ill of him; but he never quite forgave him his success. He was himself still struggling for bare subsistence, long after Garrick had not only become rich and a favourite in the first society in London, but was enjoying an European fame. Johnson was not above being sore at this, and the soreness showed itself in many an explosion of sententious petulance. When, for example, Garrick ventured to suggest some alteration upon the 'Irene,' which would have given a little more of that life and movement to the scene which it so much needed, 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'the fellow wants me to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his head and kicking his heels.' It was not to be borne that an actor should know better than an author how people were to be interested or moved. 'A fellow, sir, who claps a hump on his back and a lump on his leg, and cries, "I am Richard the Third!"'

Johnson had the lowest idea of the actor's art. He was too short sighted to see the varying shades of expression on the face, or even to judge of the beauty or fitness of scenic action. He regarded it, therefore, as a mere compound of mimicry and declamation. 'I never could conceive,' writes Walpole, in his accustomed strain of sublime puppyism, 'the marvellous merit of repeating the words of others in one's own language with propriety, however well delivered.' Johnson held the same opinion, and was not therefore likely to feel, what is nevertheless true, that higher faculties were required for playing 'Lear' or 'Richard' as Garrick played them, than for writing plays like 'Irene.' 'A great actor,' as Madame de Stael said of Talma, 'becomes the *second author* of his parts by his accents and his physiognomy.' For this a kindred gift of imagination is obviously necessary. It is not enough that he shall be master of the arts of expression in voice, feature, and action. He must also be penetrated by the living fire of a vigorous conception. The words to be spoken are *the least part* of his performance. He must have lived into the being of the person he has to portray—have realised the very nature of the man, modified as it would be by the circumstances of his life. Only then is he in a condition to give that completeness to the dramatist's work which words alone cannot convey,—that crowning grace of breathing life which makes the creatures of the poet's imagination stand out before the common spectator with all the vivid force in which they primarily presented themselves to the poet's mind. A great actor's impersonation is therefore a living poem, harmonious from first to last, rounded and well defined as a piece of

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of sculpture, as finely balanced as a noble strain of music, and it leaves upon the mind the same exquisite impression of completeness. Its details will all be fine. Silence will be more eloquent than speech,—what is *acted* more impressive than what is said—‘Each start be nature and each pause be thought.’

It was this power of becoming the man he had to play, this rare faculty of imaginative sympathy, which was the secret of Garrick’s greatness. It was this which made Madame Necker say, in speaking of Shakspeare to her friends in Paris, after she had seen Garrick act—‘*Vous n’avez aperçu que son cadavre, mais je l’ai vu moi, quand son âme animait son corps.*’ It was the same quality in Préville which made Garrick say of him, ‘his genius never appears to more advantage *than when the author leaves him to shift for himself*; it is thus Préville supplies the poet’s deficiencies, and will throw a truth and brilliancy into his character which the author never imagined.’ It was this power which enabled Garrick to move the hearts of thousands in parts which, but for his genius, must have sent an audience to sleep, and which explains Goldsmith’s meaning when he says that there were poets who ‘owed their best fame to his skill,’—a line, the truth and fitness of which those who have seen fine acting will at once recognise. But the actor who can do this does not owe his triumph to study and the accomplishment of art alone. These are, no doubt, indispensable; but he has his inspirations like the poet,—splendid moments, when he becomes the unconscious organ of a power greater than himself. On this subject Garrick himself has spoken:—

‘Madame Clairon is so conscious and certain of what she can do, that she never, I believe, had the feelings of the instant come upon her unexpectedly! but I pronounce that the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself, till circumstances, the warmth of the scene has sprung the mine, as it were, as much to his own surprise as that of his audience. Thus I make a great difference between a great genius and a good actor. The first will always realise the feelings of his character, and be transported beyond himself; while the other, with great powers and good sense, will give great pleasure to an audience, but never

pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus.’

Garrick Correspondence, i. 359.

At the root of the genius of great actors, no less than of great poets, lies intense sensibility. Things which other men take coldly will send thrills of exquisite pain or pleasure along their
nerves,

nerves, and the strain on their emotions leaves traces of exhaustion little less than would be caused by real troubles. But this is the very condition of their excellence. 'If it was not for the stage,' wrote Mrs. Cibber, that great mistress of pathos, to Garrick, a few months before her death, 'I could wish, with Lady Townshend, that my nerves were made of cart-ropes.' So, when we read of what Garrick was upon the stage,—of the colour that visibly came and went upon his cheek with the shifting passions of the scene—of the features that in every line became the reflex of the inward emotion—of the voice, whose very character would change to fit the part he was playing,—we may be sure that such qualities implied great physical exhaustion, and great inroads upon health. Accordingly, throughout his life, and even very early in his career, he was so often made ill by his work as to occasion serious anxiety to his friends.

'Hark you, my friend,' Warburton writes to him (25th January, 1757), 'do not your frequent indispositions say (whatever your doctors may think) *lusingi satis?* . . . I heartily wish you the re-establishment of your health, but you do not act by it with a conscience. When you enter into those passions which most tear and shatter the human frame, you forget you have a body; your soul comes out, and it is always dagger out of sheath with you.'—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 78.

But it was just Garrick's 'conscience' which prevented him from taking his work easy. Whatever wear and tear of body it cost him 'he gave the people of his best' always. Once upon the stage, he resigned himself to the sway of his inspiration, and his whole faculties were at its disposal. To Garrick acting was enjoyment, but no pastime. He told Stockdale that he was never free from trepidation and anxiety before coming on the stage. He had all the modesty and patience of genius, and took as much pains in preparation the last year of his performances as the first. He saw no one on the days he performed, spending them in meditation on the play of the evening; and during the performance he kept himself aloof from the other actors, still intent on the meditation of his part, and so that the feeling of it might not be disturbed. Knowing what we now know of the man, and his high estimate of his art, it is impossible to revert without disgust to an incident recorded by Murphy in his 'Memoir of Johnson.' One night, when Garrick was playing 'King Lear,' Johnson and Murphy kept up an animated conversation at the sidewing during one of his most important scenes. When Garrick came off the stage he said, 'You two talk so loud you destroy all my feelings.' 'Prithee,' replied Johnson, 'do not talk

talk of feelings. Punch has no feelings.' Of the many recorded outrages of which the great literary bear was guilty none is more inexcusable than this.

'The animated graces of the player,' Colley Cibber has well said, 'can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that present them, or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators.' There are many descriptions, and good ones, of Garrick's acting; but the most vivid pen can sketch but faintly even the outlines of an actor's work, and all the finest touches of his art necessarily perish with the moment. Of Garrick, however, we get some glimpses of a very life-like kind, from the letters of Lichtenberg, the celebrated Hogarthian critic, to his friend Boie.* Lichtenberg saw Garrick in the autumn of 1775, when he was about to leave the stage, in Abel Drugger, in Archer in the 'Beaux Stratagem,' in Sir John Brute in the 'Provoked Wife,' in Hamlet, in Lusignan in Aaron Hill's version of 'Zaire,' and in Don Leon in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.' He brought to the task of chronicler powers of observation and a critical faculty scarcely second to Lessing's. Every word of what he says has value, but we must be content with translating only a few passages.

'What is it,' he writes, 'which gives to this man his great superiority? The causes, my friend, are numerous, and very very much is due to his peculiarly happy organisation. . . . In his entire figure, movements, and bearing, Mr. Garrick has a something which I have seen twice in a modified degree among the few Frenchmen I have known, but which I have never met with among the many Englishmen who have come under my notice. In saying this I mean Frenchmen of middle age, and in good society, of course. If, for example, he turns towards any one with an inclination of the person, it is not the head, not the shoulders, not the feet and arms alone, that are employed, but each combines harmoniously to produce a result that is most agreeable and apt to the situation. When he steps upon the stage, though not moved by fear, hope, jealousy, or other emotion, at once you see him and him alone. He walks and bears himself among the other performers like a man among marionettes. From what I have said, no one will form any idea of Mr. Garrick's deportment, unless he has at some time had his attention arrested by the demeanour of such a well-bred Frenchman as I have indicated, in which case this hint would be the best description. . . . His stature inclines rather to the under than the middle size, and his figure is thickset. His limbs are charmingly proportioned, and the whole man is put together in the neatest way. The most practised eye cannot detect a flaw about him, either in details, or in ensemble, or in movement. In the latter one is charmed to observe

* Lichtenberg's 'Vermischte Schriften.' Göttingen, 1844, vol. iii.

a rich reserve of power, which, as you are aware, when well indicated, is more agreeable than a profuse expenditure of it. There is nothing flurried, or flaccid, or languid about him, and where other actors in the motion of their arms and legs allow themselves a space of six or more inches on either side of what is graceful, he hits the right thing to a hair, with admirable firmness and certainty. His manner of walking, of shrugging his shoulders, of tucking in his arms, of putting on his hat, at one time pressing it over his eyes, at another pushing it sideways off his forehead, all done with an airy motion of the limbs, as though he were all right hand, is consequently refreshing to witness. One feels one's self vigorous and elastic, as one sees the vigour and precision of his movements, and how perfectly at ease he seems to be in every muscle of his body. If I mistake not, his compact figure contributes not a little to this effect. His symmetrically formed limbs taper downward from a robust thigh, closing in the neatest foot you can imagine; and in like manner his muscular arm tapers off into a small hand. What effect this must produce you can easily imagine. . . . In the scene in 'The Alchemist,' where he has to box, he skips and bounds from one of these well-knit limbs to the other with an agility so amazing, one might say, he moved on air. In the dance, too, in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' he distinguishes himself from all the rest by the elasticity of his movements. When I saw him in this, the audience were so delighted, that they had the bad taste to *encore* their Roscius in it. In his face every one can descry without much physiognomical discernment the bright graceful mind upon the radiant forehead, and the keen observer and man of wit in the quick, sparkling, and frequently roguish eye. There is a significance and vivacity in his very looks which are catching. When he looks grave, so do we, when he wrinkles his brows, we do so, too; in his quiet chuckle, and in the friendly air, with which in his asides he seems to make confidants of his audience, there is something so engaging that we rush forward with our whole souls to meet him.

A description like this, aided by the many admirable portraits which exist, enables us to see the very man, not merely as he appeared on the stage, but also as he moved in the brilliant social circle, which he quickened by the vivacity, the drollery, the gallant tenderness to women, and the kindly wit, which made him, in Goldsmith's happy phrase, 'the abridgment of all that is pleasant in man.' When Lichtenberg saw Garrick he was fifty-nine. But with such a man, as Kitty Clive had said of herself and him some years before, 'What signifies fifty-nine? The public had rather see *the Garrick* and *the Clive* at a hundred and four than any of the moderns.' His was a spirit of the kind that keeps at bay the signs of age. 'Gout, stone, and sore throat,' as he wrote about this period; 'yet I am in spirits.' To the two first of these he had long been a martyr, and sometimes suffered horribly from the exertion of acting. When he had to play

play Richard, he told Cradock, 'I dread the fight and the fall; I am afterwards in agonies.' But the audience saw nothing of this, nor in the heat of the performance was he conscious of it himself. It is obvious that Lichtenberg at least saw no trace in him of failing power, or of the bodily weakness which had for some time been warning him to retire. He had meditated this for several years; but at last, in 1775, his resolution was taken. His illnesses were growing more frequent and more severe. People were beginning to discuss his age in the papers, and, with execrable taste, a public appeal was made to him by Governor Penn to decide a bet which had been made that he was sixty. 'As you have so kindly pulled off my mask,' he replied, 'it is time for me to make my exit.' He had accumulated a large fortune. The actors and actresses with whom his greatest triumphs were associated were either dead or in retirement. Their successors, inferior in all ways, were little to his taste. The worries of management, the ceaseless wrangling with actors and authors which it involved, fretted him more than ever. He had lived enough for fame, and yearned for freedom and rest. At the end of 1775 he disposed of his interest in Drury Lane to Sheridan, Linley, and Ford. 'Now,' he wrote, 'I shall shake off my chains, and no culprit in a jail-delivery will be happier.'

When his resolution to leave the stage was known to be finally taken, there was a rush from all parts, not of England only, but of Europe, to see his last performances. Such were the crowds, that foreigners who had come to England for the purpose were unable to gain admission. While all sorts of grand people were going on their knees to him for a box, with characteristic kindness, he did not forget his humbler friends. An instance of this is before us in the following delightful letter, hitherto unpublished, from Mrs. Clive:—

'Twickenham, June ye 10, 1776.

'A thousand and a thousand and *ten thousand* thanks to my dear Mr. Garrick for his goodness and attention to his Pivy—for the care he took in making her friends happy! Happy! *That* word is not high enough; felicity I think will do much better to express *their* joy when they were to see the Garrick—whom they had never seen before. And yet I must tell you, your dear busy head had like to have ruined your good designs, for you dated your note Monday four o'clock, and to-morrow, you said, was to be the play. And pray, who do you think set it to rights? Why, your blunder-headed Jemy. I did not receive your letter till Wednesday morning; so they was to set out for the play on Thursday; but Jemy poring over your epistle found out the mistake, and away he flew to Mr. Shirley's with your letter, and the newspaper from the coffee-house, to let the ladies see the play

was

was that day. This was between one and two, and Shirley ordered the horses to the coach that moment, and bid the Misses fly up and dress, for they must go without dinner. Dinner! Lord, they did not want dinner—and away they went to take up their party, which was Governor Tryon, Lady and daughter. Everything happened right. They got their places without the least trouble or difficulty, and liked everything they saw except the Garrick. They didn't see much in him. You may reverse it if you please, and assure yourself they liked nothing else. They think themselves under such obligations to me for my goodness to them, that we are all invited to dine there to-day, when I shall give you for my toast.

'I hope my dear Mrs. Garrick is well. I will not say anything about you, for they say you are in such spirits that you intend playing till next September. Adieu, my dear sir, be assured I am ever yours,

'PIVY CLIVE.'

Before this letter had reached Garrick's hands—it is endorsed by him as received 12th of June—he had bidden adieu to the stage. On the 10th, the very day his old comrade was proposing him as her 'toast,' he had gone through that trying ordeal, which, had she been aware of it, would have made her voice choke with emotion. The piece selected was 'The Wonder;' and it was announced, with Garrick's usual good taste, simply as a performance for 'the benefit of the Theatrical Fund.' No gigantic posters, no newspaper puffs clamorously invoked the public interest. The town knew only too well what it was going to lose, and every corner of the theatre was crammed. In his zeal for the charity of which he was the founder, and to which this 'mean' man contributed over 5000*l.*, Garrick had written an occasional Prologue, to bespeak the goodwill of his audience in its favour. It has all his wonted vivacity and point, and one line—

'A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind'—

has passed into a household phrase. This he spoke as only he could speak such things. He had entire command of his spirits, and he even thought that he never played Don Felix to more advantage. So, at least, he wrote to Madame Necker eight days afterwards; but when it came to taking the last farewell, he adds—

'I not only lost the use of my voice, but of my limbs, too; it was indeed, as I said, a most awful moment. You would not have thought an English audience void of feeling, if you had then seen and heard them. After I had left the stage, and was dead to them, they would not suffer the *petite pièce* to go on; nor would the actors perform, they were so affected; in short, the public was very generous, and I am most grateful.'—*Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 161.

To do consciously for the last time what has been the work and

and the delight of a life would agitate the stoutest heart; but to do it in the face of those, whose sympathy has been your best reward, one would suppose almost too much for endurance. That Garrick felt this is plain. His parting words were full of feeling and solemnity:—

‘It has been customary,’ he said, ‘for persons in my situation to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking it.

‘The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings.

‘This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness, and upon the spot where that kindness and your favour was enjoyed. (*Here his voice failed him; and he paused, till relieved by tears.*)

‘Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here—here, in my heart, fixed and unutterable.

‘I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station, than I have had; but I defy them all to take more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your grateful humble servant.’

On this, writes Mr. Fitzgerald, ‘he retired slowly up—up the stage; his eyes fixed upon them with a lingering longing. Then stopped. The shouts of applause from that brilliant amphitheatre were broken by sobs and tears. To his ears were borne from many quarters, “Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!” The wonderful eyes, still brilliant, were turned wistfully again and again to that sea of sympathetic faces, and at last, with an effort, he tore himself from their view.’

And so without fuss or flourish—true genius and gentleman as he was—passed from the stage the greatest actor of modern times. In the short period that was left to him he was as happy as ‘honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,’ and his own keen relish for social enjoyment could make him. He was courted and caressed by the best, the ablest, the highest in the land. At Court he had always been a favourite, and there was a talk of knighting him; this distinction, however, he declined.

‘I should never have supposed it to have been of your own seeking,’ writes Mrs. Pye (15th April, 1777), ‘for it has ever been remarked to your honour, that you never employed your ample fortune to excite envy and to make fools stare, but in the rational and sober enjoyment of life. However, I will not allow you the whole merit of this neither; most men’s follies are owing to their wives; and you have a wife whose judgment is as near infallible as ever fell to the lot of a mortal.’

Another

Another of the countless testimonies to Mrs. Garrick's worth. One of Johnson's many stupid sayings about Garrick was, 'Garrick, sir, has many friends, but no friend.' The man who was blest with such a wife wanted no other friend. As the charming Countess Spencer wrote to him (19th December, 1776), 'You, I am sure, can neither hear, see, nor understand without her.' With such a counsellor and companion by his side, Damon seeks no Pythias. Of friends, in the more restricted sense, no man had more. He seems never to have lost one who was worth the keeping. Pitt and Lyttleton, of whose praise he was so proud in 1741, were strongly attached to him to the end of their days. Lord Chatham, from his retirement at Mount Edgcombe, in some scholarly lines, invited him to visit

'A statesman without pow'r and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;'

and Lord Lyttleton (12th October, 1771) wrote to him—

'I think I love you more than one of my age ought to do, for at a certain time of life, the heart should lose something of its sensibility; but you have called back all mine, and I feel for you as I did for the dearest of my friends in the first warmth of my youth.'

So it was with Bishops Newton and Warburton, with Lord Camden, with Burke—to whom he was always 'dear David' or 'dearest Garrick'—with Hogarth, with Reynolds, and with hosts of others. And indeed a nature so kindly, so sympathetic, so little exacting, might well endear him to his friends. His very foibles, of which so much has been made; his over-eagerness to please; his little arts of *finesse* to secure the admiration which would have been his without effort; that acting off the stage of him who was 'natural, simple, and affecting' upon it; were those of a loveable man. They speak of over-quick sensibility; and, balanced as they were by the finer qualities of generosity, constancy, tact, active goodness, by his wit and unfailing cheerfulness, they must even have helped to make up the charm of his character to those who knew him best. And then, as Johnson said, 'he was the first man in the world for sprightly conversation.' 'I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table.' 'His conversation is gay and grotesque. It is a dish of all sorts, and all good things:' a view which Burke incidentally confirms in a letter sending Garrick the present of a turtle, as 'a dish fit for one who represents all the solidity of flesh, the volatility of fowl, and the oddness of fish.' He shone as a talker, even in Paris, beside D'Holbach, Diderôt, Grimm, Marmontel, Helvétius, Beaumarchais, and the rest of that brilliant circle. Twelve years after Garrick's last visit there Gibbon

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heard people constantly exclaiming in the best society, with characteristic but pardonable vanity, '*Ce M. Garrick était fait pour vivre parmi nous ;*' and they claimed a share in his renown by reason of the French blood in his veins.

Garrick did not enjoy his retirement long. While on his wonted Christmas visit to the Spencers at Althorp, in 1778, he was attacked by his old ailment. He hurried back to his house in the Adelphi, and, after some days of great pain and prostration, died upon the 20th of January following. His death was a national event. His body lay in state for two days, and so great was the crowd, that a military guard was necessary to keep order. His funeral was upon an imposing scale. The line of carriages extended from Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey, and the concourse of people of all ranks along the line of the procession was greater, say the papers of the day, 'than ever was remembered on any occasion.' Among the pallbearers were Lord Camden, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Spencer, Viscount Palmerston, and Sir W. W. Wynne, and the members of the Literary Club attended in a body, eager to pay the last honours not less to the friend than to the great actor, who, in Warburton's phrase, had 'lent dignity to his art.' There were many sad hearts and many tearful eyes around the grave where 'the cheerfullest man in England' was to be laid to his rest. One who had done him much wrong by many an ungracious speech we will believe did penance in that solemn hour. 'I saw old Samuel Johnson,' says Cumberland, 'standing beside his grave, at the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and bathed in tears.' Johnson wrote of the event afterwards as one that had eclipsed the gaiety of nations. He even offered to write his old pupil's life, if Mrs. Garrick would ask him. But, remembering the many savage slights he had shown to him that was gone, she was not likely to make such a request. It might have been wiser, however, to have done so than to leave his good name at the mercy of such little-honest chroniclers as Murphy and Davies, whose misrepresentations she despised too much to think them even worthy of her notice.

In October, 1822, at the extreme age of ninety-eight, Mrs. Garrick was found dead in her chair, having lived in full possession of her faculties to the last. For thirty years she would not suffer the room to be opened in which her husband had died. Years wrought no chill in her devotion to his memory. 'He never was a husband to me,' she said, in her old age, to a friend; 'during the thirty years of our marriage he was always my lover!' She was buried, in her wedding sheets, at the base of Shakspeare's statue, in the same grave which forty-three years before had closed over her 'dear Davie.'

ART. II.—1. *Report to the Secretary of State for India in Council on Railways in India, for the year 1867-68.* By Juland Danvers, Esq., Government Director of the Indian Railway Companies. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.

2. *A Letter to the Secretary of State for India on the Constitution and Management of the East Indian Railway Company.* By R. W. Crawford, Esq., M.P., the Chairman of the Company.

IT was the remark of Lord Dalhousie, that nothing short of a great victory or a great reverse was sufficient to create in English society even a transient interest in the affairs of India. Since this truth was uttered, eighty-four millions of English capital have been invested in Indian railways, and forty-nine thousand English proprietors of stock and debentures have acquired a direct interest in the prosperity of our Indian administration and in the permanence of our rule. It may, therefore, appear redundant to offer any apology for devoting a few pages to a summary review of an undertaking which involves pecuniary considerations of so large an amount, and which is fraught with consequences of the greatest importance to our great empire in the East, and to the hundred and fifty millions who compose it. The work we undertake is lightened in no small degree by the reports presented annually to the Secretary of State for India by Mr. Danvers, the official director, who represents the Government at all the meetings of the various Boards. They are distinguished as much by a judicious arrangement of the various branches of the subject as by an amplitude of detail, which, far from embarrassing the mind, leaves nothing to be desired to convey a clear and comprehensive view of this great enterprise, and of its progress from year to year. With the aid of the statements contained in his report, and of information derived from other sources, we propose briefly to sketch the early history and the distinguishing characteristics of the Indian system of railways, to give the latest statistical notices of them, and to touch on the influence they are exerting on the people and the government of India.

The idea of introducing railways into India was vaguely discussed in the Calcutta journals for several years before 1843; but the first definite and practical suggestion was made by Mr.—now Sir Macdonald—Stephenson, who resigned his professional prospects in England in that year, and proceeded to Calcutta with the determination to devote his energies to the establishment of railways on the continent of India. On the 1st of

January,

January, 1844, he published a pamphlet on the subject, together with a sketch-map of the principal lines on which, according to the best information then available, the construction of railways appeared likely to prove beneficial to the country and to shareholders. Neither the public nor the Government manifested much interest in the subject. On the retirement of Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Stephenson addressed Mr. Wilberforce Bird, the Deputy Governor of Bengal, and Governor-General *ad interim*, stating that no pecuniary aid would be required from the State, and that no concession was solicited beyond the free grant of the land, and the appointment of two or three official directors to consolidate the undertaking and to give confidence to the public. Mr. Bird took up the question with great heartiness, and it was energetically advocated by the liberal and enlightened Secretary of the Bengal Government, Mr. Halliday, as well as by the most influential of the local journals. Mr. Stephenson was informed, in reply to his communication, that 'the Deputy-Governor was deeply sensible of the advantages to be gained by the construction of railways along the principal lines of communication throughout the country, and was anxious to afford any well-considered project for that purpose his utmost support.' This communication, which was promulgated in the official Gazette, was the earliest recognition of the importance of the enterprise by the public authorities. Fortified by this encouragement, Mr. Stephenson returned to England in July, 1844, to organise measures for the prosecution of the work. Concurrently with this movement, an effort was made by Mr. Chapman on the Bombay side to interest Government in the establishment of railways at that Presidency, and was recommended to submit his proposals to the India House, which resulted in the adoption of the Great Indian Peninsula line. At the same time Mr. Andrew projected a railway in the north-west provinces of Hindostan, and secured a large amount of patronage; but it was mainly owing to the perseverance of Mr. Stephenson that the project was carried successfully through the difficulties it encountered in Leadenhall-street, and in the mercantile circle in London.

Those obstacles were of the most serious character. Twenty years before, when the scheme of railroads was for the first time faintly set before the public in England, the idea of a conveyance which should travel twice as quick as the mail was considered perfectly absurd, and it was remarked, that 'we should expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off on one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate.'

Scarcely less fanciful were the objections now raised to railroads in India. The natives, with their stereotyped habits, it was affirmed, would never take to this novel mode of conveyance; and, if they did, they would be smitten down by the tropical heat, the white ants would devour the sleepers in a twelve-month, and not only the carriages, but the rail itself would be swept away by the floods. Neither were English capitalists prepared to risk their funds upon a doubtful enterprise at the distance of half the globe, over which they could exercise little control, and which was too likely to fall a victim to local jobbery and speculation. It soon became evident that, without a direct guarantee from the State, the establishment of railroads in India was altogether hopeless. But although the proposal was encouraged at the India House by Mr. Shepherd, by Sir James Hogg, and by the great secretary, Mr. Melvill, some of the most influential of the Directors, and more especially Mr. Tucker, the leader of the 'Old India' party, scouted the idea of any such innovation. The letter of Mr. Bird, however, appears to have produced a favourable effect; and the Court, feeling that the question could no longer be shelved, determined to send out an able engineer to conduct investigations on the spot, and to make a report to Government. The office was refused by several men of eminence in the profession, one of whom, however, consented to undertake it for 10,000*l.* a year and a baronetcy. Mr. Simms was at length selected, and proceeded to Calcutta in 1845, in company with Mr. Stephenson and a small staff. After a careful survey of the country, Mr. Simms recommended that a line should be laid down from Calcutta to Delhi, a distance of a thousand miles, the cost of which he estimated at 15,000*l.* a mile, inclusive of the expense of constructing and stocking it. When the report came before the Supreme Council, three of its members, Sir Herbert Maddock, Mr. Millett, and Mr. Cameron, proposed to limit the aid of the State to the free gift of the land; but Lord Hardinge, then at the head of the Government, who set a higher value on the undertaking than his colleagues, recorded it as his opinion, that while it was the greatest boon we could confer on India, it would be preposterous to suppose that the simple grant of the land, the value of which, at the rate of 200*l.* a mile, would not exceed 200,000*l.*, would be sufficient to attract fifteen millions of British capital to India; and he proposed to add to it a subsidy of 1000*l.* a mile. The report was transmitted with these minutes to the India House, but the Court of Directors, better acquainted with the pulse of the stock-market than the Council in Calcutta, felt that it would be absurd to introduce

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such a project to public notice with nothing beyond this contemptible bounty, and they proposed at once to grant, in addition to the land, a guarantee of four per cent. on five millions. This was the commencement of that system of guarantees which is one of the most important events in the history of the British empire in the East. The era of material progress in India dates from the period when this principle of constructing remunerative public works from capital raised under a State guarantee was adopted by the Court of Directors. A surplus revenue in India was 'like angel's visits, few and far between;' and it no sooner made its appearance than it was absorbed by some pressing exigency. To have confined works of improvement within the limit of the funds which could be spared from the public treasury would have been tantamount to the entire neglect of them; but by alluring to the service of India a portion of the surplus of English capital, Government obtained access to a perennial spring of wealth liable to no interruption. It was thus enabled to prosecute railways with increased vigour, even at the time when the suppression of the mutiny required political loans of unexampled magnitude.

The sum embraced in the guarantee conceded by the Court was cut down by the President of the Board of Control, who had always been lukewarm on the subject of railways, from five millions to three. This injudicious parsimony created no little disgust in the European and native community in India. The offer of four per cent. was, however, found inadequate to draw capital to the undertaking, and its progress was again arrested. Those who advocated it in the Direction considered it a dereliction of public duty to allow the interests of a great empire to be obstructed for the paltry sum of 30,000*l.* a year, and Sir James Hogg, to whom India is under greater obligations for her railway system than to any other member of the Court, by extraordinary exertions prevailed on the Indian authorities at the east and west end to augment the guarantee to five per cent. If these terms had been offered at an earlier period when the money market was easy, all the requisite funds would have been obtained with little effort. But the concession had no sooner been made than a monetary crisis arose which rendered it impossible to obtain funds even at this rate. The money market was in so deplorable a state that loans could not be obtained on Government security at a lower interest than eight or ten per cent. The sum of 100,000*l.*, which the East Indian Railway Company was required to deposit by a particular date, was not forthcoming. The amount of the deposit was therefore reduced and the period of payment extended; but even

this smaller sum was not to be had, and the Court of Directors pronounced the negotiation at an end. The indefatigable exertions of Mr. Stephenson, however, succeeded in keeping the Company from dissolution during this period of tribulation, and on the first dawn of commercial relief the India House was induced to recognise it anew.

The prospect of an early and favourable commencement of operations was, however, again beclouded by a controversy which arose regarding the nature of the guarantee. Those who had subscribed to the undertaking were under the impression that they had obtained an absolute guarantee of a fixed dividend of five per cent., without reference to the success of the line. The Court of Directors, on the other hand, maintained that their subvention extended no farther than to the payment of five per cent. interest on the capital raised with their sanction; in other words, if the receipts were not sufficient to cover the working expenses, the deficiency was liable to be made good from the guaranteed interest. After the loss of much time in a prolonged discussion, this interpretation was reluctantly accepted by the shareholders; but it has been practically nullified by the late decision of the Secretary of State in the case of the Calcutta and South Eastern Railway, the only line which has been wound up. That luckless Company had been unable for several years to meet its expenditure from its receipts; but Sir Charles Wood, instead of directing the deficit to be deducted periodically from the guaranteed interest, allowed it to be carried to a separate account and to form the first charge on the surplus receipts. On the 1st of April last the Company surrendered the undertaking to Government, when the shareholders received back their capital in full, together with interest to the latest date. The decision of Sir Stafford Northcote in this case was the dictate of a sound and prescient policy, inasmuch as there can be little doubt that if he had listened to the unwise advice given him and enforced the letter of the contract by deducting the balance of working expenses from the last instalment of interest, the confidence of the public in these investments, the growth of fifteen years of liberality, would have been rudely shaken, and the whole fabric of Indian railways damaged to an indefinite extent, to save a few thousand pounds. The precedent thus created virtually converts the subsidy of Government into a dividend guarantee.

The contracts with the East Indian and the Great Indian Peninsula Companies were signed in August, 1849. The salient points in these first contracts, which became the model of those subsequently concluded with other Companies, may be thus briefly stated :—The Government made a free grant of the land required

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for the rail and the works and stations on a lease for the term of ninety-nine years, and guaranteed interest at the rate of five per cent. for the same period on the capital raised with their concurrence, to commence from the date on which the sums were successively paid into its treasury. This system of guarantees has been condemned as not being in accordance with the dogmas of political economy; but it is a sufficient answer to the objection that without the guarantee there could have been no railways in India at all. In return for these important concessions the following arrangements were accepted by the two Railway Companies:—The mails and post-bags, and post-office servants, were to be conveyed free of charge; European military officers were to travel in first-class carriages at second-class fares, and troops and European artisans on the public establishments in second-class carriages at the lowest fares. All public stores, civil and military, guns, ammunition, carriages, waggons, camp-equipage, and equipments, were to be conveyed at the lowest rates, and Government was to have a priority over the public for the carriage of them. Government was also to be invested with power to regulate the route and direction of the lines, the weight and strength of the rails, the number of trains, the period for starting, the rate of speed, and all the conveniences and accommodations deemed necessary by its officers. The rolling-stock was to be made adequate to the service of the line to the satisfaction of the officers of the State. The fares for passengers and the tolls for goods were in the first instance to be fixed by Government; but no subsequent reduction could be made without the concurrence of the Company until the net receipts of the line exceeded ten per cent. The whole undertaking was, in fact, placed under the jurisdiction of the State by the following comprehensive provision:—

‘The said Railway Company, and their officers, servants, and agents, as also their accounts and affairs, shall in all things be subject to the superintendence and control of the East India Company, as well in England as elsewhere, and in particular, no bye-laws, contracts, orders, directions, proceedings, works, or undertakings, acts, matters or things whatsoever, shall be made, done, entered into, commenced and prosecuted by or on the part of the said Railway Company, unless previously sanctioned in writing by the East India Company, and no money shall be raised, and no extension of the number of shares or of the amount of its capital shall be made unless sanctioned by the East India Company.’

An *ex-officio* Director was to attend all the meetings of the Boards, with a right of veto on all proceedings whatsoever, except in regard to communications with the legal advisers of the

the Company. No expense was to be incurred in England or in India without the authorisation of Government. All sums received on both sides the water were to be paid, without any deduction, into the public treasury, from which every farthing required for expenditure was to be drawn. When the returns rose beyond four per cent., one-half the excess was to be passed to the credit of the State, until the interest which had been advanced was repaid, and the other half was to belong to the shareholders. At the end of ninety-nine years the whole line was to become the property of Government; but the Company could intermediately surrender it, and demand back their capital. After the lapse of twenty-five years the Government could claim to purchase the line; or if default was made in raising funds, or executing the works, or managing the line to the satisfaction of the Governor-General, he might assume possession of it, repaying the capital.

Notwithstanding the very stringent conditions of these contracts, the undertaking was adopted with evident reluctance both in Leadenhall Street and in Cannon Row, not so much from a conviction of its importance as under an external pressure which was becoming irresistible. The sum to be expended at the Bengal Presidency was cut down in the first instance from five to three millions, and eventually to one million, while only half-a-million was allotted to Bombay; but the expenditure even of these small sums was placed under severe restrictions. The enterprise was treated as an unavoidable experiment, the immediate success of which was to decide the question of its future expansion, though, as it touched no centre or mart of commerce, that success must necessarily be very remote. At Bombay the Court limited the line to twenty-six miles, and at Calcutta to forty. Every fresh extension was doled out with the feelings of a miser, and it required all Lord Dalhousie's importunity to secure permission to carry it first to Burdwan and then to the collieries, a distance of only a hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta. The two Companies, after having obtained possession of the land, applied heartily to the task before them, and vied with each other for the honour of being foremost in the race. The laurel was won by Bombay. The first train ever seen in India started with passengers from that town on the 18th November, 1852. The fiery car, as the natives designated it, as it rushed by the gigantic images, and awaked the echoes of the stupendous caves constructed in Salsette by that ancient race which once held sway in India, presented to the minds of the people an impressive emblem of the power and resources of their present masters. It was not till four months after that

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the East India Railway Company was able to start its first train to Burdwan. Meanwhile, the feeling of indifference to the railway enterprise was subsiding at the India House, and as the works advanced in India, and the community became fervid on the subject, a desire to extend the system gained ground among the Directors. They were besieged by applications for fresh guarantees at the three Presidencies, and very judiciously resolved to refer the whole subject to the consideration of the Supreme Government in Calcutta. It was an auspicious circumstance for the interests of India that the duty of responding to this call for advice fell to the lot of a Governor-General like Lord Dalhousie, a statesman of the first order, endowed with masculine energy and indomitable industry, and an imperial grasp of mind. To these intrinsic qualifications for the task was added, in his case, a large experience of the economy of this particular department of public works. During the height of the railway mania in England he had occupied the post of President of the Board of Trade, and had thus acquired a minute and accurate knowledge of the principles which ought to regulate the construction and management of railways, and of the errors which were to be avoided. No one could have been found more eminently qualified for the function of laying down a comprehensive and judicious system of railway communication for the British empire in India, and the favourable contrast which the aspect of the enterprise in India presents to that in England is to be traced to his clear views and sagacious policy.

On the 20th April, 1853, he laid before the Council an ample and exhaustive Minute on the subject. He commenced with the remark that

‘A single glance cast upon the map recalling to mind the vast extent of the empire we hold, the various classes and interests it includes, the wide distances which separate the several points at which hostile attack may at any time be expected; the perpetual risk of such hostility appearing in quarters where it is least expected; the expenditure of time, of treasure, and of life that are involved in even the ordinary routine of military movements over such a tract, and the comparative handful of men scattered over its surface, who have been the conquerors of the country, and now hold it in subjection; a single glance upon these things will suffice to show how immeasurable are the political advantages to be derived from a system of internal communication which would admit of full intelligence of every event being transmitted to the Government under all circumstances, at a speed exceeding fivefold its present rate; and would enable the Government to bring the main bulk of its military strength to bear upon any given point, in as many days as it would now require months, and to an extent which at present is physically impossible.’ . . . ‘The commercial

mercial and social advantages which India would derive from their establishment are, I believe, beyond all present calculation. Great tracks are teeming with produce they cannot dispose of. Others are scantily bearing what they would raise in abundance, if only it could be conveyed whither it is needed. England is calling aloud for the cotton which India does already produce in some degree, and would produce sufficient in quality and plentiful in quantity, if only there were provided the fitting means of conveyance for it, from distant plains to the several ports adopted for its shipment.' . . . 'Ships from every part of the world crowd our ports in search of produce which we have, or could obtain, in the interior, but which at present we cannot profitably fetch to them, and new markets are opening to us on this side of the globe under circumstances which defy the foresight of the wisest to estimate their probable value, or calculate their future extent.' . . . 'A system of railways, judiciously selected and formed, would surely and rapidly give rise within this empire to the same encouragement of enterprise, the same multiplication of produce, the same discovery of latent resource, to the same increase of natural wealth, and to some similar progress in social improvement, that have marked the introduction of improved and extended communication in various kingdoms of the western world.'

After this vivid description of the political, military, and commercial benefits which railways would not fail to confer on the continent of India, he added,—

'I trust therefore that it may be considered as a matter determined, that the limited sections of experimental line which have hitherto been sanctioned by the Honourable Court are no longer to form the standard for railway works in India, but that these are to be undertaken upon a scale proportioned to the extent of the British dominions in the East.'

Lord Dalhousie then proceeded to discuss the various proposals which had been referred by the Court of Directors to the Government of India, in reference both to their political and commercial bearing, and to the engineering difficulties and facilities presented in each case, and it is impossible to peruse his exhaustive Minute without a feeling of admiration of the extraordinary extent and variety of research, and the sound judgment it exhibits. Any attempt, he remarked, to lay down a perfect and comprehensive system of railways covering the surface of India would at the present time be premature. He conceived that his present business was to advise the Honourable Court as to those great trunk lines which were of primary importance, not only as being most immediately required, but as forming the main channel which future lines should be able to take advantage of. For the Bengal Presidency he recommended the line from Calcutta along the valley of the Ganges to Delhi, and then on to the Sutlege and

and through the Punjab to Attock on the Indus, within fifty miles of our extreme western boundary. He considered that this line would infinitely diminish the risks, if risks there were, which were involved in the extension of our frontier to a distance of fifteen hundred miles from the capital. Touching every important military station from Calcutta to the Sutlege, and connecting every depôt with the arsenal in Fort William, it would enable the Government to assemble on the frontier, if threatened, an amount of men and materials of war sufficient to deal with every emergency, and within a period measured by days and not by months. The course prescribed for this line, he remarked, would likewise be the best which could be selected for the interests of trade and the social advantages of that portion of India. A second line which he counselled was to run south from Agra through Baroda to Bombay, and thus connect that Presidency with the North-West Provinces. He considered it of great importance that regiments arriving from England, instead of landing in Calcutta and having their introduction to an Indian climate in those districts where it was the worst, might be landed at Bombay and conveyed by this rail to such stations in the north-west as might be most suitable for health. He anticipated a period when the rail through Egypt would be completed, and a passage through it for our troops conceded by the Viceroy. 'A regiment might then leave England after the heat of summer was over, and be quartered before Christmas on the banks of the Sutlege without any exposure on its way, and with four months before it of the finest climate under the sun.' The object of the three lines he proposed for the Presidency of Bombay was to connect that port, the nearest to Europe, with Hindoostan in the north, with Madras in the south, and with Calcutta in the east. For the Madras Presidency he laid down one line across the peninsula to the opposite coast, and another to the north-west to unite with the south-east line from Bombay.

Having thus mapped out a system of trunk railways for the continent of India, Lord Dalhousie proceeded to observe, with regard to their construction, that the true principle to be adopted was to enlist private enterprise, through the agency of companies, directly, but not vexatiously, controlled by the Government of the country, acting for the interests of the public.

'This,' he said, 'was the principle for which I contended several years ago, when closely connected with that branch of public works. I may venture without arrogance to say that if that principle had been then more fully recognised, the proprietors of railway property in England and the suffering public would have been in a better condition now than they appear to be.'

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The lamentable truth of these remarks, which were written fifteen years ago, has been rendered more painfully apparent with the lapse of time. Instead of laying down a well-digested scheme of railways for England, animated by the spirit of national enterprise and placed under the guardianship of official prudence, the Ministry and Parliament adopted the plan of universal competition. The demon of wild and unscrupulous speculation was let loose, the Decalogue was given to the winds, and a system of jobbery, fraud, and pillage was organised, of which it would be difficult to find another example equally flagrant in the annals of delinquency. Upon this principle of competition the various Companies have been allowed to cut one another's throats, and then to combine to cut the throat of the public by raising their rates to repair their losses. The English system has broken down simply for want of that direct, but not vexatious, control which Lord Dalhousie in vain urged on Sir Robert Peel, and which, if it had been adopted, would have saved us more than a hundred millions of money that have been lavished with recklessness on competing and redundant lines, and spared us the degradation of professional morality, and the contempt of the European world. The Minute concluded with these memorable words :—

‘ I have the honour to submit these several recommendations to the Honourable Court, and to express my earnest hope that it will resolve at once to engage in the introduction of a system of railways into the Indian empire upon a scale commensurate with the magnitude of the interests that are involved, and with the vast and various benefits, political, commercial, and social, which that great measure of public improvement would unquestionably produce.’

The Minute reached England at a most opportune period. The question of renewing the exclusive privileges of the East India Company, then about to expire, was under discussion in Parliament. The very existence of the Company was menaced by a compact body of members in the House of Commons, who night after night charged the Court of Directors with their dereliction of duty in the various branches of the Indian administration, and more especially reprobated their neglect of public works, even in the great and opulent provinces which had been for nearly a century under their government. It was impossible to controvert the justice of this censure, or to deny that from the date of Plassy to that of Lord Dalhousie's despatch, not more than three per cent. had been expended in material improvements out of the thousand millions of revenue which had been raised in India. It was in the height of these

acrimonious

acrimonious debates that the Governor-General's despatch was placed in the hands of the Court of Directors. A propitious change, as we have remarked, had set in at the India House regarding railways; and an effectual reply was given to these denunciations in the House by the immediate guarantee of five per cent. on twelve millions of additional capital for the extension of the system of railways at the three Presidencies.

The Home Government having once entered upon this liberal career, continued to pursue it with unabated ardour, and during the next ten years extended the guarantee, on eight lines, to sixty millions. But to the subsequent applications which were made for the support of new undertakings, both Lord Elgin and Sir Charles Wood replied that the Government had come to the determination to close the system of guarantees, and that the future assistance of the State would be limited to the grant of the land, and a subvention of 1000*l.* a mile. This concession, as might have been foreseen, failed to attract capital; and, after four years had thus been capriciously lost, the Government was driven back to the policy of guarantees, and, under the auspices of a Conservative Ministry, the Oude and Rohilcund Railway was added to the list, with a guaranteed capital of five millions. On the 16th January in the present year, moreover, Sir Stafford Northcote, in a despatch to the Governor-General, stated that

‘The present was regarded as a fitting time for taking a comprehensive view of our railway policy, past and future, for reviewing what has been already done, and for endeavouring to establish principles on which we may proceed hereafter.’

In allusion to the two classes under which future railways should be arranged, the commercial and the political, he expressed his opinion,—

‘That the guarantee system was upon the whole best adapted for the extension of the commercial, while direct Government agency might be preferable for the political lines.’

On the receipt of this despatch, Sir John Lawrence invited the local governments to report upon the lines of railway which they considered it desirable to construct, in order to secure such a review of all possible lines as might

‘enable the Government of India and the Secretary of State to make a selection of those particular lines, which were most needed, and which most commended themselves for early construction.’

This is, in fact, the second stage in the progress of the Indian railway system. The trunk lines, recommended in the first instance by Lord Dalhousie fifteen years ago, being now on the eve of completion, the Government of India is about to enter on the

the consideration of his second proposal regarding those departmental and subsidiary lines which were to 'take advantage of the main channels' he delineated. We may therefore expect to see the continent of India at no distant period covered with a network of rails, scientifically and judiciously selected to suit the real wants of the country, both commercial and political.

The funds required for the completion of this system of railroads there will be no difficulty in raising. On a recent occasion, when one of the Companies was empowered to add another million to its capital, the whole sum was placed in a few hours, while hundreds were disappointed. But the expectation which was once entertained, that upon the security of a Government guarantee the largest portion of the sum required for these operations would be furnished in India itself, has not been realised. The entire sum authorised to be raised by the Secretary of State is 84,386,000*l*. The number of proprietors of stock and debentures in England amounts to 48,871, but in India to only 817, and of these less than one-half are natives. This is not to be ascribed to the poverty or exhaustion of the country, inasmuch as within the last five or six years the native merchants and capitalists have embarked millions in wild and exciting speculations, which have in too many cases ended in their ruin. They hold, moreover, thirteen millions in the public securities of Government, some of which bear a lower rate of interest than that of the railway shares. It is to be traced mainly to the fact that the railway Boards have been constrained to protect the interests of their constituents from fraud by insisting on the transfer of the shares being recorded in London. It is therefore to the inexhaustible mine of capital in this country that India must look for the sinews of material improvement; and England is far more necessary to her than she can be to England. It is one of the greatest blessings a conquered people could enjoy to find themselves brought under the government of a nation which enjoys a ceaseless accumulation of capital, ever ready to be devoted to the benefit of their country. A discussion has recently arisen regarding the popularity of our rule in India, where we are aliens in race and in social habits, in religion and dress; and it is decided that, notwithstanding every effort to render the people happy, we have failed to secure their attachment. But whatever may be the sentimental objection to a government of strangers, it is amply counterbalanced by the substantial benefit of peace and security conferred by its supremacy, and more particularly by the expenditure of from eighty to a hundred millions of its own funds on the construction of works of public utility. Nor should it be forgotten that the magnificent

nificent edifices of the Hindoos and Mahomedans which excite our admiration, were erected at the cost of much misery to their overtaxed subjects. The great railways which we are extending over the country are not only executed without entailing any burden on the people, but the influx of foreign treasure has enriched the country, increased the value of labour, and diffused ease and comfort to a degree unknown under any former dynasty.

The railways which have received a State guarantee are under the management of eight separate Companies. 1. The first in point of magnitude is the *East Indian*. Its main line extends from Calcutta to Delhi, through the Gangetic valley, a distance of a thousand miles, with a branch to the Burdwan collieries, a hundred and twenty miles in length, which is to be farther extended to the Ganges, and form a chord line. It has, moreover, just completed a line from Allahabad to Jubbulpore, where it will be joined by the line from Bombay, which is now become the postal and passenger port of India. 2. Then comes the *Great Indian Peninsula*, with its head-quarters at Bombay, comprising two lines, one of which runs south-east to form a junction with the rail proceeding north-west from Madras, and another to the north-east to Jubbulpore, to establish a communication between the great western port and Hindoostan and Bengal. About 350 miles distant from Bombay, a line branches off from the main rail to Nagpore, piercing the great cotton-field of India. 3. The *Madras* lines, likewise moving in two directions; the south-western proceeding across the peninsula to the opposite coast, with a branch to the great military station at Bangalore, and the north-western advancing in that direction to meet the line from Bombay. 4. The *Great Southern of India*, intended to promote the trade and industry of the southern provinces of the Madras Presidency, and connect the city of Trichinopoli with the sea-coast. 5. The *Bombay and Baroda*, which runs north for 300 miles to the cotton-fields of Guzerat. 6. The *Eastern Bengal*, extending a hundred miles from Calcutta to a place called Koostea, to be eventually prolonged to the city of Dacca, and afford facilities for conveying the vast produce of the eastern districts in a few hours to Calcutta, and thus avoid the circuitous route of the Soonderbunds, which occupies more than a week. 7. The *Sinde Railway*, with its two lines; the one extending from the new port of Kurrachee to the capital of southern Sinde, while the other runs from Mooltan to Umritsir, the Benares of the Punjab; a third line, now under construction, will run south-east from that city to the neighbourhood of Delhi, where it will join the East Indian line. 8. The

Oude

Oude and Rohilcund, the latest which has received the guarantee of Government, and which is intended to convey the produce of those two provinces, considered the garden of Hindoostan, down to the Ganges, to be delivered to the East Indian line and transported to Calcutta. 9. The *Calcutta and South-Eastern* line, which proceeds due east for twenty-nine miles to the river Mutlah, where Lord Dalhousie designed the establishment of an auxiliary port to relieve the Hooghly from the inconvenient crowding of vessels. This rail has now been surrendered to Government. A glance at the map will show that these trunk lines have been selected with great judgment. Independently of their political and military value, they afford facilities for the mutual interchange of the products of the various districts, and the cheap and rapid conveyance of them to the seaports. They, moreover, connect the cotton-fields of the different Presidencies with the ports, and have been instrumental in promoting the extension of cultivation, and the establishment of steam factories for cleansing cotton and steam-presses for packing it. They unite the great cities of the continent with Bombay, and whenever the lines of the Great Indian Peninsula are completed, Madras, Calcutta, and Delhi will be brought within twenty-five days' distance of London.

The extent of each line, the total amount of capital guaranteed to it, and the number of miles remaining to be completed, will be seen in the following schedule :—

LINES.	Extent.	Guaranteed Capital.	Remaining to be completed.
	Miles.	£.	Miles.
1. East Indian	1501½	28,650,000	145
2. Great Indian Peninsula	1266½	19,000,000	393½
3. Madras	825	10,000,000	180
4. Sind, including the Punjab and Delhi	675	10,624,000	266
5. Oude and Rohilcund	672	4,000,000	630
6. Bombay and Baroda	312½	7,500,000	6½
7. Great Southern of India	166½	1,350,000	
8. Eastern Bengal	159	2,662,000	45
9. Calcutta and South-Eastern	29	600,000	
	5607	84,386,000	1665½

Apart from some small extensions now under discussion, the attention of the Indian authorities is at present directed to three important additions to the system. The line from Lahore through the

the Punjab to the banks of the Indus, which Lord Dalhousie recommended fifteen years ago, has hitherto been allowed to remain in abeyance. As a commercial speculation, it is not likely to be remunerative for many years. The province which it must traverse has been the battle-field of India since the days of Alexander the Great, and the first prey of every invader. The prospect of its being fed by the trade of Central Asia is very remote and uncertain, as we have a formidable rival in the Russians, whose object is to draw the traffic of that region in an opposite direction to the banks of the Volga. In a military and political point of view, however, it is essential to the security of the empire. Our only danger of foreign encroachment lies on that frontier, which for the last eight hundred years has been the portal through which successive hordes have poured down upon the plains of India. Mahomedan fanaticism is always the same, and it may at any time culminate in the creation of a second Nadir Shah. The continued progress of Russia in establishing her authority in Turkestan and her influence throughout Central Asia have been supposed to menace the British dominions in India. This is simply a revival of the feeling which in the days of the Afghan expedition was termed 'Russophobia,' and some in the present day have advised that we should endeavour to meet the assumed danger half-way by sending another expedition into Afghanistan and occupying Candahar and Herat. It is not necessary to discuss a project which no statesman would take upon himself the responsibility of recommending; but there cannot be two opinions on the importance of completing a railway not only to the Indus, but beyond it, to our frontier post at Peshawur. As soon as this object is accomplished, Government will be in a position to push forward any amount of the materials of war and any number of fresh troops to the Khyber pass, in time to encounter any hostile armament which may debouch through it. This is a political line, and Government has made all the preliminary arrangements for surveying it and for bridging the Punjab streams; and long before the Russians can reach the Hindoo Koosh—of which, however, they have no intention—we shall be ready to meet them at our own gates. The second line now under consideration is that which would proceed through the length of Sind from Hyderabad to Mooltan, and it is recommended as much on commercial as on political grounds. At present, the Sind Railway Company has a line of a hundred and nine miles at one end of their territory, and another at the other end from Mooltan to Lahore; the intermediate space of about five hundred miles is left to steamers. This break is fatal to its prosperity; the Company can expect

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no remunerative traffic till the missing link is supplied, after which the current of Punjab traffic, now constantly on the increase, will find its way in three or four days to its natural seaport at Kurrachee. This line will run parallel with the Indus, and enable the Government to transport troops and stores with ease and rapidity to any of the points on that river upon which an enemy from the westward might prefer to advance through the Bolan pass or the Solyman range. Such a line along the Indus, in combination with one from Lahore to Peshawur, would render our western frontier—where alone danger is to be apprehended—as impregnable as human skill and foresight and the appliances of modern science could make it. The third project now in contemplation is the line from Delhi or Agra, through Rajpootana, to the northern terminus of the Baroda rail, which would connect those cities by a short route with Bombay.

The feelings with which the natives were likely to regard this novel and wonderful mode of conveyance was a subject of considerable anxiety during the period of construction; but every doubt was happily removed as soon as the trains began to run. The railway took the fancy of the people at once, and the use of it became a national passion, which continues in unabated vigour though the novelty of it has worn off. It was also apprehended that the poverty of the native community would form a serious obstacle to the extensive employment of it; but this idea proved equally fallacious. It is the third class, necessarily composed of the lower orders, which contributes the largest amount of passenger-traffic. During the latest period of a twelvemonth to which the accounts have been made up, the first class paid 77,000*l.*, the second 109,000*l.*, the third 1,250,000*l.* The total number of passengers conveyed during the year amounted to 13,746,000, of whom 95 per cent. were of the third class. Neither have the prejudices of caste been found to interfere with the patronage of the rail, and it is a subject of no little interest to watch its silent but irresistible influence in undermining them. When it was seen that the different classes of carriages were not intended, as the natives expected, to accommodate different castes—the first for the Brahmin, and the third for the Sooder—the Brahmin manifested no reluctance to travel in the cheapest class. The fastidiousness of caste is as predominant in England as in India; and it was doubtless the spectacle of a Brahmin, sprung from the head of the Creator, seated between two of the unclean Sooders, sprung from His feet, which suggested the facetious remark that in England the quality travelled first-class to save their caste, and in India they went third-class to save their money, regardless of caste. Another question like-

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wise arose when the undertaking was in its infancy : Would the pilgrims, who travel by tens and hundreds of thousands to the great shrines, be debarred by the rules of the Shasters from the use of the rail? The subject was referred by Mr. Stephenson to the *Dhurmu Subha* of Calcutta, the great sanhedrim of orthodox Hindoos, who, after consulting the sacred texts and the learned pundits, delivered it as their opinion that the devotee might ride in a railway carriage to the various shrines without diminishing the merit of the pilgrimage.

The actual cost of construction has been found in every instance to exceed the original estimate, which, exclusive of legal expenses and the value of the land, was, in 1853, estimated by Lord Dalhousie at about 8000*l.* for a single line. It has, on an average, amounted to double that sum, and in some cases has risen to 20,000*l.* This is not to be attributed altogether to prodigality of expenditure, although it was by no means favourable to the practice of economy that the engineers sent out to India had been trained up in the construction of lines at home at the rate of 35,000*l.* a mile. The extraordinary expense of the lines is to be traced at first to the novelty of the undertaking and the total absence of all local experience, and eventually to the rise in the value of labour and of materials which the enterprise itself was instrumental in creating. There can be no doubt that such works could now be executed at a much cheaper rate; and we learn from Mr. Danvers's report that an official Committee has recently reported to Government that, 'without any sacrifice of necessary strength and permanence, such modifications could be introduced in the system of construction as should prevent the cost of railways in any case exceeding 10,000*l.* per mile of single line; and that under favourable circumstances most of the lines likely to be undertaken could be completed in an efficient manner at a far less cost.' Whether 10,000*l.* a mile be the maximum which the cost of a railway ought not to exceed must for many years be an open question, as cheapness of construction may be overbalanced by costliness of maintenance. Dear-bought experience in India has taught us that there is a certain standard of solidity in the masonry and a certain scale of strength in the permanent way which cannot be neglected with impunity; and that where these requirements have been sacrificed to the ambition of economy the renewals and reconstructions will more than swallow up whatever had been saved by this misplaced parsimony. No line should be constructed in India which will not bear the transport of an Armstrong gun.

The traffic on the Indian lines, though gradually increasing with the development of trade, has not as yet yielded a return

equal to that of the English lines. The aggregate receipts for passengers on all the lines, in the year ending June, 1867, amounted to a little short of one-third of the total revenue, or 1,430,000*l.*, while merchandise contributed 3,272,000*l.* During two half-years the earnings of the two chief lines have exceeded the guaranteed interest, and the shareholders have accordingly received an additional quarter per cent.; but we cannot and still less ought we to expect a cotton famine in England and a grain famine in India every year. The Indian railways unquestionably afford the most eligible and the most desirable channel for the investment of capital to those who are content with a permanent return of 5 per cent., liable to no risk or interruption. Any addition to that sum must depend on the vigour of commercial enterprise in India, and also, in some measure, on that jealousy of the current expenditure of the line of which our continental neighbours afford so bright an example. On the two more prosperous lines, the Government has been entirely relieved from the farther payment of any interest on the capital they have absorbed—about forty-five millions; and the amount advanced last year from the Indian Treasury for interest on the other lines was reduced to about 700,000*l.* The aggregate sum advanced from the beginning by Government on account of all the railways, after deducting repayments, does not exceed twelve millions. Even if this sum should not eventually be repaid from the profits of the rails, it is a very insignificant amount for the masters of so magnificent an empire to have contributed in fifteen years out of an annual revenue of forty-five millions, to endow it with the incalculable blessing of railways. It is, after all, less by three millions than the sum squandered on the fatal expedition into Afghanistan.

With regard to rates and fares, the control of Government is limited by the terms of the contract to the power of fixing them in the first instance, and regulating any subsequent movement to increase them. It is precluded from reducing the scale without the consent of the Companies, except when the profits exceed 10 per cent. Sir Stafford Northcote has recently sanctioned a system of maximum rates and fares, leaving it to the discretion of the agents in India to work below that limit as they may deem most conducive to the interests of the line. The rates for goods are determined by the classes, six in number, into which they have been distributed, and they range on the East Indian line from 7-8ths of a penny to 7*d.* per ton per mile. The fares for passengers on that line are 2½*d.* per mile for the first class; 1½*d.* for the second; and 3-8ths of a penny for the third; that is to say, a first-class fare for a distance equivalent to that from London Bridge to Brighton, would be 10*s.*;

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the neglect of Government had been most palpable and reprehensible. It was more especially to be deplored in reference to the most important of material requirements, the construction of bridges. During the century in which the East India Company governed the country, no bridges were erected except over some contemptible rivulets, and they were repeatedly swept away by floods. The railway Companies have relieved our national honour from this reproach. Under the modest name of viaducts, they have bridged the most rapid and difficult streams, the Adji, the Soane, the Tonse, the Jumna, at Allahabad, and again at Delhi, the Taptee, and the Nerbudda; and the occurrence of the most formidable river in their path is considered no obstacle to their progress. There still remains one great work untouched, though it is of paramount importance to the prosperity of the East India rail, and the interests of its shareholders—the bridging of the Hooghly at Calcutta. While it has been deemed necessary to connect the old capital at Delhi with the line by a bridge which has cost 150,000*l.*, the metropolitan terminus of the rail is still at Howrah, on the opposite side of the river. The entire traffic of a line of 1000 miles, and of 70,000,000 of the most industrious population in India, is separated from its maritime emporium by a river half a mile wide, crowded in every part with shipping, and for four months of the year flowing like a torrent, at the rate of seven miles an hour. All the produce of those opulent districts on its arrival at the terminal station at Howrah is transferred to boats, many of which are unsafe, and conveyed across the river, and re-transferred to the carts which carry it to the warehouses of the merchants. Much of the time saved by the rail is too often lost on the river, more especially when it becomes impassable for a day or two during the height of the south-west monsoon. Some faint estimate may be formed of the confusion and embarrassment to which the trade of the Gangetic valley, for the benefit of which the rail was constructed, is daily subjected by the want of a bridge, by supposing the entire traffic of more than a thousand miles of English rails to be brought up at Southwark, and transported day by day in lighters to London. It was part of the original plan of the rail, when Howrah was occupied as a temporary terminus, to complete it by a bridge, as soon as it was open throughout. The necessity of constructing it, to meet the continual growth of traffic becomes daily more imperative. Two years ago the Governor-General, on the earnest representation of the merchants of Calcutta, by whom the line is mainly supported, appointed a commission of engineer officers, to investigate the question under every aspect, and they reported that a bridge was
essential

essential to the prosperity of the line. Their report was backed by a strong recommendation from Sir John Lawrence, and transmitted to the Secretary of State, who lost no time in offering the East India Railway Company the usual guarantee of five per cent. on the outlay, combined with the privilege of keeping the account distinct for ten years, to prevent any interference with the revenue of the main line. The proposition was submitted to the shareholders at the half-yearly meeting in the room at the London tavern, which will accommodate about 150, when between twenty and thirty absolutely refused to entertain the idea of the bridge, even on these liberal terms, or, indeed, on any terms whatever. The rest of the shareholders present abstained from voting at all. Three years have thus been lost to an object which is indispensable to the full development of the traffic of the line, and it is a question of some importance whether an arrangement which leaves the policy of this gigantic undertaking to be determined by the crotchets of some thirty shareholders out of a body of more than 12,000, does not call for revision. Sir John Lawrence, upon a second and more pressing representation from the merchants in Calcutta, appointed another commission at the beginning of the present year to go over the ground afresh, and to suggest the plan of execution. Under the impression that there was little chance of securing the construction of the bridge, and of the metropolitan terminus by the East Indian Railway, Sir John Lawrence proposed to the Secretary of State to erect them through the agency of a separate company, composed of members of the East Indian and the Eastern Bengal Company. This proposal is now under consideration, and unless some new obstacle should be thrown in the way, this important work will be commenced before the close of the year.

The establishment of railways in India has led to the introduction of several thousand Europeans employed in various subordinate posts on the different lines. The temptations to which many of them are exposed, when separated from the salutary restraints under which they were accustomed to live at home, demand the constant attention of the Companies, who are, moreover, the greatest sufferers from the casualties and invaliding entailed by their irregularities. On the largest of the lines, the number of Europeans falls little short of two thousand, and the Directors have spared no pains or expense to improve their position, and to counteract their proneness to those indulgences which lower the national character, and dishonour the Christian name in the eyes of the natives. They have offered to grant to every family man one-half the passage of his wife and children, and to advance the remainder, to be repaid by instalments. They have

have also endeavoured to multiply the means of recreation, and mental enjoyment, and Christian instruction. At Jumalpoore, the great workshop of the line, a large European population has been planted, which is constantly on the increase. This settlement, which is situated in a salubrious climate on the confines of Bengal, has been laid out with neatness and regularity; the drainage is complete, and the houses, both for men and officers, have been erected on the most advanced principles of sanitary science. There are two Christian churches, a mechanics' institute, a library, recreation grounds, a racket court, and a band, supplied with instruments from a fine and forfeit fund, and in fact every appliance which could conduce to the rational enjoyment of the men off duty. It is the object of the Company to extend these advantages as far as possible to other stations in proportion to the European population. For the whole service of the Company there is a savings' bank, which appears to be rapidly growing in popularity, and likewise a provident fund, to which the servants on the establishment of recent appointment are required to contribute five per cent. of their allowances, which the Company has agreed to subsidize with an equivalent sum when the returns of the line exceed six per cent. The same arrangement has been made by the Great Indian Peninsula.

Mr. Danvers's report contains some valuable observations on the practice adopted by some of the Companies of establishing a reserve fund to meet the expense of maintenance, and he recommends all the Companies to follow the example. This plan, he observes, 'had been attempted and abandoned in the case of English railways, because there was no sufficient security against the employment of the fund for other purposes.' There can be no such risk on the Indian lines, where the fund would be invested in Government securities and held sacred. The arguments adduced by those who are opposed to the plan appear extremely feeble by the side of those which are advanced in its favour. The permanent way will need general replacement; the rails once, and the sleepers twice, in sixteen years, according to the latest calculations. The entire expense incurred in maintaining the line, including the cost of materials, is charged to revenue, to the last farthing, when the half-yearly account is made up. Mr. Danvers justly observes that 'the cost of the renewals will fall very heavily and very unjustly upon the revenue of the two, three, or even four years in which it took place.' It is manifest that it ought to be equitably distributed over the whole period. It does not seem reasonable that the burden should fall exclusively on those who happen to hold shares during the period of replacement, and that those who were
shareholders

shareholders during the process of deterioration should enjoy the undiminished profits of the traffic which had occasioned it. If, however, it should be deemed objectionable to include in this arrangement the entire charge for maintenance—which, except in the matter of renewals, varies little from year to year—a reserve fund ought at the least to be formed, upon the principle of the fire insurance fund, to meet the periodical demand for locomotives, and for sleepers, rails, and other materials.

The mode in which the guarantee system is worked at home and in India is a subject of considerable interest. In this country the official director attends every meeting of the Boards, as the representative of the Secretary of State, and assists their deliberations by his knowledge of the views of Government and the weight of his official advice. This personal intercourse with the Boards lessens, if it does not remove, the chance of a collision with the authorities at the India Office, and conduces to the harmonious transaction of business. Every tender is opened in his presence, and requires his sanction, and the whole of the home expenditure is thus brought within the jurisdiction of Government. The connexion of the Secretary of State and his Council with the various Companies is in fact a repetition of the relationship which formerly subsisted between the President of the Board of Control and the Court of Directors. It is the double government over again, not altogether free from the spirit manifested by Cannon Row in its dealings with Leadenhall Street. The despotic caprices which it naturally tends to nourish have, in the case of the railways, been mitigated by time, but they do occasionally start up when the sensibilities which grow out of an adventitious position of authority happen to be ruffled. Every communication from the Boards to their agents abroad has to be submitted to the Secretary of State, and requires his written sanction before it can be transmitted. He exercises precisely the same control over this correspondence which the Board of Control formerly exercised over the correspondence of the Court of Directors with the public authorities in India. This rule carries with it the one special advantage that these communications are clothed with the authority of the supreme power in the government of India, and admit of no controversy. Whatever modifications may be made in these letters at the India Office, the Boards, like the old Court of Directors, are bound to adopt, however repugnant to their opinions, and to transmit the revised communication to India as the expression of their own sentiments. One of the most amusing instances of this form of control was exhibited five or six years ago, when one of the Companies in London drafted a letter

a letter to their agent in Calcutta approving of the grant of passage-money to Rangoon to their engineer, who, instead of putting them to the expense of a passage to England on a medical certificate, tried the less expensive expedient of a short trip to sea for the benefit of his health. The draft was returned from the India Office with the remark that it might go forward as altered in the fourth paragraph, viz., 'The Board *cannot* consent that the expense of his voyage to and from Rangoon should be borne by the Company.' The letter was necessarily forwarded as the act and deed of the Board.

The feelings which dictated this procedure, of which the records of the old India House afford numerous examples, have been gradually softened, and latterly, when the views of the Board have not been approved of, their communications have been allowed to go forward as an expression of their own opinions, unsanctioned by the India Office. But it is still to be regretted that the intercourse of the two bodies lacks the freedom of a cordial co-operation, and is too much characterised by that spirit of loftiness which those in power are apt to assume towards those who are in a subordinate position; the spirit which animated the officials of the Board of Control on receiving a proposition from the old Directors. It does not appear to be sufficiently recognised that the interest of the two parties is not antagonistic, but identical, and that they are both called to labour towards the attainment of a common object, the economical and efficient management of a great national undertaking. There can be no doubt that if the Committee of the Council of India, to whom the railway department has been assigned, and whose decisions are seldom overruled, could find it compatible with the dignity of their position to meet the chairman and some members of a Board in friendly conference when any question of moment arose, or when there was any divergence of opinion, there would be a great economy of time, labour, and patience, and a still greater economy of money.

The labours of the various Boards are of course proportioned to the extent of their lines, but they are by no means light, and often very arduous, but their remuneration bears no proportion to their duties. During the period of construction their work is comparatively light; it begins emphatically when the line is open, and it devolves on them to make it remunerative by incessant and minute supervision. The laborious duties of the East Indian Board are thus described in the letter prefixed to this article from Mr. Crawford, its able and zealous chairman, to Sir Stafford Northcote:—'The Transfer Committee, consisting of two members of the Board, undertakes the personal revision
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of the registration and transfer of the stock and share capital of the Company—twenty-eight millions—the issue of its debentures of all kinds, the issue of stock certificates, and, generally speaking, of all matters appertaining to or connected with the department.’ It will scarcely be credited that one of these members receives no other compensation for his labours than the sum which may be scraped from the forfeits of the members of the Board who are unable to attend every meeting throughout the year. That document proceeds to state that ‘the Audit Committee, consisting of four members of the Board and the managing director, takes especial cognizance of all matters in any way affecting the expenditure of the Company. It constantly examines the cost of the different establishments in India, as well as estimates for works generally, as well as all matters relating to the traffic and working of the line. It reviews, in particular, from week to week, the proceedings of the Board of Agency in Calcutta, recorded for that purpose. It examines the correspondence which takes place in India, particulars of all importance being sent home for that purpose. It inquires also into many matters of a more general character especially referred for its examination, and meeting every week, reports to the Board in writing.’ The members of this Committee receive no pecuniary acknowledgment for these services, or for their double attendance, though the chairman has a gratuity of between nineteen and twenty shillings a week. Indeed, the scale of remuneration assigned to the various Boards, when compared with the magnitude of the transactions entrusted to them, or with the injury which would be entailed on these undertakings by the least relaxation of vigilance on their part, would appear ludicrous if it were not unjust. The whole sum allotted to eight Boards for the efficient working of eighty millions of capital does not exceed 8000*l.* a year, and in the case of the largest of the railways, the honorarium of the directors has remained stationary for ten years, while the capital has increased from five millions to twenty-eight, and the revenue, with its increasing responsibilities, has risen from 300,000*l.* to more than two millions.

Indian railways are by no means exempt from the perils of that incessant increase of capital which has overwhelmed many of these undertakings in England. It is the ambition of the heads of office in India to make their respective departments as effective as possible. The Government equally looks to the efficiency and perfection of the line, in the interests of the public, and there is a natural tendency to regard the question of expenditure as a secondary consideration. After the lines are finished there is a continuous stream of demands for additional outlay on construction, for the comfort

comfort or convenience of the public, or of the Company's servants, or for the completion of the line upon some indefinite principle. The process of construction appears, indeed, to be interminable, and as the Government is often more disposed to accept than to controvert the proposals of the railway officers, the delicate and invidious task of economy is thrown upon the London Boards, and demands their untiring vigilance. On them devolves the labour of raising new capital for these additions, which the public are more eager to offer than the shareholders are to accept. The final decision of the question of augmenting the capital rests with the shareholders, even after the Secretary of State has authorised it by his guarantee, and they have a reasonable apprehension that every addition to it tends to diminish their chance of a higher dividend than five per cent. This check on the increase of capital, though it may sometimes be capriciously exercised by a small knot of shareholders at the half-yearly meetings, as in the case of the Hooghly bridge, is on the whole salutary. Judging from the remarks frequently made at these meetings, the proprietors of stock appear to have little, if any, idea of the incessant endeavours of the Board to prevent this increase. We learn from Mr. Danvers's report that the East Indian Railway, 'alarmed at the demands for further capital expenditure which reached them with scarcely the exception of a mail, . . . and determined to put a stop to it till they were satisfied that the real necessities and interests of the Company demanded it, deputed their consulting engineer, Mr. Rendel, to India, at the close of last year, to investigate the subject in connexion with the officers of the establishment;' and 'with regard to works under construction or in contemplation, to consider whether they should be proceeded with or stopped.' It is understood that the result of his visit has been a saving of half-a-million to the Company, if not of a much larger sum.

Under the system of guarantees the general control of the expenditure in India is vested in the Governor-General in Council, while the immediate supervision of it is committed to the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the provinces through which the railways run, and is exercised by their respective consulting engineers. These are, without exception, military officers, whose knowledge of railway economy and practice has been acquired in India, and whose opinions can scarcely fail in some instances to clash with those of the professional civil engineers sent out from England. But the friction which this anomaly might have been expected to create has been removed by the greater permanence which is now given to the appointment of Government engineers, and which enables them to acquire a large fund of experience.

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No sum can be expended in construction, maintenance, or working without the consent of Government, and even the quantity of grease to be allowed every six months for the axles requires official authorisation. The control of the State extends to every department and every operation, and appears to be as complete as if the rail were a purely Government establishment. Mr. Crawford's letter to Sir Stafford Northcote gives us a view of the management of the line in India by the officers of the Company. It is placed under the direction of a Board of Agency, consisting of the agent on a salary of 3000*l.* a year, the deputy agent, and the chief engineer. This Board meets weekly for the transaction of business, and its secretary records its proceedings and resolutions and transmits them to the Board of Directors in London. An official meeting is held once a week, which is attended also by the Government consulting engineer, who gives his sanction to the proceedings of the agency, which saves the mischievous delays and impediments inseparable from the system of correspondence, which in Bengal is interminable. On questions which involve a leading principle or a heavy expenditure, a reference is made to the Governor-General in Council. In case of any serious difference of opinion between the Government of India and the Board of Agency, the question is sent home to the Secretary of State, and finally disposed of in communication with the Board of Directors. The whole line is constantly visited, at uncertain intervals, by the travelling inspector of the Company, and a salutary control is thus established over the station staff. An officer of high standing is also deputed by Government, once a quarter, to visit every station and report on its condition and upon every matter connected with the comfort and accommodation of the passengers. One of the most important arrangements connected with this line is the establishment of an audit department, under the management of a chief auditor—one of the most highly-paid officers of the Company—who is altogether independent of the agency, and responsible only to the London Board, with whom he is in direct correspondence. His duties are to ascertain that the authorisation of Government has been obtained for every demand before it is paid, to verify the payments by vouchers, and to see that they have all been duly brought to account. It is likewise his province to audit the whole of the traffic receipts, the stock and share registry, and to regulate the periodical stock-taking. The revenue account for the half year is made up by him in communication with the Government accountant-general, and becomes the basis of the ultimate settlement between the Secretary of State and the Company. The accounts are also most rigidly audited at short intervals by the officers of Government,

ment, and it is scarcely possible that any irregularity can evade this double scrutiny.

The system of management organised by Lord Dalhousie for the guaranteed railways, and thus matured by the experience of fifteen years, has proved to be sound and beneficial. The control placed in the hands of the engineer officers of the State over the movements and proposals of the officers of the Companies has not been without some drawbacks; but they have gradually disappeared by the exercise of a spirit of mutual consideration. The control vested in Government does not appear to interfere with the authority of the agents of the different Companies, or to weaken their responsibilities, or to repress their energies. The advantages connected with it, on the other hand, have been various and substantial. It has in many cases been instrumental in promoting the economical working of the lines. The control of the London Boards is in a great measure enfeebled by their distance from the scene of operations, and the active supervision of official authority on the spot is therefore of no small value in checking that tendency to waste and extravagance which is inseparable from the handling of large sums, and from which railway undertakings are by no means exempt. The officers of Government have moreover enjoyed opportunities of comparing the expenditure of one railway with that of another, and of suggesting the general adoption of measures of retrenchment which have been devised on any particular line. On the whole, there can be no hesitation in stating that the Indian system of railways would not have presented the same satisfactory appearance if it had been left to the uncontrolled agency of private Companies, or if it had been worked by Government officers as a department of the State. It is the combined action of the Government and the Boards, and the healthy influence it creates, which has produced the present results, and to which we must look for future improvement.

The benefit conferred on the Government of India by the introduction of the rail it would be difficult to overrate. It is no small advantage that the transmission of the public despatches has been accelerated three and four fold, and additional vigour communicated to the machine of the State. The Governor-General is now enabled to perform journeys, together with his establishments, in as many days as it required months in the administration of Lord Wellesley and Lord Hastings; and this economy of official time cannot but be regarded as a national benefit. He has likewise the means of visiting every portion of the empire with rapidity and ease, and of obtaining a knowledge of its condition and its wants from personal observation. But

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it is in the immense increase of security which railways have given to our widely-extended empire that their importance is most conspicuous. The Romans never considered a province fully conquered till they had constructed a highway through it. But what was the political and military utility of their magnificent roads compared with that of our railways in the facilities they afford for the rapid concentration of troops and the material of war on any point where a revolt may break out. No one will controvert the fact, that if we had possessed, as we now do, 3500 miles of rail at the period of the Sepoy mutiny, it would have been extinguished in a few months. All those apprehensions which were formerly entertained, even by eminent statesmen, that every extension of the empire diminished its stability and hastened its dissolution, have been dissipated by the genius of George Stephenson. The remotest provinces are as accessible as the nearest; and the garrison of Peshawur, 1500 miles from Calcutta, can be relieved and strengthened with greater certainty and speed than places only a tenth of that distance thirty years ago. The empire is safer with 50,000 European troops and the rail, than it could be with double that number and no rail. It is the simple truth that no dominion of such magnitude has ever been held by a foreign power, ancient or modern, at such a distance from the seat of authority under circumstances which give such confidence in its durability and permanence. Nor should the effect of the rail on the native mind be overlooked. The feeling of acquiescence in a government which, though alien, is not in any sense oppressive, and in many ways beneficent, grows stronger with the lapse of time, which abates the desire for change. This feeling is abundantly strengthened in India by the marvels of scientific skill we have introduced, than which not one is more calculated to strike the native understanding with wonder and awe than the rail. As it sweeps day by day, from province to province, it presents to prince and peasant an ever-recurring token of the extent of our dominion, the ubiquity of our power, and the magnitude of our resources.

In a still higher sense may the rail be considered beneficial to the interests of the British Government in India, inasmuch as it promotes the highest object of its solicitude, its very *raison d'être*, the improvement of the country and the well-being of its inhabitants. By providing a rapid and cheap mode of conveying the produce of the country from one province to another, and to the seaports, it serves to develop the agricultural resources of the country, to multiply articles of cultivation, and to give a new impulse to the pursuits of industry. As far as its influence extends,

extends, it mitigates the horrors of famine. It has a strong tendency to foster the spirit of commercial enterprise, and thereby lessen the fondness for military adventure which was formerly the chief source of national excitement. It tends to weaken the despotism of caste. It breaks up the old habits of isolation and opens new circles of social and domestic intercourse. By enlarging the sphere of observation it creates new desires and new wants. It is gradually arousing the native mind from the lethargy of centuries and throwing a new element of energy into native society, and it will eventually be found to have introduced a greater and more beneficial change in the thoughts, feelings, and habits of the people than has been brought about by any of the political changes of the last eight hundred years.

ART. III.—*The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. A New Edition. London, 1854.

ON Coleridge as a philosopher much has been written, and excellently; on Coleridge as a poet comparatively little, and that little has not, as a rule, been remarkable for either subtle appreciation or accurate discrimination. Should we be far wrong if we went further and said that the poetry of Coleridge is in reality not much read at all? Those who confine their attention to the 'Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel' will probably think that we are in error. But we judge by this fact, among others, that in a late edition of his works the whole series of poems written in later life, containing some of his most exquisite and characteristic pieces, is unceremoniously omitted.

The first point which strikes us in Coleridge's character, and which has not, we think, been sufficiently observed, is his ambitious temper, which led him to plan so much more than he or any man could accomplish. It is true that all men who make a great figure in the world must have a share of ambition, a desire for power and for the estimation of power, larger than is found among their fellow men. But in most it is overlaid and hidden by other feelings. Thus in Wordsworth it was overlaid by pride and a certain narrowness of intellect; in Byron it was in a great measure quenched by the admiration which was so early poured upon him, so that for the rest of his life he alternated between vanity, the complacent satisfaction at this admiration, and cynicism, which is the satiety of it; in Shelley there was not enough of definite aim to render

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the word ambition applicable to him—he had no determinate wish to subdue to himself the realities of the world, he was merely urged onward by an incessant craving, the demon of discontent. But Coleridge was definitely ambitious. His endeavour, consciously pursued and to the end of his life never laid aside nor despaired of, was to survey and arrange in system the whole world of realities; he despised the restrictions which had been laid on this investigation by the narrower spirit of the philosophy of the eighteenth century; all things, spiritual as well as material, were gathered into his net; no thought was too subtle, no imagination too wild, to become a part of his vast and sensitive mind. There was, indeed, one class of his contemporaries with whom he shared this quality, and much else besides. These were the German philosophers, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. To explain the universe—that, in brief, was the object which these thinkers proposed to themselves. It seemed to them a small thing merely to lay the foundation of a science, or even of the science, as they imagined it to themselves; they must be its entire architects, they must witness its completion. But this was much as if one man were to undertake with his own hands to build a cathedral. Accordingly all that they have handed down for the benefit of posterity is a vast conception, a magnificent effort; the details of their philosophy have been found practically of hardly any value, from the entire absence of explanation and illustration. Had they worked more slowly, they would have effected much more in the end. To these men, both in spirit and in form, belonged Coleridge, yet with a difference; for besides being a philosopher, he was a poet.

The influence which Coleridge's ambition exercised on his poetry was to some extent injurious, for his great defect is the manifest strain which he puts on himself, often in passages even of his most beautiful poems; as, for instance, in the 'Ode to Dejection,' the last stanza but one of which is entirely spoiled by this fault. It is, however, far more manifest in his earlier than in his later poems; the 'Religious Musings' are scarcely anything but tumid extravagance; nor is the 'Ode to the Departing Year' much better, in spite of the praise which has been lavished on it by eminent critics.

But there was another result, which, though less apparent, was a far better one. For the reaction from ambition is not that petty shame which is the reaction from self-conceit; it is self-humiliation, the acknowledgment of inferiority before a power which at once comprehends and baffles the combatant. And next in dignity to the accomplishment of a great design is the resignation which leaves it unaccomplished, and yet does not

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cease to believe in the possibility of its accomplishment. The traces of such a resignation, impressed upon a most tender and sensitive spirit, are to be found in all the later poems of Coleridge. Take, for instance, the following, which is indeed deficient in that imaginative power which is Coleridge's most striking excellence, but for that very reason exhibits more clearly those qualities which we have just been ascribing to him :—

'How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.
For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain!
What would'st thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.'

It must be admitted that the middle of the above poem does not correspond in dignity and beauty to the beginning and end (and it was perhaps a half-consciousness of this that induced the poet to use his notes of admiration so profusely), but, as we have just said, passages of inferior merit are common even in Coleridge's most remarkable pieces.

Ambition, tenderness, imagination—these are the three key-notes to the character of Coleridge. Doubtless there were in the complexity of his nature other veins also, and some of inferior metal, whereby he has been a problem of no small difficulty to those who have tried honestly to understand him. But these three are his predominant qualities, those which first strike a sympathetic reader of his works; and the others we believe to have been more or less superficial, and the result of weakness: but we shall have more to say of them presently. In none of his poems do his distinctive merits appear more prominently than in the following, entitled 'Love, Hope, and Patience in Education;' and here they are blended in the harmony of that wide experience which comes with declining years :—

'O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places

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Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it,—so
 Do these upbear the little world below
 Of education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.
 Methinks, I see them grouped, in seemly show,
 The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
 And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
 Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
 Oh part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
 Love too will sink and die.
 But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
 From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
 And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
 And the soft murmurs of the mother Love,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit and half-supplies;
 Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love,
 Yet haply there will come a weary day,
 When overtasked at length
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
 Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
 And both supporting does the work of both.'

Can any other poem of this century be produced in which, with so small a compass, there is so wide a range? It begins with the schoolroom, and ends with principles that are applicable to all men and all times. The truths which it expresses are seen at once to be true; yet they are new, if not individually, at least in the colligation, the unity which binds them together. There is no outcropping of intellectual effort, of conscious observation; yet the results of both intellect and observation are there. And the whole is not like a philosophical thesis, requiring time to understand it, but is impressed on the mind at once by the imagery with which it is conjoined. It is a sort of vision, flashing on the mind at once; and undoubtedly it must have so flashed on the mind of the poet; yet for such a vision to have presented itself to him, a long exercise of the faculties must have been necessary. This is what is meant by imagination. Compare with this any of the most admired pieces of Tennyson—almost anything in 'In Memoriam' will do—whether we take the first half, in which observation is predominant, or the latter half, which abounds in thought on abstruse subjects. For instance, the following:—

'Calm is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only thro' the faded leaf
 The chesnut pattering to the ground;

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold ;

Calm and still light on yon great plain
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
 And crowded farms and lessening towers
 To mingle with the bounding main.'

Can any one say that there is spontaneity in such lines as these? It is quite clear that they are thought out; the observation, however delicate and beautiful (and it has these qualities in a high degree), has been collected and put together with conscious knowledge; the poet is quite aware of the fact that he is a poet; he has never lost himself in any sudden vision, such as compels utterance. The lines are expressive of passion, certainly—of observation, certainly—but not of spiritual truth. Still, such softness of pathos, such originality of description, must command our admiration, however we may think it to fall short of the highest attainment possible. But what shall be said of the abstruse thinking which occupies the latter half of 'In Memoriam'? Such lines as these:—

'That which we dare invoke to bless;
 Our dearest hope, our ghastliest doubt;
 He, They, One, All: within, without;
 The Power in darkness whom we guess.

I found him not in world or sun,
 Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
 Nor thro' the questions men may try,
 The petty cobwebs we have spun:'

and those which follow, are not poetry but philosophy; and to say the truth, the philosophy is neither very original nor very good. And here again, as in the former passage, let it be noticed how entire a want there is of the 'ars celare artem'; or, to speak more truly, the poet has never seen anything so transcendently wonderful, nor felt any impulse so fervid, as to carry him out of himself, and make him wholly forget every predetermined purpose and will of his own, under the influence of the force that bears him along in his unpremeditated flight. Of such an impulse there are partial traces in one work of Tennyson, and in one only; and that is 'Maud.' In his other poems he is never touched by that 'frenzy of the Muses' of which Plato speaks. Tennyson cannot fail to be admired; but his admirers have confounded overcarefulness with perfection, and have assigned him

a rank

a rank among our greatest poets, which, we are convinced, he will not permanently retain.*

But to return to Coleridge. Before leaving the poem on which we were commenting, there is one more remark that we must make respecting it. Since Milton wrote 'Samson Agonistes,' there has not been, except this, any poem of the first rank written in English by a man beyond middle age. This is well worth noticing, for the endurance of a man's powers is the best test of the capacity of his mind. Of two of the greatest geniuses of the century, Wordsworth and Scott, it is certain that they had exhausted their powers some time before their death. And if this cannot be said with equal confidence of Byron and Shelley, who died comparatively young, it at any rate must be allowed that they had shown no decisive signs of adding to the passion and exuberance, which are the merits of early writings, those other excellencies which are the characteristics of maturer life. If we except Keats, whose promise of excellence was great, but whose performance is too undeveloped to produce the same vigorous impression as the others whom we have mentioned, these are the great poetical names of the beginning of the century. For the only genuine and truly delightful poems of Southey—his ballads—have not sufficient importance to be put in the same rank; and Moore, Campbell, and Crabbe cannot be considered so high.

We have hitherto said scarcely anything of those two poems of Coleridge by which he is most widely known, the 'Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel;' and, in fact, there is scarcely anything to be said of them that is not already acknowledged and undisputed. Yet it is worth while to note briefly their distinctive character. As written in his youth, they have naturally no marks of a wide experience; nor would, perhaps, the range of his mind be easily conjectured from them. And though there are many marks of his tender sensitiveness, it does not (especially in the 'Ancient Mariner') come out as prominently as in his later poems. But for pure imagination, no man since Shakspeare has written anything to equal them. It is true that it is in many respects a dreamlike imagination; the links which bind it on to reality are few; its wanderings

* Tennyson and his imitators would do well to ponder upon the words of Plato: δὲ δ' ἂν ἀνευ μανίας Μουσῶν ἐπὶ ποιητικὰς θύρας ἀφίκηται, πεισθὲς ὡς ἅρα ἐκ τέχνης ἱκανὸς ποιητὴς ἐσόμενος, ἀτελὴς αὐτὸς τε καὶ ἡ πόλις ὑπὸ τῆς τῶν μαινομένων ἢ τοῦ σωφρονιστοῦ ἡφανίσθη.—Phædrus, p. 245, A. We subjoin the translation of this passage by the Master of Trinity in his admirable edition of the 'Phædrus' recently published:—'Whoso knocks at the door of Poesy untouched with the Muse's frenzy—fondly persuading himself that art alone will make him a thorough poet—neither he nor his works will ever attain perfection; but are destined, for all their cold propriety, to be eclipsed by the effusions of the inspired madman.'

centre in a primæval region of the mind, where things are linked together by laws more slack and capricious than in the world which we know. But it is a true and not a forced imagination; it is a native growth of the mind, and not a mere arrangement of things observed and thought; and is thus pointedly distinguished from such a mess of arbitrary monstrosities as 'Kehama.'

'Christabel' is the finer of the two poems, and perhaps it gains rather than loses by the fact that it is unfinished. For a finished work rather excludes the thought of that infinity which surrounds every human history; it makes us think that there is an end, which having been gained, there are no more questions to be asked, no changes to be expected. This is the effect which we commonly experience on laying down a novel, whether it have a prosperous or calamitous end. When *Ivanhoe* marries *Rowena*, the reader is satisfied; when the *Laird of Ravenswood* is swallowed up in the sands, he is, if not satisfied, at least not inclined to make any further inquiries; in fact, it does not enter into his head to do so. He does not concern himself about the future at all. But the realm of reality never stops; whether we perceive it or not, it extends onward into the illimitable continuity of the universe. And to express this infinity is a rare and peculiar merit in a work of art; few even among the greatest men have compassed it; and perhaps in many cases where it is found, it may be rather an exquisite accident than the result of study and knowledge. The '*Prometheus*' of *Æschylus*, *Michael Angelo's* statues of *Night and Day*, '*Hamlet*' (not so much by virtue of the story as from the intense personality of *Hamlet*, which we cannot conceive as perishing even with his bodily death), and *Goethe's* '*Faust*;' in a lesser degree, perhaps, the '*Odyssey*' (for surely no one ever finished that poem without a wondering interest as to what would happen to *Ulysses* in the future). These are the most prominent instances. Ought we to add *Dante's* great poem? We think not, for the infinity contained in it is a known infinity; an infinity without change, as measurable and comprehensible as is the infinity of a pair of parallel lines. It transcends our intellect by magnitude, not by the nature of the ideas it contains. Whereas the infinity here spoken of is that of an ever varying and developing reality.

Though '*Christabel*' cannot for substance and comprehensiveness be classed with the great works above-named, it is no less unique, no less genuine, no less spiritual, than any of them. What shall be said of the creation of such a poem? Observation, thought, intellectual energy, these contributed to it but the barest lineaments, the scantiest outlines. The matter of it
came

came from the heart of the poet; it is the personification and embodiment of those forces whose struggle takes place, not in the region of nerve and muscle, but in the inmost circle of the spirit; amid those pulses and delicate fibres which in most men vibrate unheeded and unfelt, but which the sensitive tact of the poet retains, observes, and brings to light. This is the true essence of poetry. It is curious to compare 'Christabel' with the earthly energy of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' or with the passionate force of the 'Giaour'—either of them equally plain and straightforward, and intelligible to the coarsest understanding.

Of the 'Ancient Mariner' the best criticism is that made by Coleridge himself. Mrs. Barbauld—so we read in the 'Table-talk'—had alleged two faults in it; first, that the story was improbable; secondly, that it had no moral.

'As for the probability,' Coleridge says, 'I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son.'

It may, perhaps, be reasonably thought that the latter part of this criticism goes too far, and that some moral or emotional principle ought to underlie every poem, however remote it may apparently be from the world to which we are accustomed; that a series of fanciful pictures, like the 'Arabian Nights,' is not, in the strict sense, poetry. But the obtrusiveness of the moral is no doubt a fault in the 'Ancient Mariner,' and puts it below the level of 'Christabel,' which has besides throughout a more delicate workmanship. Take for instance from the latter the following passage, which has always appeared to us to be marked by a curiously felicitous blending of imagery and sentiment:—

'The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here;
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

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The silver lamp burns dead and dim:
But Christabel the lamp will trim.'

Taken in connexion with the rest of the poem, the dimness of the moon and of the lamp have a mysterious meaning; but, independently of this, the 'figures strange and sweet, all made out of the carver's brain,' carry us away to far other regions than those which are actually present before us. 'The *twofold* silver chain' is a graphic touch.

On the other hand, the scenery of the 'Ancient Mariner' is more weird and tremendous than in the other; and some passages of it—particularly the conception of Life-in-Death—exhibit the only successful instances in his writings, or, we may add, in the writings of any poet of this or the last century, of that sublimity which is allied to terror.

Coleridge did indeed often aim at such sublimity; but in general, to say that he failed conveys a very inadequate idea of the depths to which he fell. He was, to do him justice, partly aware of his failure. 'My poems,' he said, 'have been rightly charged with a profusion of double epithets and a general turgidness.' When in his worst and most inflated mood, this was the sort of stuff that he wrote:—

'O return!

Pure Faith! meek Piety! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hath met the horrible judgment! Whence that cry!
The mighty army of foul spirits shrieked
Disherited of earth! For she hath fallen
On whose black front was written Mystery, &c., &c.

Shrieked Ambition's giant throng,
And with them hissed the locust-fiends that crawled
And glittered in Corruption's slimy track'—

passages which harmoniously, but not agreeably, combine the styles of Dr. Cumming, Mr. Robert Montgomery, and Mr. M. F. Tupper, but of which it is at first sight inexplicable how Coleridge came to write them. We believe, however, that it resulted partly from his admiration of Mr. Bowles: a poet admired at that time by many men of genius, of whom Wilson was one, and who was flattered even by Byron, but whose works to readers of the present day seem downright twaddle. Our respect for Coleridge forbids us to quote more of the 'Religious Musings' or the 'Destiny of Nations;' and if those two poems, together with his early sonnets, were excluded from his published works it would be the better for his poetic fame. After all, the same
may

may be said of Shelley's 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' of Byron's 'Hints from Horace,' and of a still more considerable portion of Wordsworth's poems. An age of effervescence is always an age of inequality.

Two of Coleridge's most celebrated poems are the 'Ode to France,' extolled by Shelley as the finest ode of modern times; and the 'Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni,' which, as is well known, is an expansion of twenty lines by Frederica Brunn. Neither, however, can be placed altogether in the first rank of poems. The 'France' is too contentious: we hear too much of 'blasphemy' and 'priestcraft;' it is instinct rather with the spirit of the controversialist than of the lyricist. Yet the first stanza is fine and worthy of remembrance. The 'Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni,' again, is open to this criticism—that it has, strictly speaking, no subject: no central point, that is, to which all the lines converge. To which of these two things is it that the poet seeks to direct our attention: the intrinsic beauty and majesty of the mountains and rocks and glaciers, or the fact that all this richness of external Nature was the creation of God? When Isaiah wrote, 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? . . . It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in,'—it is plain that the Prophet uses the majesty of Nature as a mere step to lead to the majesty of God; he would not mention the heavens and mountains and hills at all, were it not for the sake of the other. On the other hand, when Wordsworth wrote these lines—

'I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a newborn day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,' &c.—

it is the pure beauty of Nature, clearly, which is his central point, into whatever distant regions of thought or feeling it leads him—and he does wander very far from it in the course of his poem—yet that which inspires him is always felt to be the glory of flowers and waters and stars and sunsets. But now take these lines of Coleridge—

'Ye

'Ye icefalls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the iceplains echo, God!'

What, here, is the true theme of the poet, the inspiring reality? Is it, as was the case with Isaiah, and as is professedly the case here, the Divine Being? We answer, No. It was a sentiment of propriety, and not of inspiration, that led Coleridge to give a religious turn to his lines; and propriety is a bad guide in poetry. He had no business to feign an enthusiasm. The real poetic vigour of the piece, which is considerable, lies entirely in the descriptions.

It may be remarked that Mr. Browning, in one of his most celebrated poems, 'Saul,' has fallen into a similar error, where he represents David in returning from the presence of Saul, to whom he has been prophesying, as at once conscious of the presence of unseen spirits—

'There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
 Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware—'

and being also at the same time deeply impressed by, and exercising a keen observation on, the phenomena of Nature:—

'I saw it die out in the day's tender birth;
 In the gathered intensity brought to the grey of the hills;
 In the shuddering forests new awe; in the sudden wind-thrills;
 In the startled wild beasts that bore off,' &c.

We are incredulous. If David had really felt the angels present he would not have observed external things so accurately.

None of Coleridge's pieces is better known than the 'Genevieve.' The first stanza of it is most excellent:—

'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of love,
 And feed his sacred flame.'

But the rest is not much more than sentimentally pretty, of that sort of prettiness which is often popular. On the other hand,
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the ode on 'Dejection' is less known than it ought to be; some stanzas of it are scarcely rivalled for the mixture of philosophical reflection and deep pathos:—

'My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.
O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!'

Of the poems written by Coleridge in his later years we have already spoken. Let us quote one more of them; it is on the famous maxim of the Greek sage, 'Know thyself':—

'Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν! and is this the prime
And heavensprung adage of the olden time!
Say, canst thou make thyself? Learn first that trade;
Haply thou may'st know what thyself had made.
What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?
What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm,—life, death, soul, clod—
Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!'

In these lines, rough and ungainly as they may seem, devoid of all poetic imagery or effect, there yet may be found matter for thought. They express in Coleridge's mind the vanishing of philosophy into religion. Was he sincere? We are convinced that he was: the very roughness of these lines, and those associated with them, speaks of sincerity. We do not hold, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, that he was a man devoid of morality; nor with Mr. Carlyle, that he spent his life in unavailing wanderings over the deserts of thought. On the contrary, it seems to us that he was fundamentally a good man, and that his efforts have been productive

tive of much good to mankind. Still, both in his life and in his writings there is much to be regretted, and which none regretted more than himself. He sought after goodness, and he sought after clearness of thought; but his original aim was to be all-comprehensive, and in this endeavour he lost much of both intellectual and moral excellence.

With respect to his writings, it must be borne in mind that the pen was not his instrument. He was great only through instinct; he floundered and became helpless directly he came to a matter requiring patient systematization; and hence, judging both by the reports of others and by those fragments of his conversation and lectures that have been preserved, the conclusion is forced upon us that the books which he composed with the greatest care, such as the 'Friend' and the 'Aids to Reflection,' very inadequately represent the real man; and, in fact, there is not in them nearly the force and the brilliancy that there is in the 'Table-talk' or the 'Lectures on Shakspeare.' He said of himself, 'I can think with all my ordinary vigour in the midst of pain; but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanly reluctance and shrinking from action. I could not upon such occasions take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world.' And the greater part of his life was spent under the pressure of illness. Still, making all allowance for this, it must be admitted that his thoughts were frequently obscure and perplexed, and that he was himself unaware of their obscurity. And if this was the case with respect to speculative matters that were his peculiar province, much more was it the case with respect to his practical action, in which he never had trained himself to resolution and decision. Here all his weaknesses lay open and bare to every eye. His indolence; his perpetual procrastination; his promises, never to be redeemed; and that effervescence of small vanity which, though alien to his true nature, he never could entirely quell or restrain; all these have been the ready mark of his opponents, and have laid him open to charges, some true, some unfairly exaggerated, or even false. He took opium, and continued to take it, in the midst of incessant lamentations and repentances; he left his wife and children to the care of Southey. These things are to be admitted: yet the one was the natural sequence of the other, for infirmity of will entails many unforeseen consequences, yet not the less grievous. With respect to the other charge that has been urged against him—that of plagiarism—we are convinced that if Coleridge published in his own works with insufficient acknowledgment the labours of others, this was the result of his confused habits of mind, joined to a powerful but yet most fitful

fitful and inaccurate memory, and not to any desire of taking to himself the credit due to others. It appears to us that, when in his '*Biographia Literaria*' he published extracts from Schelling's philosophy, the acknowledgment that he made to that philosopher was such as, if not really sufficient, might yet well appear sufficient to a person of his careless habits and clumsy methods of expressing himself. That he intended deliberately to defraud Schelling is so far from proved, that it is scarcely possible to suppose it, if we consider the eulogistic terms in which he spoke of him; and the same remark applies to the reminiscences of Schlegel that occur in his '*Lectures on Shakspeare*' (which, besides, were extempore lectures, never published by himself, nor at all, except in fragments). Concerning Schlegel, he said: 'If all the comments that have been written on Shakspeare by his editors could have been collected into a pile and set on fire, that by the blaze Schlegel might have written his lectures, the world would have been equally a gainer by the books destroyed and the book written.' Do plagiarists usually speak in this way of the writer from whom they steal? In one point only does Coleridge seem to us really culpable; namely, in his almost unqualified assertion of his own contemporaneous discovery of the theories promulgated by Schelling. Herein, as his manner was, he forgot the difference between design and execution. There is no reason to doubt that the outline of Schelling's theories was in Coleridge's mind some time before he had read Schelling's works; but between the outline of theories and their development there is a vast interval, which Coleridge was bound (especially in this instance) to recognise, but which he always overlooked.

In recounting the faults of Coleridge, let it not be forgotten that he was so conscious of his own failings that he desired his life to be written, not as an example to other men, but as a warning.

No poet is ever an isolated phenomenon; and no poet's works can be adequately understood without a reference to his contemporaries and the age in which he lived. And hence, that the position of Coleridge in relation to others may be made clear, it will be necessary to consider the principal similarities and differences between his poems and those of his most distinguished contemporaries.

The poet with whom Coleridge, as a single poet, may best be compared, is Wordsworth. Wordsworth and Coleridge, again, will naturally be set over against Byron and Shelley, the representatives of a different impulse and a different mode of thinking.

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The minds of Coleridge and Wordsworth bore, in many points, a very remarkable resemblance to each other. Each had the poetical and critical faculties in the very highest degree; each too had the speculative faculty, but with this difference, that whereas in Coleridge it germinated and luxuriated abundantly, and ruled over, though it could not overpower, the rest of his nature, in Wordsworth, on the other hand, it was strictly kept under. Wordsworth was a man who, of deliberate purpose, narrowed his mind and forced it into one channel, in order that he might thereby produce a greater effect. His sympathies were naturally wide; witness the intense enthusiasm he felt and expressed for the French Revolution at the outset; witness also the sincere affection displayed in his more mature writings for all classes and characters of the people among whom he dwelt. But his stern practical design, the rigidity with which he set himself to do a fixed work, cut off one half of the sphere of which he might have been the master, and weakened the living force of the other half. He read hardly any books; and though books will not serve as a foundation for poetical or any other excellence, they indefinitely increase its range. He travelled indeed, but he did not mingle with the people among whom he travelled; he surveyed them from a distance. He isolated himself from the crowd, in order to obtain a clearer view of his road; but in doing so he lost his communication with men.

It is true that, in a practical point of view, the result has justified him; his success has been commensurate with his aim, which was itself no mean one. All succeeding English poetry has followed him, and not Byron, or Shelley, or Coleridge. Not to speak of avowed disciples, such as the author of 'Philip van Artevelde,' neither Tennyson, nor Clough, nor Mr. Matthew Arnold, are ever without marked traces of his influence. They have taken his intellectual sphere as the general groundwork of their ideas; the instances in which they have gone beyond it are very few indeed, though they have rendered it more soft and pliable, and mingled it with a sceptical tone from which his nature was abhorrent. Mr. Browning, it is true, is not a follower of Wordsworth; but neither is he a follower of any other master; and to say the truth, his originality seems to us rather of an intellectual than of a poetic character.

It will be found that Wordsworth's critical writings, greatly as they contributed to his immediate unpopularity, have been an essential element in his influence, not in themselves, but as explanatory of his general position. It is true that the poems which he wrote with an immediate reference to his critical theory, and almost one might say with the view of illustrating it,

it, were by no means good; sometimes very bad indeed. But this was not because the theory was bad, but because a critical theory cannot supply the place of, though it may direct and control, the overflowing energy of passion. It was his criticism that marked out the region which he intended to occupy; and the world at once felt that the region was one to which they had never been introduced before, and one well worthy of being cultivated. The intellectual design was with him the ruling element; into it, as into a Procrustean bed, he forced his emotions and sympathies; it could not quench them, but it seldom let them have quite free play. Nevertheless, we do not wish to underrate the real pathos, intensity, and poetic imagination of which he was master. The genius in him was too often curbed by the understanding; but it did at times get loose, and then the regions to which it soared were the highest. It is a curious result of his self-narrowing humour that his influence is entirely confined to England; neither his temperament nor his intellectual sphere is adapted to the continent, where he is almost unknown.

It is here that Coleridge is so sharply contrasted with Wordsworth; the limitation, the practical definite purpose of the one are the most complete opposite of the unrestrained, all-sympathising nature, devoid of design because eager after such vast designs, which is the characteristic of the other. And there can be no doubt that the course taken by Coleridge was as ill calculated to gain prominent and striking success, as that taken by Wordsworth was well calculated for the same end. Wordsworth is understood by every one who will take the proper trouble; Coleridge is, properly speaking, understood by no one; that is the sum of the matter. And hence, while Wordsworth's poetry is serene and happy, that of Coleridge is disturbed and unhappy; he travails with his greatness, he cannot bring it to birth, into the clear light of heaven. Shelley expresses this with poetic vigour:

'You will see Coleridge; he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lustre blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.'

Nevertheless, if the success of Wordsworth has been more definite, the influence of Coleridge has been much the wider of the two. Wordsworth aimed at being the model for poets; he was indeed, he could not but be, much more than this; but this is what he is chiefly and most conspicuously. Coleridge wished
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to be the inspirer and former of an age; he is so only to a few, but to those few he is so still; his thoughts heave and ferment in that undefined mass which this generation is striving to develop into order and life. And similarly we may now see the explanation of the fact already noticed, that while Wordsworth's power gave but few symptoms of itself, poetical or otherwise, in the latter half of his life, that of Coleridge, despite his bodily infirmities, was then most productive. For Wordsworth, having done his task, had nothing more to say; Coleridge's task never approached completion.

But we must now proceed to the much more essential differences which separate the poetry of Coleridge and Wordsworth on the one side, from that of Byron and Shelley on the other. The intense, vivid, and original nature of these four men causes the real origin of these differences to lie deep; but the superficial tokens of it are obvious. All four began in a career of vehement liberalism, that 'long fit of indignation' which is often aroused in a generous mind by the first contemplation of the existing state of things. Two of them continued in that career, and not being able to find in England the food necessary to sustain the strong tension of their minds, left their native country and became the foremost poets of that democratic impulse which for eighty years has shaken the continent with expectations that are the hope of some and the dread of others, but of which we in England have till these last years only felt the faint and distant vibrations. These two, having lent all their strength to the aid of this movement, died early. In foreign countries they are still put above their rivals; Byron far above all the others. Whereas the other two were pulled up, as it were, with a sharp shock, and recoiled from their liberal fervour; began immediately to philosophize and systematize; lived long, and in their native country, and with few and continually diminishing foreign connexions; and lastly, left behind them an influence hardly recognised on the continent, but in England not surpassed by any contemporary writer. Passion is the main characteristic of Byron and Shelley, sympathetic vision the main characteristic of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

To develop this distinction, let us leave for a moment the consideration of particular poets, and inquire—What do we mean by poetry? what by a poet? A poet is a man who makes others see and feel what is beautiful; in any manner, if the word be used in its broadest sense; through rhythmical composition, if it be used in the narrower sense. The perception of beauty is the perception of life, and the power and essence of life lies in passion. For passion is the force by which we live; it is the necessary condition of our being, the necessary condition of the being

being of all living things. If we look downwards through the scale of creatures, we shall see how the faculties which distinguish man gradually fade away and vanish; first, intellectual energy, and moral sympathy, and self-restraint, and then the different senses one by one—sight, hearing, taste, smell—until at last in a creature like the polypus, a confused mass of sensation takes the place of those varied and complex powers of which we are the possessors. But every creature has a capability of pleasure and pain, and consequently of passion. Passion is not desire, for desire implies a definite object; passion is the straining of the whole being towards that which it feels to be its good. It varies infinitely in its forms, but the laws of it are constant. If unsatisfied, it dies away from inanition; if satisfied, and then left to lie stagnant, it dies of the stagnation; it can only be kept alive by a continual energy, that acts on the outward world, and receives from that world the corresponding reaction. This energy all men seek to obtain, according to the nature and strength of the passion that is in them. Some find it in the ordinary operations of manual labour, in digging the ground, weaving or grinding. Some as the leaders of men, whether as statesmen, or generals, or captains of vessels, or employers of labour. Some in that silent exercise of thought which frames laws for the law-givers of mankind. And not only does the whole man strive after such an energy, but the different organs seek that appropriate to their respective functions, which being denied to them, their death and the dissolution of the whole organism ensues. And even in the most remote realms of nature, in vegetables, or in the electric and magnetic currents, something corresponding to these workings may be dimly discerned. The universe of life, in short, is composed of this ever-varying flow of forces, which rise in untraceable ways, and seek and imperatively demand for themselves such a sphere of action and reaction as is suitable to their respective strength.

Now, a poet must discern and exhibit this living universe, which lies underneath and is manifested through the phenomenal universe, and make others feel its reality. But how is he to do this? and what is to impel him to do it?—what, in short, makes him a poet? It must be his own passion, which for some reason or other has not found its exercise elsewhere, and has therefore been forced back on itself. Hence every poet is at first egotistic. What he first observes is his own passion; but the consummation of poetry is to break through this egotism. This Shakspeare did, and this, though in a smaller sphere, Wordsworth and Coleridge did; but this Byron and Shelley did not—at least not so as to free themselves from it entirely.

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They are, as we have already said, revolutionary. The primal chaos in them was never subdued into an universe of order and light. Yet a poet must necessarily begin with chaos; it is the first necessity, the condition of his originality. For from whence do new forms of beauty come? Not from cosmos, not from the universe which is already harmonised and known to men; for then they cannot be new. New beauty must ever spring from the darkness which lies at the root of all things, from the travail of the creative spirit in the primal abyss. From that abyss have likewise sprung many things besides beauty; the clear and dispassionate understanding, which shapes itself in science and mathematics, had its root in what was not clear but vague; so also have great deeds of courage and morality, in which men have disregarded all hitherto known rules, and cast themselves on their instincts, which have then become a mould and a form determining them for their future good. Whoever desires to lay hold of something new and undiscovered, must take no account of all the things that at present appear to him, but adventure himself boldly into a darkness, where for a time he will neither see nor hear anything, but from which, if he can endure long enough, he will return laden with trophies of creation, a messenger able to open the eyes of other men, and to give them faculties of which before they had not so much as dreamt.

This is what Byron and Shelley did. And though the light which they discerned was never disentangled from chaos, never harmonised into unity, the merit of their originality remains. Indeed, in one way they have even been a greater force on this very account. For young minds, who themselves are groping in darkness, feel the more vividly that here they have fellow-labourers; and the powerful energy of these two men penetrates those who by their own disorder would be prevented from feeling the perfect influences of Shakspeare or Dante.

How are we to compare the two pairs of poets whom we have selected as regards essential merit? It is scarcely possible. Yet there is much to be said in the way of comparing them, both on the whole and in particular portions.

Coleridge and Wordsworth, as we said, are distinguished for sympathetic vision; they had emerged out of chaos, and the beauty which they saw stood before them in unity and in clear light. This at least is true wherever they were truly poetical, wherever they expressed in their verse the genuine aspect of beauty; for not unfrequently their development took a wrong, that is, an unpoetic turn. For there are many ways in which the mind may emerge out of a chaotic state, besides the way of poetry; and

and among these is the way of the intellect, the scientific and critical sense, a genuine source of enjoyment, but quite different from the perception of beauty. Now Coleridge and Wordsworth often fell into the mistake of confounding intellectual effort with poetic inspiration; they wrote verses that were not poetry, but argument. This was in great measure the result of what in itself was a merit, their intellectual energy, in which they surpassed Byron and Shelley. It is indeed hard for one who feels diverse instincts keenly to separate them one from the other; and though where he fails to do so the failure must be confessed, this ought not to diminish our sense of his greatness as a man. And certainly, though in Byron and Shelley there is a much larger amount of poetic effort than in the other two, a greater variety of beautiful forms; and though in Shelley especially there is perhaps not a single prosaic line, yet there is not in either of them any stretch of poetry so long, so pure, and of such a high order as the 'Ode on Immortality' or 'Christabel.'

The sum and substance of all that we have said is this. Every poet begins as a chaotic egotist; he ends with the vision of harmonious beauty, the highest order of which is the beauty of human character. Now in this development Wordsworth and Coleridge had reached a much higher stage than Byron and Shelley. What we find in the 'Ancient Mariner,' or in the lines on 'Tintern Abbey,' is not, properly speaking, egotism; the poet refers to himself rather as a partaker in the universal human nature than as an individual. But 'Childe Harold' and the 'Revolt of Islam' overflow with egotism; the poet in both these cases is clearly throughout thinking of his own individual desires, passions, tumults, hopes. And the fact is, that a poet who cannot find any other thread on which to string his pearls, must use himself as such a thread. All the topics of 'Childe Harold,' Greece, Parnassus, the Rhine, the Alps, Venice, Rome, the ocean, have no other connexion but this, that Byron saw them all.

The greatest of all poets, Shakspeare, as he far surpasses any of these four in the harmoniousness and variety of the beauty which he finally discerned, so also is he the best example of the poetic development. The sonnets of Shakspeare have exquisite single beauties, but they are egotistic and unformed. In both these respects they are like 'Childe Harold,' but with a great difference; for in 'Childe Harold' the egotism is rampant and unashamed, in the sonnets it is subdued, kept under, and therefore flows less freely. These sonnets have been compared to 'Lycidas' and 'In Memoriam;' but how different are they! 'Lycidas' and 'In Memoriam' are completed works; 'Lycidas,'

as it were, a single picture; 'In Memoriam' a series of mosaics. But the sonnets are not a work, if by that be meant anything deliberately planned and executed; they are the impulsive action of a mind so great that no materials as yet found are great enough for it, and which is therefore compelled to turn round and feed on itself. It is clear that Shakspeare in his youth laid a strong hand upon himself. Egotism, in truth, was so abhorrent from his nature, though in this single instance he indulged in it, that he could not rest till he had found in the human nature around him, in its depths and its superficialities, in its most special as well as in its most general manifestations, a perennial source of splendour in which he himself had no share save as the observer and the recorder of it. How far superior is he to Coleridge and Wordsworth! superior even in his philosophy, in his general view of mankind; while in the apprehension of individual characteristics and peculiarities they are not to be named together with him.

Let us return to Byron and Shelley. They are egotistic; and their egotism is the symbol at once of their greatness and of their failure. Had they had either less sensitiveness and self-consciousness, or more strength to endure till the order and unity of the world without had become manifest to them, their work would have been more complete. As it is, they appeal to us for pity, and we cannot refuse it. Shakspeare, who is victorious, does not need our pity; success can dispense with any aid on our part. But the hopes and efforts, magnificent with whatever imperfection they were stained, which perished in the Gulf of Spezzia and in the camp at Missolonghi, are of the nature of a tragedy; we are moved by them with an instinctive impulse to action; we cannot but put forth a hand to help those whom we see falling, however vain in reality our assistance may be. *

And what lines of light and of beauty shine through this failure! The sublimity of external nature, regarded as a thing in itself, apart from the ways and thoughts of man, was felt and expressed by these two in a manner that cannot be surpassed. Take this from the 'Revolt of Islam':—

'A scene of joy and wonder to behold
That river's shapes and shadows changing ever,
Where the broad sunrise filled with deepening gold
Its whirlpools, where all hues did spread and quiver,
And where melodious falls did burst and shiver
Among rocks clad with flowers, the foam and spray
Sparkled like stars upon the sunny river,
Or when the moonlight poured a holier day,
One vast and glittering lake around green islands lay;

or Byron's, from the third canto of 'Childe Harold,'

'A populous solitude of bees and birds,
Of fairy-formed and many-coloured things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings—'

or, indeed, the whole description of Lake Leman; or that of the temple near the Clitumnus, in the fourth canto. It is true passages of this kind cannot be regarded as of altogether so high a kind as the perception and expression of the spiritual influences of nature, as they work upon man. In this rare gift of spiritual imagination the poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge abound. It is scarcely necessary to quote such well-known lines as

'And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face;'

or—

'A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;'

or—

'They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;'

or—

'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird who loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

It would be extremely unjust to Shelley to deny that he also possessed this gift. Too generally his mind was full of his own troubles; but when he got free of these, as he did sometimes, then his delicacy of nature made itself felt in poetry of the most pure and refined insight. We do not think that he ever wrote an entire poem of the very highest order; but there are passages in him with respect to which praise is felt to be rude and almost insolent, so tender are they, so spontaneous, so little written for admiration, so full of nobility of thought and feeling, so penetrative into the nature of man. His most popular poems can scarcely be said to be of this nature; but many such passages will occur to those who are well acquainted with him. Let us quote some lines from 'Epipsychidion,' the most exquisite, and perhaps the least known, of anything that he ever wrote;

'This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed
Thee to be lady of the solitude.
And I have fitted up some chambers there
Looking towards the golden Eastern air,

And level with the living winds, which flow
 Like waves above the living waves below.
 I have sent books and music there, and all
 Those instruments with which high spirits call
 The future from its cradle, and the past
 Out of its grave, and make the present last
 In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,
 Folded within their own eternity.

* * * * *

Meanwhile

We too will rise, and sit, and walk together,
 Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
 And wander in the meadows, or ascend
 The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend
 With lightest winds, to touch their paramour;
 Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore
 Under the quick faint kisses of the sea
 Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,
 Possessing and possessed by all that is
 Within that calm circumference of bliss,
 And by each other, till to love and live
 Be one:

* * * * *

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,
 That to divide is not to take away.
 Love is like understanding, that grows bright,
 Gazing on many truths;

* * * * *

If you divide suffering and dross, you may
 Diminish till it is consumed away;
 If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
 Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
 How much, while any yet remains unshared,
 Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared:
 'This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw
 The unenvied light of hope.'

It cannot be said that Byron is distinguished for spirituality in any part of his writings. It is the want of this in him that disposes some English critics to undervalue him, as if it was a mere mistake that he was ever thought a poet; and on the other hand, the relatively high rank which is assigned to him on the continent may be partly owing to the fact, that delicate penetrativeness of imagination is apt to evaporate when surveyed through the medium of a foreign language, whereas the broad effects do not. Yet we cannot admit that the estimate of Byron which has been formed by continental writers

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is to be thrown aside as worthless. The greatest of all poets, and of all critics in this century—Goethe—speaks of Byron in almost transcendental terms of admiration; and his opinion is shared by the most eminent German critics of the present day. It is to them simply inexplicable, that any Englishman should fail to appreciate the grandeur and originality of Byron's genius, and should for one moment think of comparing him with Tennyson or Browning, or any of the modern 'Epigoni.' Very characteristic indeed is the manner in which Goethe, in the '*Lebensverhältniss*,' written soon after Byron's death, speaks of the 'whirl of temper and squabble and abuse' in which many of the great Briton's compatriots had been, as it were, reeling around him during his lifetime. 'Now,' he says, 'his nation will of a sudden wake, and become sober, and comprehend that all the husks and dross of time and individuality through which and out of which every one of us must work his way, were but things of the moment, most transient in their nature, and of no real account; while the amazing fame to which he has lifted up his country, now and for ever, must remain boundless in its splendour and without limits in its consequences.' 'Assuredly,' he continues, 'this nation (the English) which may boast of so many great names, will place him, glorified, with those from whom it will ever have to derive its own honour.' Goethe's own attempts, fragmentary though they be, at reproducing '*Manfred*' and '*Don Juan*,' are well known. Nay, he actually went so far as to propose to all the most 'talented translators' of Germany to try their hands in unison on the last-named poem, which he calls a work of '*unlimited genius*.' And almost droll is the way in which he defends himself against the possible outcry of the German Philistines against this proposal. These attempts, he says, need not exactly be printed, but might be used and 'modestly developed as an exercise of good talented heads' among the few. But with a fine homethrust at easily-shocked hypocrisy, he adds: 'Yet, looking closely at the matter, there is scarcely much to be apprehended from a publication of such poems for the cause of public morals. Both poets and prose writers would have to do very extraordinary things indeed if they would be more fraught with corruption than the public journals of the day.'

Never, perhaps, has a great poet immortalised another great poet in the way Goethe has done with regard to Byron. The latter, in the second part of '*Faust*,' appears as Euph Orion, the offspring of Faust and Helena: or of the depth of the Germanic mind, wedded to the plastic beauty of Hellas. In the Greek myth Euph Orion is the son of Achilles and Helena, born on the Isles of the Blessed, winged, and of beautiful stature,
and

and killed by Jupiter's lightnings. The beautiful youth in Faust suddenly falls dead at the feet of his parents—'the Aureola mounts cometlike heavenwards, the lyre and the mantle remain on the ground,' and the chorus intones this dirge:—

. . . . ' Wüssten wir doch kaum zu klagen,
Neidend singen wir dein Loos:
Dir in klar' und trüben Tagen
Lied und Muth war schön und gross.
Ach! zum Erdenglück geboren,
Hoher Ahnen, grosser Kraft,
Leider! früh dir selbst verloren,
Jugendblüthe weggerafft;
Scharfer Blick die Welt zu schauen,
Mitsinn jedem Herzensdrang,
Liebesgluth der besten Frauen
Und ein eigenster Gesang.
Doch du ranntest unaufhaltsam
Frei ins willense Netz,
So entzweitest du gewaltsam
Dich mit Sitte, mit Gesetz;
Doch zuletzt das höchste Sinnen
Gab dem reinen Muth Gewicht,
Wolltest Herrliches gewinnen,—
Aber es gelang dir nicht.
Wem gelingt es?—Trübe Frage,
Der das Schicksal sich vermunmt,
Wenn am unglückseligsten Tage
Blutend alles Volk verstummt.'

The beauty and perfume of these lines necessarily evaporate in a translation; but we subjoin Mr. Theodore Martin's version of them:—

' Dirges none we'll sing in sadness,
Enviously we chaunt thy fate!
For thy song in grief or gladness,
Like thy soul, was fair and great.
Born to earthly bliss, most rarely
Gifted, of a race sublime,
Yet, alas! call'd hence too early,
Nipp'd like blossom in its prime.
Thine a vision was divine, too,
Thine a heart that felt for all;
Woman's fondest love was thine, too,
And a song most magical.
Yet didst thou in wild defiance,
Sway'd by wayward impulse still,
Spurn at rule, and all compliance
With the laws that curb the will;

But

But thy soul, at length victorious,
 Shall from wisdom earn its due;
 Thou didst seek the greatly glorious,
 But couldst not attain it too.
 Who *does* attain it? Sad inquiry,
 Which from Fate wrings no reply,
 When, on the day of anguish fiery,
 The nations mute and gory lie.'

That which distinguishes Byron from all other poets of this century, from almost all other poets that have ever lived, is his political poetry. He had little sympathy with man as man, and little sympathy with men as individuals; but he had profound sympathy with nations. For liberty, wherever he saw it, he had an enthusiasm neither fanatical nor theoretical; neither the enthusiasm of a conspirator, nor that of a philosopher; but the enthusiasm of a man who knew something of the breadth of the world, who was not deficient in common sense, and yet had abundant store of feeling. Here was a subject which there was little need of subtlety to appreciate; here his strength of grasp found a fit ally in his magnificent power over imagery:—

'Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
 Streams like the thunderstorm against the wind;
 Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
 The loudest still the tempest leaves behind.'

These were lines which even Wordsworth, little as he was disposed to appreciate Byron, acknowledged to be genuine poetry. And can his 'Ode to Greece' be forgotten? or those stanzas in the second canto of 'Childe Harold'?—

'This must he feel, the trueborn son of Greece,
 If Greece one trueborn patriot yet can boast;
 Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
 The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
 Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
 And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword;
 Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most;
 Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
 Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
 Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
 An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
 Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
 Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?'

We think it certain that a great portion of the estimate in which Byron is held on the continent is due to his political tone; to his strong, but not extravagant zeal for the freedom of nations. Foreign nations are more ardent in their desire for liberty than we are, precisely because they have less of it; and they value more a poet who makes it his theme. But, moreover, Byron had the true tone of nationalism, as opposed to patriotism on the one hand, and cosmopolitanism on the other; he had raised himself above the position in which one's own country is regarded as the end of all things, without losing the sense of the distinction of nations between themselves. This would seem to be the truest mode, at present, of regarding mankind; for cosmopolitanism has something unreal about it, it is the view of a philosopher who communes with his own mind, but is neglectful of the world around. Shelley was a cosmopolitan; and his odes to liberty have about them something visionary, and even fanatical. Campbell and Wordsworth (in his sonnets) have written political poems which come next after those of Byron, though at a long interval. Both of these were patriotic rather than national or cosmopolitan; Campbell most distinctively so; and his well-known odes, though failing in breadth, have a flow and freedom only inferior to the poems of Byron. Wordsworth's sonnets, on the other hand, are somewhat dry and intellectual, though full of matter.

There is one poem of Byron in which the egotism, though existing, is yet not inordinate, and where, consequently, the pathos is pure and undisturbed; the poet having a true notion of the relation which he himself bears to the outer world. This is his 'Epistle to Augusta' (his sister); a confession of his own failure in life, which cannot but affect us:—

'If my inheritance of storms has been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,
I have sustained my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors by defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.'

It is this unassuming egotism (though in other forms of it) that moves us in Burns and Heine; and it is a very different thing from the pure egotism which knows of nothing but itself and its own emotions.

Shelley and Byron, each in a single instance, endeavoured to escape out of their own personalities, and depict the outward world with an impartial eye; Shelley in the 'Cenci,' Byron in

'Don

'Don Juan.' It will be proper to consider how far they each succeeded in this attempt.

The 'Cenci' has received much praise for accurate painting of men ; but this seems to us a mistake. The language, indeed, is surpassingly vigorous, and many of the thoughts are most striking ; all these belonged to Shelley himself. But surely the characters are very crudely drawn. How different is the unredeemed, causeless, fiendlike villany and bloodthirstiness of Count Cenci from even the most wicked of Shakspeare's characters ! Macbeth, Richard, Iago, Goneril, these are all human ; in each case we see how it is that they become what they are ; it is either from some great and overpowering ambition, or from meanness and insensibility of nature, or from low revenge acting on a mind that has accustomed itself to none but cunning and filthy thoughts. But what are Cenci's motives, predispositions, desires ? There are none. And is anything to be made of the character of Beatrice ? We doubt it exceedingly. It is possible, indeed, that placed in so extraordinary and dreadful position as she was, all subtle shades of motive and impulse may have been annihilated by the one thought and fear that had possession of her ; but yet we cannot help thinking that a poet with a true insight into her nature would have found something more than those few bold lines which Shelley has drawn. The characteristics of the 'Cenci' are, in fact, very much the same as those of the Greek plays, and it would occupy a very respectable place among them ; not, perhaps, quite so high as the 'Prometheus,' the 'Antigone,' or the 'Medea,' but decidedly above the 'Seven against Thebes,' or the 'Philoctetes.'

'Don Juan' is, as has often been remarked, the fullest and truest exhibition of Byron's nature. There is extraordinary picturesqueness in the different scenes, particularly in the first four books ; the satire, though too savage, is often good ; and the outbursts of passion are more genuine and perhaps more splendid than in any of Byron's other works. It has no centre, and no plot, nor properly speaking any characters ; for these all would have demanded concentration of thought, which Byron lacked. Yet, with all its faults, it is the greatest of Byron's efforts. No critic of 'Don Juan' ought to omit mention of that most graceful passage in which Jeffrey is addressed :

'And all our little feuds, at least all mine,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,
As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below,
Are over ; here's a health to "Auld Lang Syne" !' &c.

No passage that Byron ever wrote gives one so kindly an impression

pression of him; and here we may well leave him. It is impossible not to regret that, by his early death, he lost the opportunity of earning a purer and less chequered fame than his early life had won for him; but he had affected Europe with a power that he could never have equalled in any other line. In him, as well as in those whom we have classed with him, not we alone, but all generations of Englishmen must take an abiding interest. They are the latest of our poets whose inspiration was not borrowed, but original; those of the present day are the inheritors of their ideas; and if they have excelled the elder generation in care, in freedom from faults, in artistic completeness, they lack the fire and strength of that time when poetry was considered not so much an art to be perfected in isolation as a means of rousing men to great thoughts and great deeds, and when the very failings of poets resulted from the breadth of the field that they endeavoured to occupy.

ART. IV.—1. *A Short Account of the Improvements in Gunpowder made by Sir William Congreve, Comptroller of the Royal Laboratory; being the substance of a Patent granted to him on the 3rd of July, 1815.* London, 1818. 8vo.

2. *Etudes sur le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Artillerie*; ouvrage continué à l'aide des Notes de l'Empereur, par Favé, Colonel d'Artillerie, l'un de ses Aides-de-Camp. Paris. 4to. 1862.

3. *An Act to amend the Law concerning the Making, Keeping, and Carriage of Gunpowder and Compositions of an Explosive Nature, and concerning the Manufacture, Sale, and Use of Fireworks.* 23 and 24 Vict., cap. 139 (28th August, 1860).

4. *Copies of the Reports of Lieutenant-Colonel Boxer, R.A., and of Correspondence relating to the Explosion of Gunpowder at Erith; and the Condition of Magazines and Manufactories of Gunpowder.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 9th May, 1865.

5. *First Report of the Magazine Committee.* 21st July, 1865. Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. Folio.

THE Chinese,' says Uncle Toby, after discussing with the Corporal the claims of Schwartz and Roger Bacon as inventors of gunpowder, 'embarrass us, and all accounts of it still more, by boasting of the invention some hundreds of years before.' This says nearly all that can be said on the subject, and Trim's solution of the question, 'They are a pack of liars,' does not get rid of the difficulty. Substances resembling gunpowder in character were undoubtedly known and used in the East at a very

very early period. The deflagrating properties of saltpetre, which occurs as a natural product in many parts of Asia, must have attracted early attention, and its employment as an ingredient of burning compositions could not fail to become general. But these, though used in warfare, were incendiary rather than explosive in their action, and the fabulous antiquity assigned to the invention of gunpowder by some cannot be supported by evidence. Modern interpretations and ideas have been attached to ancient terms which bear no such meaning: the 'fire-arms' of the Eastern nations were probably only darts or arrows carrying a quantity of burning matter.

M. Favé's quarto forms the third volume of the Emperor's great work on Artillery, the first part of which appeared as a small octavo at Liège in 1847, the preface being dated 'Fort de Ham, le 24 Mai, 1846.' This contained a general plan of the work, which was to extend to five volumes. The table of contents to the third volume, commencing with the history, antiquities, and manufacture of gunpowder, has not, however, been closely adhered to by M. Favé. Indeed it would appear that some of the Emperor's conclusions have been materially affected by subsequent researches. Thus the second chapter was intended to prove that—

'Les armes à feu sont une invention Européenne que ni les Chinois, ni les Indiens, ni les Perses, ni les Arabes, n'ont connue avant nous.'

But M. Favé states that—

'L'usage des canons chez les nations chrétiennes remonte authentiquement à une date antérieure à 1342; mais à cette date les documents qui vont être produits attesteront un art moins avancé que chez les Arabes et ne permettront guère d'admettre une antériorité d'origine.'—p. 68.

And again—

'Les Arabes paraissent avoir été les premiers à lancer des projectiles par la force explosive de la poudre à canon.'

The first employment of fire-arms in Europe he places 'sûrement entre les années 1270 et 1320;' and the evidence which he adduces leaves little doubt that his conclusion is correct. The beginning of the fourteenth century may, therefore, be considered the starting point for all investigations into the history of gunpowder; for before that time there is as little interest attached to it, as to the history of steam before the days of Savary, Newcomen, and Watt. About two hundred years later, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the importance of possessing a home-manufacture was first recognised, gunpowder-mills were established in England. Before this time most of the powder used

was

was imported from abroad. The Evelyns at Long Ditton and Godstone were the first who carried it on, on a large scale, though the mills at Faversham were probably established quite as early.

Although gunpowder is the oldest it is still the best of all known explosives for warlike purposes; and although, with the exception of some improvements in the details of manufacture, it is the same as it was centuries ago, when 'a ground handful of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling,' it is the only substance which chemistry has discovered that can be used with safety to propel a bullet from a gun. Amongst the many improvements which have been made in all the appliances for killing, gunpowder, the mainspring of them all, has remained unchanged. Many other explosives, most of them of recent date and more powerful in their action, have been brought forward and tried; but the very intensity and suddenness of their explosions are the causes of their rejection by the artilleryman, for whose purposes the more gradual combustion of gunpowder is better suited. Even the latter is found too sudden and trying for the endurance of the monster guns of the day, requiring as they do exceptionally large charges, and the problem with all artillerymen at present is to devise some effectual means of controlling and modifying its disruptive force. This appears in a fair way to be accomplished, not by making any change in the composition of the substance, but by altering its physical properties—that is, the size, shape, density, and hardness of its constituent grains.

The powder-maker's art has been described with more truth than elegance as being 'all dirt and danger;' but it labours under even a worse imputation, that of being mere empiricism. Nothing, certainly, can be easier than to manufacture a rough kind of gunpowder, with the aid of no other appliances but a mortar and pestle. But facts unfortunately too frequently demonstrate that the manufacture of a strong clean powder, which shall be uniform in its physical properties and in its action, is a matter neither of ease nor of certainty, particularly when carried on upon a large scale. There are many niceties in the various processes which are as yet imperfectly understood, and many contingencies depending on the state of the atmosphere during the time of manufacture. In this country, too, the whole of the preparation and purification of the ingredients is undertaken by the manufacturer, necessitating in every case, at least, great experience for the attainment of uniform results. And however lightly the science involved in powder-making may be held by some, it is incontestible that no foreign nation has as yet been able to manufacture gunpowder which can compete with that made at the

the Government establishment or by some of the private makers in this country.

Saltpetre, constituting as it does, three-fourths of gunpowder, is its mainspring. It comes to us from the East Indies, principally from Bengal and Oude. In these countries it generally occurs as a white incrustation on the soil, being also mixed with it to a considerable depth. The earth is scraped up and boiled with water; and the solution after being concentrated by the heat of the sun and evaporated by artificial heat, yields impure crystals of the salt, which are largely imported into this country, packed in bags of coarse sacking. In this state the salt is known as 'grough saltpetre.' The bags when emptied of their contents are turned to account by the saltpetre refiner, who after soaking and boiling them to extract all the salt with which they are impregnated, disposes of them to the makers of coarse wrapping paper, for the manufacture of which they are well adapted. East Indian saltpetre has hitherto been a very expensive article. During the Indian Mutiny the price rose to 59*l.* per ton; within the last few years it has sold at from 38*l.* to 40*l.* That furnished by Bengal is much preferred, the Madras and Bombay imports fetching a lower price in consequence of the much larger quantity of impurity contained in them. When delivered in the form of 'grough saltpetre' it contains from 1 to 10 per cent. of foreign matter which must be removed before the salt is fit for use. The refining process now followed was borrowed from the French, and is a very simple and pretty one, depending entirely on the fact that the saltpetre is greatly more soluble in hot than in cold water, while the impurities present, principally common salt and various salts of lime, do not present the same disparity in their solubility at different temperatures. This causes the saltpetre to crystallize out of a solution when cooling, and the impurities to remain behind.

Sulphur as an ingredient of powder requires little notice. Though we are supplied principally by Sicily and the volcanic districts of the Mediterranean, we are by no means dependent on them, as the element can be easily extracted from the iron and copper pyrites which are found abundantly in this country. The foreign sulphur contains from three to four per cent. earthy impurities, and the finest, known as 'Lercara firsts,' fetches at present about 7*l.* per ton in the London market. The private powder-makers generally get rid of the impurities by a simple melting; at the Royal powder factory a more expensive and tedious process of distillation is followed. As an ingredient of powder, sulphur is chiefly valuable on account of the low temperature at which it inflames, thus facilitating ignition and accelerating combustion.

Charcoal,

Charcoal, though chemically a simple substance, is the ingredient which is least understood. This may arise from the fact that it has been little studied by chemists at home or abroad. A good paper on charcoal as an ingredient of gunpowder has yet to be written. There is little doubt that the greater part of the unexplained anomalies in powder-making depend more or less directly on the charcoal, the fitness of which for the purpose depends mainly on the method adopted for obtaining it. Chemical analysis fails to answer the question why one kind of wood affords a better charcoal for powder than another. So does microscopical examination. All that can be said is that the lighter woods generally yield lighter and more combustible charcoals. And yet the dogwood or wild cornel-tree, which manufacturers say makes the strongest of all powders, and which is exclusively used for the fine powder employed with our breech-loading fire-arms, is a dense, comparatively heavy, slow-growing wood. In the elaborate researches of Bunsen, Schischkoff, and Von Karolyi, respecting the products of the combustion of gunpowder, this question of different descriptions of charcoal seems to have been entirely overlooked, and unfortunately it appears to be one not easy of solution. For even the charcoal of a single species of wood is found to vary, not only in density, but in chemical composition, with the temperature at which it has been produced, thus greatly complicating the question.

Alder, willow, and dogwood are the only woods used in the Government establishment in this country—the two former for cannon powder, the latter exclusively for that intended for small arms. Private makers use the same, generally employing the dogwood for the finest sporting powder; and using also other cheaper woods for common blasting powder. Though all three woods grow well in England, the greater part of the Government contracts are supplied by Belgium and Holland, Sussex, however, yielding large quantities of fine alder and willow. The wood is felled in the spring of the year, cut into lengths of three feet, and peeled, in which state it is delivered by the contractors. Dogwood, which is cut when small, is made up into long bundles, and is worth from 12*l.* to 15*l.* per ton; alder and willow costing about a third of the price. There has been a great increase in the prices of woods of late years in consequence of a greater demand on the Continent.

The art of combining the three ingredients and preparing from them powders of various sized grains of different degrees of hardness and polish, is very much as it was left to us by the fertile genius of Sir William Congreve. Various modifications in the machinery used have from time to time been proposed, and of late years several patents have been taken out for improved methods of effecting

effecting the incorporation, but as a rule the routine of manufacture is the same everywhere as it has been for the last fifty years.

The ingredients are weighed out and mixed in the proportions required; the saltpetre moist, as it comes from the refinery, the sulphur and charcoal in a state of fine powder, the former having been ground under iron rollers, the latter in a species of mill resembling a large coffee-mill. To convert the mixture into powder, a long and careful grinding or incorporation under heavy 'runners' of iron or stone is necessary. The mere mixture, at first termed 'green charge,' differs from gunpowder in being not nearly so easily ignited, and in being much slower in burning. It is the slowness of combustion which renders accidents in the mixing-house more terrible than explosion in any of the subsequent processes. The slow and lasting flame produced burns into the bone, instead of scorching and dashing its victims to pieces, as finished gunpowder does. The difference in effects may be well illustrated by burning a little powder and an equal quantity of 'green charge' on a glass plate. The former flashes off, leaving no residue, and doing the glass no injury; while the latter will coat it with portions of half-burnt saltpetre and brimstone, and shiver it to pieces. Fortunately, accidents to the mixers are comparatively rare. The last on record took place at Messrs. Hall's Works at Faversham in 1867 and resulted in the death of four men, whose bodies when recovered were, according to a newspaper account, 'black, and charred, and horribly disfigured.' No cause was assigned for the accident, and it is impossible even to guess at one where such care and precaution are exercised as are usual in all large gunpowder factories. But the lesson taught by such accidents is plainly this, that the danger of powder-making begins at the beginning; and that from the very commencement too great care and precaution, even in preparing the ingredients, cannot be exercised.

A visitor to any of the great establishments will be struck with the apparently needless precautions which are observed. From the buildings in which the ingredients are refined, to the magazines where the finished product is stored, the same care and vigilance are exercised to guard against the accidental introduction of any fragment of iron, or stone, or sand, however minute. More obvious dangers, such as lucifer matches, cigar lights, &c., it is presumed are guarded against by an examination of the clothes of every person who is allowed to enter the factory. The danger attending the introduction of fragments of iron or gritty particles is the risk of their getting under a workman's foot on the floor, or amongst any part of the machinery, and so causing a spark, which would at once ignite the

the clouds of powder dust with which everything, even the workmen's clothes, are saturated. Hence the floors of all powder buildings are covered with leather, fastened down with copper tacks, and kept constantly moist; and no one is permitted to enter or set foot in one till he has donned large magazine shoes made entirely of leather, which are never allowed to be taken out of the door.

The incorporation or milling of the green charge is the principal operation in powder-making; indeed, it is powder-making. The charge goes to the mill a mere mixture, and leaves it gunpowder. Nothing that it afterwards undergoes adds to its strength or explosiveness; the succeeding operations are merely intended to make it into the most convenient form for use, storage, and transport. The milling is done by subjecting the mixture to the action of two large iron edge-runners, weighing about four tons each, working round a perpendicular spindle on a cast-iron bed. In the older mills the edge-runners and bed are made of black Derbyshire marble. By the Act of Parliament the charge must not exceed 50 lbs. in weight for fine, and 60 lbs. for blasting powder, so great is the risk of accident in the trituration and pressure to which the powder is subjected. The millman occasionally enters the mill to moisten the charge with distilled water, and to rake it up from time to time, while two wooden 'ploughs' fixed to the runners keep the composition from working away from under them. The amount of water added from time to time is very slight, only enough to prevent the charge flying off as dust, but not enough to dissolve and crystallise the saltpetre, which would destroy all the incorporation that had been effected, and certainly not enough to retard in any way the explosions which so often happen. The time of incorporation varies. It is found that in a few hours, generally from three to five, according to the weight and speed of revolution of the runners, a thorough incorporation is effected, and that the resulting powder will not be benefited in strength by continuing the process, though it may be to a slight extent improved in quality, leaving less residue on combustion, a point of great importance with our marksmen and sportsmen as regards the fouling of their pieces. Hence fine sporting powder is sometimes milled for twelve hours; that used with our Enfields and Sniders not as much as half of this time. Cheap blasting-powder, and the stuff which is exported for the Africans and Chinese, in addition to having a less proportion of saltpetre, receive hardly any milling at all. That time is money, is peculiarly applicable to powder-making, for with a limited number of mills, and being by law only allowed to work a certain weight of charge in each, a manufacturer can only produce a limited quantity.

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The process of incorporation is far the most dangerous of all the operations connected with gunpowder. In the mills alone may explosions be expected; in all other processes they are the exception, and fortunately few and far between. Hence the restriction as to the amount of mill charges. But the accidents are rarely attended with fatal injuries. The mills being self-acting, do not require constant watching; so the millmen only enter them occasionally, to moisten the charge or rake it up from the bed; consequently, the chances of their being caught by an explosion are small.

The structure of the buildings is the lightest possible, the ends being of brick, the roof and sides of thin boarding, so that when a charge explodes under the runners, the force of the 'blow' is expended on the boarding instead of being confined and damaging the machinery.

On the thorough and effectual milling which it receives depends a great deal of the excellence of English powder, and no other method of incorporation has been devised which gives equally good results. The use of incorporating mills is becoming general in foreign countries, and gradually superseding the French 'Moulins à pilons' and 'Moulins à tonneaux,' in the former of which the composition is stamped under a number of large pestles, and in the latter shaken up in barrels along with a number of metal balls, and so rudely incorporated. These processes are neither so effectual nor so expeditious as the English process, and it may safely be asserted that it is impossible to produce good gunpowder without having recourse to the incorporating mill. Gunpowder being not a chemical compound, but a mere mechanical mixture, it follows that the more intimate and thorough the mixture is the better will be the powder produced; and it may be taken for granted that nothing but a mechanical operation will suffice to effect the thorough mixing required.

The powder leaves the mill in a state partly of soft cake, known technically as 'mill-cake,' and partly of dust. In this state, though perhaps as fiercely explosive as at any other, it is not fit for the use of the artillerist or sportsman. In addition to being in an inconvenient form for use, the presence of a large quantity of dust renders it peculiarly liable to attract moisture. The first thing to be done with it, then, is to compress it into hard cakes in the hydraulic press. To effect this, it is placed between gun-metal or copper-plates, in layers about half an inch thick, packed in a strong massive box of wood, lined with bronze, and subjected to a pressure of 70 tons on the square foot, becoming thus converted into 'press-cake,' a hard compact cake resembling slate in appearance. If small-arm powder of dogwood charcoal is being made, it receives only

5-7ths of the pressure. On the amount of pressure the cake receives mainly depends the quickness of the finished powder. Indeed it depends entirely on it if the meal, before pressing, contains a uniform quantity of moisture, and if the cake is broken up into grains of uniform size and shape. The highly-explosive mill-cake may be converted by great pressure into a substance so hard and compact that when ignited it takes a perceptible time to consume. Most of the difficulties experienced in obtaining uniform results in powder-making arise in the operation of pressing. As at present practised, the pressure is maintained till a block is forced a certain distance into the press-box, containing the layers of powder between the plates. Hence unless exactly the same quantity of material is placed in the box each time, and unless it contains exactly the same amount of moisture, the resulting press-cake will vary both in density and hardness. Were small quantities only handled at a time, or were the substances not affected by atmospheric change, the difficulties to be overcome would be trifling. But when quantities varying in weight from 600 to 800 lbs., and containing varying amounts of moisture, are pressed at once, it is impossible to guarantee uniform results, having due regard to rapidity and facility of manufacture.

A piece of press-cake burns comparatively slowly; that is, the time of burning is appreciable, and no instantaneous flash is produced. But it must not be inferred from this that the danger of accidents in pressing is thereby lessened, or that there is less risk of life in the operation than in others. On the contrary, accidents in press-houses, particularly when the powder is under pressure, are not uncommon, and are the most violent of all explosions connected with the manufacture of gunpowder. Of twenty great explosions which happened in powder-works between May, 1858, and December, 1867, putting the frequent minor explosions of incorporating mills out of the question, no fewer than four originated in press-houses, viz., one at Messrs. Curtis and Harvey's, at Hounslow, in 1859; another at the Ballincollig Works in 1861; a third at Messrs. Sharp's factory at Chilworth, in 1864; and the fourth at the Ewell Works in 1865, entailing a total loss of life of sixteen persons. It is often difficult in the cases of great explosions, where generally two or three buildings are exploded successively, leaving not a stone behind, to ascertain which was the first. The cases, however, of the four presses mentioned appear to be free from all doubt of this kind.

The quantity of gunpowder allowed to be at one time in a press-house is restricted by the Act of Parliament to 20 cwt.; and of this quantity only one-half is to be subjected to pressure at a time. The wording of the Act is too plain to be evaded.

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‘The quantity of gunpowder to be subjected to pressure at one time in any press-house shall not exceed ten hundred weight.’

And again :—

‘The quantity to be at any one time in any press-house. . . . shall not exceed twice the quantities hereby allowed to be subjected to pressure.’

The object of restricting the quantities is, however, entirely defeated, inasmuch as no rules are laid down regarding the distances that press-houses must be from other powder buildings. A fraction of the quantity allowed would, if exploded, inevitably destroy the lives of all persons in the houses at the time; and unless some restrictions are enforced respecting the distances of adjacent buildings, the object of the clause in the Act, viz., to prevent the non-ignition of these, is of course defeated, as sad experience but too frequently proves.

The quantity of powder to be submitted to the next operation in the manufacture, viz., ‘corning’ or ‘granulating,’ is also restricted. Twelve hundredweight is the maximum that may be operated on, and not more than twice that quantity is to be in the building where the process is carried out. But there is the same silence in the Act as to the distances of granulating houses from other buildings containing powder; and the legal enactments intended to secure the safety of the workmen are thus rendered null and void.

The ‘corning’ or ‘granulating’ process is that in which the hard slate-like press-cake is broken up into the grains of various sizes required by the manufacturer. The former term is derived from the old ‘corning machines with shaking frames;’ and the latter from the improved granulating machine, the invention of Sir William Congreve. But in most cases where the new machines have superseded the old, the older term is still retained. The old-fashioned machine consists of a large frame of wood suspended from the roof by ropes, and put in motion by a crank underneath. On this are fixed a number of sieves, having double bottoms of strong parchment, the holes in the lower being smaller than those in the upper. Into each is thrown a quantity of press-cake and two cheese-shaped discs of *lignum vitæ*; and the machine being started, the frame oscillates round, creating a hideous din, and throwing out clouds of powder-dust. The discs shaking about in the sieves break the cake to pieces, and the grains pass through the first parchment and are retained on the second, the dust falling through to the floor, whence it is shovelled up after the corning is complete. The whole process is as clumsy and dangerous a one as could well be devised. The granulating machine of Congreve is, on the contrary, a safe and simple one. It consists essentially of three, sometimes four

pairs of toothed bronze rollers, arranged in a slanting direction consecutively, one above the other, and having slanting rectangular sieves leading from under each pair to the top of the next. Underneath the whole is a long slanting frame, containing parallel screens covered with wire gauze of various sizes of mesh, with a board underneath all to retain the dust. The press-cake is carried up to the top pair of rollers on an endless band, and passing between them is broken up into grains, which fall on the first sloping sieve, and pass through it if small enough; or, if not, are carried on to the next pair of rollers, and so on. The grains which pass fall on the upper screen of the long frame, which, along with the sieves, are kept in a continual state of vibration by the action of the machine. There are generally three tiers of screens, each leading down to wooden boxes which receives the finished grains of various sizes, which, if too large, are sent through the machine again, and, if too small, are sent back to the incorporating mills to be reworked for an hour or so. The machine is self-supplying and self-working, so that after filling a large hopper with press-cake the workmen can retire to an out-house protected by a strong traverse, and start the machine, which, when the hopper is empty, rings a bell to show when the work is finished.

To judge from the large proportion of accidents which take place in corning-houses, the process would appear to be a specially dangerous one. Of the twenty accidents in nine years previously referred to, no less than nine originated in corning or granulating-houses, an average of one per annum. This appears to be a very large average, and a very terrible one when the great loss of life and property entailed is taken into account. At the Battle Works in 1860 a corning-house exploded, killing one man; the same year another exploded at the Melfort Works in Argyleshire, killing six; in 1863, at the Ewell Works in Surrey, another followed, exploding also a glazing-house, and killing three; and in December the same year, the great explosion at the Kames Works in Argyleshire, originating in a granulating-house, took place, in which seven of the unfortunate workmen were instantly killed, and eight others terribly burnt and injured. This was perhaps one of the worst explosions in a powder factory on record. The flame was communicated from the granulating-house, in succession, to a press-house distant 150 yards, to a glazing-house distant 100 yards from the press-house, then to a dusting-house 200 yards distant from the press-house, then to a double press-house about 200 yards distant from the last, and finally to a glazing-house at the same distance. Some of these exploded almost simultaneously with the granulating-house; but from the others the workmen managed to get clear before

before the explosion, escaping with a few burns and wounds from falling timbers.

The other explosions of granulating-houses were, one at the Faversham Works in 1864, in which two men were killed; an old-fashioned corning-house at the Roslin Works near Edinburgh, in 1866, one man killed; a granulating-house at the Melfort Works in the same year, in which three men lost their lives; and two others in December last year, one at the Blackbeck Works near Ambleside, killing three of the workmen, and the other at Faversham which exploded also a double press-house and a charge-magazine, and sacrificed the lives of eleven people. The total loss of life in these nine explosions was therefore thirty-seven killed; the number of burnt, maimed, and disfigured is not stated. This grievous loss of life is the more to be deplored, because there is no reason why breaking the press-cake into grain should be one whit more dangerous than any other operation in powder-making. At some well regulated factories the granulating operation is considered a perfectly safe one, and moreover the machines are constructed in such a way that the presence of a workman when they are in motion is not required. The real cause of the frequency of the disasters appears to be that if there is carelessness or want of precaution anywhere, whether in not sufficiently eliminating all chance of dirt or grit entering the powder at any stage, or even any of the ingredients before mixing; or in the method of handling or working the powder by the men themselves; the granulating-house is the place where such carelessness will be most sure to tell. The accidental presence of gritty particles may ignite the powder by friction in the machine itself; but the great cause of danger would appear to be the large quantity of powder-dust caused by the granulating or corning process which coats every part of the building, roof, walls, and floor thickly. The risk of explosion is so great, caused by men walking about in this building, when great care is not exercised, that the floors are covered with leather secured with copper nails, and the shoes worn by the men not only contain no iron, but are never suffered to touch anything from which gritty particles may be taken up. The wonder is, not that the old-fashioned corning-houses did explode, but that they ever lasted a week without exploding. In these the whole of the dust was allowed to fall on the floor, in a sort of pen, into which the workmen afterwards stepped and shovelled it up with wooden shovels, tipped with copper. There is reason to believe that in some cases the workmen are not supplied with shoes at all; that the boards are not covered with hides; and that they are sometimes secured with iron nails. The explosion when it does come,

as come it must, destroys all traces of these enormities; and juries on the inquest are not supposed to know anything of the precautions requisite in powder-making, and are generally satisfied with the report of the manager or foreman that 'every precaution was observed.' The Gunpowder Act is totally silent on all matters relating to the dress of the workmen, and the regulations to be observed by them. In well regulated establishments, where every possible precaution as to the cleanness of the floor, shoes, &c., is taken, no powder is allowed to touch the floor. Any that does is damped and swept up with the dust, and the sweepings go to the extracting pot, to yield the saltpetre contained in them.

The powder when granulated is termed 'foul grain,' being rough, angular, and full of dust. The next operation it goes through, 'dusting,' has for its object the entire removal of the dust, to prepare the powder for glazing and stove drying. To effect this a quantity of the dusty foul grain is placed in a 'reel,' which is a long cylindrical frame of wood, covered with canvas or silk of different fineness of mesh, according to the kind of powder operated on; and the reel being made to revolve at a tolerable speed for some hours, the dust becomes shaken through the canvas or silk covering. 'Glazing' is a similar operation, a wooden barrel or 'churn' taking the place of the reel, a few hours' churning in which will impart a fine glaze to the powder grains from their friction against each other. A little black lead greatly assists the operation; but this, being really an impurity, must be sparingly used. In one Government powder alone, that introduced for the Armstrong guns, and which has since been adopted for all cannon charges, is it employed, with the express intention of causing a possible retardation in the speed of combustion of the several grains, and the brilliancy which it imparts to the finished powder is very marked.

Some powders being of a tenderer grain require special arrangements for dusting, to prevent the grains being broken and adding to the dust already present. Such is specially the case with the Government small-arm powder, which is the softest and least dense of all powders, and requires no less than five and a half hours' 'churning' in the barrels to acquire anything like a polish; and at least three separate dustings to render it free of dust.

The Gunpowder Act is pleasantly vague as to the quantity of gunpowder which may be kept in a dusting-house:—

'The quantity to be at any one time in any drying or dusting-house shall not be more than is necessary for the immediate supply and work of such house.'—*Act 23 and 24 Vict., cap. 139, p. 1262.*

This practically leaves the quantity of powder to the discretion of the manufacturer; and it is a common practice to accumulate

mulate large quantities of powder in stoves and dusting-houses, which are thus made to act as expense magazines, a practice which it is the very object of the clause to prevent.

Accidents in dusting and glazing-houses are fortunately rare, only three being reported during the last nine years. This is the more remarkable, because in such houses there are generally a number of dusting reels and glazing barrels constantly at work, involving a great deal of friction in all the metal bearings. There is a general and apparently well founded impression that dusting and glazing-houses are the safest of all in powder factories. In the inquests held after two of the three explosions referred to, statements were made to this effect. In the first, which happened at Ballincollig, in 1859, destroying the lives of five men, no cause could be assigned for the accident, and the manager stated on the inquest that 'he could less understand this house exploding than any other in the concern.' The second accident, at Lowood, near Ulverstone, in 1863, was attended with serious loss of life and property, three men being instantly killed and a number dangerously injured, from the explosions of three other buildings following the first, which took place in the glazing-house. In this, however, it appears there was no regular work going on at the time, but that one man was employed cleaning the machinery. The cause of the accident may therefore be fairly presumed to have been caused by some carelessness on this unfortunate man's part, and not by anything special to the process of dusting or glazing. In July the following year, a dusting-house exploded at Messrs. Curtis and Harvey's works at Tunbridge, firing an adjacent glazing-house, killing three men who were in the former, and a man who was approaching towing a boat. On the inquest one of the partners is reported to have said:—

'I have an experience of forty years, and I never knew a dusting-house "blow" before. An explosion generally takes place in a corning-house.—*Sussex Advertiser*, 12th July, 1864.

The stoving or drying of gunpowder which follows the glazing requires no special description. The old fashioned 'gloom stoves,' as they were called, in which the chamber containing the powder to be dried, spread out in trays, was heated directly by fire applied underneath a large iron or copper dome built into the walls, are now, happily, a thing of the past, having been superseded by the modern steam stoves. The construction of these is very simple: a pipe from the adjacent boiler-house conveys the steam to a number of parallel pipes placed along the floor of the drying room, over which are racks for holding the shallow copper or wooden trays which contain the powder. By

means

means of a thermometer built into the wall, the attendant can maintain a constant watch on the temperature, which can be regulated by means of ventilators, without the necessity of opening the building after it has been once closed. For eighteen hours a constant heat of 130° Fahr., is maintained, the powder becoming so hot, that the hand cannot be placed in it without inconvenience. An Indian officer in 1800 proposed to heat gunpowder to 500° Fahr., in order to fuze the sulphur and thus render the grain hard and impervious to moisture. The official report on this proposal made to the Military Board of Madras in 1801 and 1802 states that it is 'a bold and happy conception, of which he (the proposer) is entitled to the exclusive credit.' The officers who framed the report were of opinion that 'this process, apparently so full of danger, will abridge the aggregate danger of manufacture.' Need it be added that this 'bold and happy conception,' which would have effectually destroyed the incorporation of the powder, and would probably have resulted in an explosion in two out of every three times it was attempted, was never carried into practical operation?

Explosions of steam stoves are, unfortunately, not such rare events as might be expected. It is difficult at first to see how, if the drying room be closely shut after being 'set' as the phrase is, an accident can possibly happen. Yet in 1862, a steam stove at the Ballincollig Works, exploded, burying two men under the ruins of the boiler-house; and in 1867, another one exploded at the Melfort Works, fortunately without loss of life, but causing great destruction of property from the subsequent explosions.

The maximum quantity allowed to be dried at one time in a stove or drying-house is, by the Act of Parliament, 50 cwt. No regulations whatever are laid down as to the distance from other buildings at which such stove or drying-house should be placed. The drying process is generally followed by a third dusting or 'finishing' to remove any dust that may have been formed by the action of heat and by ladling the powder into the stove trays; but with large-grained highly-glazed powders such as the Government cannon powder, this is not necessary. The powder is then ready for use, and is placed in oak barrels and transferred to the store magazine. The powder barrel as used in the public service contains always 100 lbs., though half, and quarter-barrels are frequently used by private makers and occasionally by Government; but when the capacity of a magazine is stated to be so many barrels, barrels containing 100 lbs. are always meant. The store magazine of all powder factories must be, according to the Act of Parliament 'well and substantially built with brick or stone,' and must be distant at least 140 yards 'from the mill

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or mills, and every press-house and other house or place used for, or in, the making of gunpowder.' It is further enacted that every maker of gunpowder 'shall with all diligence cause all finished gunpowder to be removed from the vicinity of buildings where the manufacture is being carried on to the store magazine, and shall moreover cause to be erected or provided good and sufficient thunder rods or lightning conductors.' There is no limit laid down as to the quantity of powder which may be accumulated; nor any rules for the internal management of the magazines.

It is comforting to know that

'No explosion of a Government store magazine has ever taken place in this country, nor is there any instance on record of the explosion of an amount of powder approaching in quantity to that habitually kept in store in some of our principal depôts.'—*Report, Magazine Committee*, p. 3.

This is strong testimony in favour of the care and precaution exercised by all Government magazines.

The dangers to which all stores of gunpowder are subject are twofold, viz. those from without and those from within. The former, accidental ignition by lightning or by explosion or fire in the neighbourhood, can be easily guarded against in the construction of the magazine buildings; the latter are more serious. Unless the keepers of the magazines are thoroughly acquainted with all the habitual precautions exercised in powder-works, and are moreover bound by stringent rules such as those laid down officially for the guidance of the Government store officers, there is nothing to guarantee that powder-dust may not be allowed to accumulate on the floors; that persons may not enter with iron-shod boots covered with gravel, and with lucifer-matches, tobacco-pipes, &c., in their pockets; that powder-barrels may not be allowed to remain open for the handling of loose powder; that iron nails may not be used for repairs of floor or shelves; that boxes or cases secured with iron hoops or nails may not be dragged about on them; or that dangerous substances which may explode spontaneously or by percussion, such as gun-cotton, percussion caps, &c., may not be stored in the magazine. On all these points the Act of Parliament is silent. A distinction is made in it between magazines forming part of a powder-manufactory and magazines belonging to dealers in towns. These latter, though used by the dealers, are frequently in charge of the police, who undertake the general supervision. The only restrictions laid down in the case of the former are, as previously stated, that they shall be of brick or stone, and provided with lightning conductors, and shall be at least 140 yards distant from other

other powder buildings—a distance, says Colonel Boxer, in his Report on the Erith Explosion, ‘wholly insufficient to secure the magazine from danger.’ There is no limit whatever to the quantity of gunpowder which may be accumulated (and this in a gunpowder factory!), and nothing said as to the distance the building must be from dwelling-houses or buildings in which fires are kept. In the case of the latter, the following ‘limitations of quantities of gunpowder to be kept by persons other than manufacturers,’ are laid down in the XVIIIth Section of the Act referred to:—

‘No person shall have or keep at one time, being a dealer in gunpowder. . . . more than two hundred pounds of gunpowder; and not being such dealer more than fifty pounds of gunpowder in any house, magazine, &c., within the following limits, viz., within the City of London or Westminster, or within three miles of either of them, or within any borough or market town, or one mile of the same, or within two miles of any palace or house of residence of Her Majesty, her heirs or successors; or within two miles of any gunpowder magazine belonging to the Crown; or within half a mile of any parish church.’

Exceptions, however, are made in favour of certain stores of powder if intended exclusively for mining purposes and of magazines erected before the passing of the Act, which may be continued if licensed by one of the Secretaries of State.

The clause is clear enough in the case of a store belonging to one individual or dealer; but in the cases of some towns where the joint stores of a number of dealers, amounting in the aggregate to hundreds of times the above number, are placed in one magazine in charge of the police, it is not clear that the clause will hold good. Consequently there are in many towns larger magazines within the prescribed limits, which are left in charge of ignorant persons who systematically neglect the most ordinary precautions. Even when the police have the nominal charge, the custody of the magazine is frequently entrusted to some underpaid ignorant keeper.

Colonel Boxer states:—

‘On a recent visit to a magazine near Chester, I discovered a state of things which I could hardly have anticipated. The building, which is capable of holding about 1000 barrels of gunpowder, is situated near Queen’s Ferry on the River Dee. It belongs to a Company, and has recently been placed in charge of a farmer living in the neighbourhood, who has had no experience whatever in dealing with gunpowder. All the work connected with the magazine is done by farm labourers: the men go into the building without changing their iron shod boots or putting slippers over them; and on the occasion of my visit the floor was covered with dirt and grit mixed with gunpowder which had escaped from the barrels. The barrels in this magazine were

were inferior in every respect. In some instances they were broken, and the powder was thus exposed. The door of the building scraped upon the floor as it opened inwards, and the utmost carelessness seemed to prevail in all the arrangements connected with the magazine.'

—*Copies of Reports, &c.*, p. 48.

This is only one out of many similar instances; and there is infinitely greater danger to the lives and property of all living near a small magazine, containing it may be only twenty or thirty barrels, but mismanaged in this way, than to those living beside the great Government depôts such as Marchwood and Purfleet, containing respectively 76,000 and 52,000 barrels.

Beyond the power secured by the XVIIth Section of the Act to one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, of authorizing persons to visit and inspect magazines, there is absolutely nothing in it to empower any one to put an end to this alarming state of things, or to enforce any order for the better protection of life and property. Colonel Boxer's opinion of the power of the Act is clearly stated:—

'As regards the existing law relating to the gunpowder trade of this country, I have no hesitation whatever in stating my opinion that the provisions of this Act 23 and 24 Vict., cap. 139, are not only in some respects defective, but altogether insufficient to give due security to the public and to the workmen employed.'—*Reports, &c.*, p. 46.

He admits, however, that fresh legislation must be complicated by considerations affecting magazines and mills already established, but that such might be overcome by giving discretionary power to the Secretary of State in matters of detail. But there can be no complications nor questions of restriction of trade attending immediate legislation in the matter of regulations for the internal management and care of the magazines scattered throughout the country. It is from these that the greatest danger to the public arises, and it can only be from the fact that the present state of things is unknown that it has been suffered so long. All that would be wanted would be the issue of a short body of rules such as are laid down for the management of Government magazines in the 'Ordnance Regulations' (Home, p. 120-125), and the appointment of a few qualified Government Inspectors, armed with full power to enforce them.

That there are so few instances on record of the explosions of store magazines must not be used as an argument for deferring legislation on the subject. The explosion at Erith shows what may occur at any moment. This is specially interesting as being the greatest on record as having happened in this country, or perhaps in any other. The 'Times' newspaper of 3rd October, 1864, states:—

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‘There is nothing in modern times to compare with the calamity in the feeling of wide-spread terror which it produced, or in the intense interest which it has since excited.’

Colonel Boxer’s Report enters fully into the questions of the quantity of gunpowder exploded—where the explosion first occurred and how it originated—and the effect produced on houses and buildings within certain areas. The scene of the explosion was in the magazines of Messrs. Hall and Co., of Faversham, and the Lowood Company, situated in the Plumstead Marshes, on the margin of the Thames between Erith and Belvidere. The magazines, distant from each other about fifty yards, were of very light construction as compared with Government magazines, and were situated close to the river bank, communicating with the river by a landing-stage or jetty, and having windows facing the river.

Early in the morning of the 1st October, 1864, two barges laden with powder were lying off the jetty communicating with Messrs. Hall’s magazine, discharging their cargoes. There were in each barge probably 100 barrels, in Messrs. Hall’s magazine about 750, and in the other magazine probably 200; in all about 1150 barrels of 100 lbs. each:—

‘The question as to where the gunpowder was first ignited, that is to say, whether in the barges or in the magazines, was satisfactorily answered at the inquest by various eye witnesses of the explosion: all agreed that the accident occurred in one of the barges lying at the jetty leading to Messrs. Hall’s magazine.’—*Reports, &c.*, p. 13.

There appears to be little doubt that some loose powder, probably from a leaky cask, must have been lying about the hold of one of the barges, and must have been ignited by some carelessness on the part of the crew. There were three distinct explosions, the barges being first dashed to atoms, and the explosion tearing down and igniting the two magazines adjacent. Nine or ten people who were about the magazines were killed, and about the same number dangerously wounded and burnt; the small number of casualties being accounted for by the unfrequented nature of the spot where the accident happened. All London was shaken as if by an earthquake. The shock was heard distinctly at Uxbridge, Windsor, Teddington, Chatham, and even at Ashford, fifty miles distant. A mass of earthwork, 150 feet in length, forming part of the river bank, was carried away *en masse*, threatening the whole of the surrounding country with inundation; the houses of the magazine-keepers were levelled with the ground; some shops at a mile distance had the whole fronts blown in; houses two miles and a half distant had the window-sashes destroyed; and windows of houses at ten miles distance were shivered by the concussion.

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The amount of gunpowder exploded has been stated as about 115,000 lbs. :—

‘ The bare statement of the amount, however, will fail to convey a sufficiently definite idea to most persons ; and we may get a distincter notion by a comparison with other known explosions.

‘ The explosion last January of the “Lottie Sleigh,” a barge which was loading gunpowder in the Mersey, will not have been forgotten by our readers, certainly not by any one who was in Liverpool at the time. The amount in this case was about 11 tons or 25,000 lbs., and was therefore only a quarter, and probably only a fifth or sixth part of what exploded on Saturday. Yet it shook the whole town and shattered the windows throughout the city. No life was lost, for the explosion was foreseen, and every one had withdrawn from the vessel. Some recent military operations will furnish a still better standard of comparison. General Grant lately constructed a mine under the fortifications of Petersburg, from which great results were anticipated, and when it exploded it carried a fort into the air, and buried 250 confederates under the ruins. It was said, indeed, to have had such a startling effect that it actually made both armies pause in the attack and defence, which were to follow the explosion. The amount exploded there, however, was but 6 tons, or not 14,000 lbs. Again, the last mail from China brought us the account of a similar operation at Nankin. The Imperialist troops exploded a mine containing above 66,000 lbs. of powder, which made a breach in the wall of 120 feet in width. The present explosion, therefore, was vastly greater than any which is attempted by the most determined and reckless Generals in order to destroy the strongest fortifications.’—*Times Newspaper*, 3rd October, 1864.

Another London newspaper of the same date supplies the moral :—“ We have been taught what gigantic dangers lurk near to our abodes, and how loosely the legislature has guarded against the chance of these tremendous disasters.”

The correspondence printed in the ‘Copies of the Reports,’ &c., shows that the public mind was thoroughly alarmed, and that a regular systematic inspection, not only of all manufactories of gunpowder, but of every magazine in England and Wales, was actually ordered by Sir George Grey. The state of things at Chester, as described by Colonel Boxer, is sufficient evidence how urgently this was required. A circular was addressed to the chief constables of counties requiring them to furnish lists of manufactories and magazines of gunpowder. From these a few instances may be quoted. Cumberland contained no less than forty magazines ; Cornwall furnished ‘a long list of magazines ;’ as did also Derbyshire, Durham, Gloucestershire, Southampton, Stafford, the North Riding of Yorkshire, and Carnarvonshire. Northumberland contained forty-one ; Somerset sixteen ; Warwickshire eighteen ; the West Riding of Yorkshire seventeen ; Glamorganshire

Glamorganshire thirty-eight; and the other counties smaller numbers. The inspection, however, was never carried out. The principal powder-works and a few important magazines, about a dozen in number, appear to have been visited. But the work was too extensive to be attempted by any but regularly appointed Inspectors, whose whole time should be devoted to it, as in the case of Inspectors of Factories; and there being no such officials, the inspection gradually dropped, and the subject will probably be forgotten till a second Erith explosion again calls public attention to the subject. Another result of the public feeling on the subject was the appointment in 1864 of the Magazine Committee, consisting of six distinguished officers of Artillery and Engineers, with Sir John Burgoyne as President, to examine and report on the state of the Military and War Department magazines, and the measures that could be adopted, consistently with the requirements of the public service, for giving increased security to the persons living near them. The particular points they had to consider were: the existing arrangements for the safe custody of gunpowder in the magazines; the best mode of constructing the latter and the question of substituting floating instead of permanent ones; the measures that could be suggested with a view to check the effect of an explosion; and the arguments for and against a great central dépôt in some comparatively uninhabited district and the consequent reduction of other stores.

The different classes of magazines examined by the Committee were the great reserve dépôts, such as Marchwood and Purfleet, which contain respectively 76,000 and 52,000 barrels; the magazines at the outports for the equipment of our ships, such as Upnor Castle, Portsmouth, Plymouth, &c., some of them containing as much as 40,000 barrels; and the garrison and barrack magazines throughout the kingdom, which are in charge of officers of artillery, and generally contain smaller quantities of powder. The principal point discussed by them after the questions of the best methods of packing and transporting powder, was the actual construction, arrangement, and distribution of magazines, and the distances they should be from other buildings. The conclusions arrived at are best told in the Committee's own words:—

‘The principle on which they have based their recommendations has been to draw a distinction between the great reserve dépôts where the gunpowder is in quiet deposit; and the working stations where the receipts and issues of powder are of daily occurrence, and where constant manipulation of the material takes place. These latter establishments they have recommended should be rebuilt on other sites, and on principles which they believe will give complete security to the inhabitants in their neighbourhood even in the event (which is extremely improbable) of an accidental explosion.

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'In the cases of the great reserve depôts, the Committee believe the risk to life and property to be so small, that bearing in mind the importance of economy, they consider it would not be justifiable to recommend works of such magnitude as would be involved in the reconstruction of these establishments. At the same time they recommend the adoption in all new establishments, of the precautions to which they have adverted in the former part of the Report.'—*Report*, &c., p. 14.

The principle which the Committee recommend for the rebuilding of the magazines at the working stations, or for the erection of new ones when required, is briefly the substitution of a group of small magazines, long, low, and narrow in shape, each capable of containing 2000 barrels as a maximum store, and separated from each other by thick traverses of earth, for fewer but larger buildings, containing immense stores of powder, and situated in close proximity to each other; the intention being to prevent the accidental explosion of one of the small magazines extending to the others, or causing violent injury to other property at moderate distances.

'The most favourable feature of ground for a set of magazines would apparently be a gentle slope in which the site for each building could be excavated for about half its height, the material from the excavation being added to make up a substantial traverse of not less than thirty feet in thickness at the top, to be carried round on every side on which mischief would occur in the event of an explosion.—*Report*, &c., p. 7.

An important feature in the Report is the recommendation of a new establishment for the proof of gunpowder. At present the whole examination and proof of new gunpowder, whether made at Waltham Abbey or obtained by contract, takes place at the Purfleet magazines, which are only ten miles from Blackwall, and contain 52,000 barrels, an unpleasantly large store to be so near London.

'Ten per cent. of the number of barrels is taken out of each general stock of new powder, and placed in the examining house for the purpose of being subjected to various proofs. The examining house is situated less than forty yards from the nearest magazine and separated from it by a slight traverse of earth. Here the barrels are unheaded and remain open whilst under examination, frequently to the number of 300 at a time.

'The risk attending the examination and proof of gunpowder far exceeds that involved in the mere operation of storing the material, and while we have reason to believe that every precaution is duly taken under constant and careful supervision to prevent the possibility of accident, still it is fearful to consider that the arrangements of this station are such that the accidental ignition of any portion of the powder, either in a barge at the wharf, or within the precincts of the magazine,

magazine, would entail the explosion of the whole mass of 52,000 barrels; and that this mass has not the security of an enclosed dépôt rarely touched, but is dealt with daily to an extent requiring thirty or forty men permanently employed in the work of the station.—*Report*, p. 10.

It would be impossible to add anything to this as a reason for the immediate removal of the proof establishment elsewhere.

The interest excited by the Erith explosion on all subjects connected with the storage of gunpowder had not subsided when Mr. Gale, of Plymouth, announced his process for rendering gunpowder non-explosive or explosive at will. This consisted simply in mixing a non-explosive substance, such as ground glass in fine powder, with the grains, and thus filling up all the interstices between them, and cutting off the communication from one to another, so as to render the powder absolutely non-explosive. When required for use, all that had to be done was to sift out the fine powdered glass on a sieve, and the powder was restored to its original condition. Nothing could be simpler; a barrel of powder could in a few minutes be mixed up with the powdered glass, in which condition a red hot iron might be safely thrust into it without the slightest risk of explosion; and again sifted and restored to its original properties as speedily as it had been converted. Here was a solution of all the difficulties and dangers connected with the storage of gunpowder!

And yet the plan has been unequivocally condemned for many reasons. It appears that the idea was an old one, and had been actually tried and condemned both by the French and Russians as early as 1835, being fully described by Piobert. The only difference between the French and Russian plan and Mr. Gale's, was that the former used with success sand, charcoal, graphite, and even saltpetre, to dilute the gunpowder, while Mr. Gale preferred finely-powdered glass. The objections to the plan are many, but the principal and insuperable one is that the powder is to a great extent spoilt by the process. In the first place, its glaze and surface is destroyed, and its shooting qualities seriously affected, no slight matter in these days of accurate shooting; and in the second, no amount of sifting or dusting can get rid of all the foreign element. It appears also to be admitted that the mixed substances would not bear transport without a partial or total separation of the gunpowder from the glass. And the operations of mixing and sifting would be attended with great danger; the latter would always have to be performed more or less hurriedly when the powder was required, and would be impracticable on board ship. True these objections would not refer to the actual storage of gunpowder in large quantities; but it is precisely when powder is securely stored in magazines that
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the risk of accident is reduced to a minimum, and there is the less need of any protective process being applied to it. It is when being handled that the risk really begins; and no policy could be more dangerous than to accustom our artillerymen and sailors to a substance that was innocuous one moment and fiercely explosive the next. The fancied security attained would inevitably lead to neglect of precautions, and might result in those very disasters which it is the object of the invention to avert. Anything like a bead of undecomposed saltpetre, however small, should at once condemn the powder for shooting purposes.

The question of the examination and proof of gunpowder for use in Her Majesty's service is a much more complicated and serious one, and at present is in an unsettled state. Hitherto, all that was done after flashing off a little of the powder on a glass plate, when the amount of residue will indicate perfect or imperfect working, and 'cubing,' that is, weighing a cubic foot of the finished powder to ascertain roughly its density, was to fire a few ounces from a mortar loaded with a solid shot, the powder which threw the shot furthest being esteemed the best. But, as was pointed out many years ago, the proof mortar is entirely useless as an instrument for testing the relative projectile force of different kinds of gunpowder when employed in large charges as in cannon. Its use has been abandoned by all the continental artillerists, and is only retained in our service as a rough and ready way of comparing contract powder with samples of the same pattern of powder made at Waltham Abbey. But the results given by it with two different kinds of powder are entirely fallacious. The question of proof has assumed the highest importance since the introduction of rifled ordnance, when it soon became apparent that the cannon powder in ordinary use was altogether too strong and sudden in its action for the endurance of the guns.

The strength of exploded gunpowder depends on two things, viz. the quantity of gas evolved, and the rate at which it is evolved. No doubt these two are what mathematicians would term 'functions' of each other, for the amount of heat developed plays an important part in the action from the great expansion it produces in the gases, and the more rapid the combustion the greater will be the heat. A theoretically perfect proof, therefore, would be one which would correctly measure these two. But taking for granted that the quantity of gas produced from a certain quantity of service gunpowder is a uniform quantity, the whole question resolves itself into the best means of measuring the rapidity of combustion of charges of gunpowder, differing not only in quantity, but in the size, shape, density, and hardness of the component powder grains. The fallacy of the old mortar

proof lay in this, that the charges fired being only two or three ounces, the result obtained in comparing different kinds of powder were exactly the reverse of those obtained when firing large charges in cannon, a small-grain powder from its more rapid combustion giving, with the mortar, a higher range than any other. To those whose only idea in connexion with gunpowder is its intensely sudden and fiercely explosive character, by which apparently in an instant thousands of barrels of quiescent material are converted into a scorching and rending mass of flame, it may appear over refining to talk of the rate of combustion of gunpowder. But it can be demonstrated in many ways that although the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder confined in a gun may be said to be instantaneous, it is not simultaneous; for the portion next the touch-hole being first ignited, the combustion proceeds gradually through the charge. Improbable as it may appear, it is an undoubted fact, that when firing with large charges a quantity of powder furthest from the touch-hole is often blown out of the gun unignited, along with the shot, and can be seen on the ground under the muzzle of the gun. The rapidity of action of a charge of powder depends on two conditions: the rate of burning of each grain, which may be called the velocity of combustion; and the rate at which the flame is communicated from one grain to another, the velocity of ignition. As the disruptive force—the *force brisante*—of the powder depends on the rapidity of action, these two points have within the last few years, particularly since the failure of some of our large guns, received the most careful study from artillerymen at home and abroad; and although the whole subject is as yet to a certain extent *sub judice*, the following are the conclusions which are generally admitted. Assuming that the various powders in use are of the same composition, as regards the proportion and incorporation of their ingredients—any modification of which would only cause a less perfect decomposition on firing, and consequent fouling of the guns used—they may yet differ widely in the following five points, viz. size, shape, density, hardness, and amount of glaze of the constituent grains. The hardness, depending mainly on the quantity of moisture present in the meal before pressing, is generally nearly uniform, and as no test for the hardness of a body has as yet been devised, it is not allowed to complicate the question; and the question of the amount of glaze may be dismissed with the remark that a powder of which the grains are very highly polished, particularly when a little black lead has been used, appears to be slower in ignition than one of which the grains are rough and porous, the flame being able to get a better and quicker hold of the rougher surfaces. But the density of powder grains, that is the quantity

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of matter actually present in each, not only may but does vary to a great extent; indeed it may be asserted that it is impossible to manufacture powder of uniform density by the present method. This, as has been explained, is caused by the impossibility of ensuring the same amount of pressure being applied to the powder-dust in the hydraulic press, not only from the difficulty of ensuring the same quantity exactly being under pressure each time, but from the impracticability of causing a uniform pressure throughout the mass. A dense powder must of course burn more slowly than a less dense one, not only from the closer texture of the grains being unfavourable to combustion, but because, obviously, there is in the case of the former a larger quantity of matter, bulk for bulk, to be consumed. The questions of the size and shape of powder grains, and the effects produced by modifications of these, are extremely puzzling, and the results obtained appear at first sight to be contradictory. If a small grain of powder, as must be admitted, takes a shorter time to burn than a large one, it might be supposed that a cartridge full of small grains would be sooner converted into gas than one full of large ones. The reverse is found to be the case in practice. Again, a sphere being the smallest form in which matter can be placed, a spherical grain of powder, offering the smallest surface for combustion, will burn more slowly than the same quantity of powder arranged in the form of a flat scale. And yet practically the rate of burning of a cartridge full of spherical grains will be quicker than that of one full of flat grains packed closely together. The explanation of these apparently irreconcilable facts lies in this, that the large or spherical grains, having much larger interstices between them, allow of a far more rapid passage of the flame from grain to grain; in other words, though the velocity of combustion be lower, the velocity of ignition is increased, and the consequent result becomes the very reverse of what was intended by increasing the size and rounding the shape of the grains. The many different conditions under which charges of powder may be ignited prevent any certain rule being laid down on the subject; for what holds good with a very small charge in a gun will be reversed with large charges; and the powder which strains the gun much, when fired in short compact cartridges, may have quite a different effect when formed into long narrow ones.

As powder varies in density, so it varies in the size and shape of its grains. The system of cracking up the press-cake into grains in the granulating machine, produces fragments of all shapes and sizes; the latter are of course restricted to a certain extent by the siftings the powder undergoes, but no two powder grains are alike. It follows therefore from what has been said,

that no two charges of gunpowder made in the present way will produce exactly the same *force brisante* in the guns from which they are fired. The introduction of the modern guns of precision, particularly the breech-loading guns of Sir W. Armstrong, in which by using soft-coated projectiles all windage or escape of gas is prevented, and the employment of the delicate electro-ballistic instrument of Major Navez for measuring the velocity of shot, afford actual proof that this is the case. The problem of the day in gunpowder has therefore been to manufacture a perfect powder, in which each grain shall be the same in all respects as its fellow; the disruptive effects of which shall be, to a certain extent, under control by modifications of manufacture; and the results of which shall be uniform. The idea is not a new one; for it is distinctly shadowed forth by Congreve in one of his works, published fifty years ago. Nor on a small scale would it be difficult; for all that would be necessary, would be to compress some powder dust into small moulds, with varying pressures, till the resulting pellets which would of course be of the same shape and size, became exactly of the density required. It is only when the manufacture is attempted on a large scale that the difficulty and danger begin. However, it is satisfactory to know that these have been successfully overcome, and that the manufacture of pellet powder, as it is called, will be immediately proceeded with.

To the Americans belongs the credit of first having attempted to modify the disruptive, without interfering with the propellant force of gunpowder. They took powder meal and compressed it by hydraulic pressure into flat discs, the size of the bore of the gun. These discs or cakes, the invention of Dr. Doremus, were brought to this country and tried, but the results obtained with them were very irregular and unsatisfactory. The Russians seem next to have taken the matter up, having carried on a series of experiments with prismatic powder, which was merely powder meal compressed into small hexagonal prisms, perforated with holes; and the Belgians followed in the same direction. A similar powder, termed pellet powder, was experimented on in this country in 1865-66 and recommended at first for temporary adoption; and in 1867, as the service powder for all very large charges. The pellets differ from the Russian ones only in shape and dimensions, being small cylinders about half an inch in height, and three quarters of an inch in diameter, with a small hollow or perforation at one end. These constitute the grains of the uniform powder required for our modern rifled artillery; and the difference in manufacture between the old-fashioned, time-honoured gunpowder and this, consists merely in taking the incorporated ingredients from the gunpowder-mill
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and pressing them by hydraulic pressure into small moulds to form the pellets; instead of pressing a large quantity of the mixture into 'press-cake,' and crushing it up afterwards into irregular grains to be afterwards dusted, glazed, and re-dusted for use. These latter operations are not required with the pellets, which pass at once from the state of meal to their finished condition.

Small quantities of pellet powder have been made from time to time in the Royal Arsenal, and the successful results it has afforded in practice have induced the Ordnance Select Committee to recommend its immediate adoption for all large charges. The manufacture will be carried on at Waltham Abbey on a large scale, and if the machinery now in course of erection be found to work rapidly and safely, a large supply of pellet powder will be forthcoming, and our artillerymen will have at their command a powder which will exercise the least possible destructive effect on their guns, and yet retain its propellant power uninjured.

ART. V.—1. *Le Livre de Marco Polo, Citoyen de Venise, Conseiller Privé et Commissaire Impérial de Khouïlai Khaïn.* Par M. G. Pauthier. Paris, 1865.

2. *I Viaggi di Marco Polo.* Per cura di Adolfo Bartoli. Firenze, 1863.

3. *I Viaggi di Marco Polo Veneziano.* Da Vincenzo Lazari. Venezia, 1847.

4. *Die Reisen des Venezianers Marco Polo . . . mit einem Kommentar von August Bürck; nebst Zusätzen und Verbesserungen von Karl Friedrich Neumann.* Leipzig, 1845.

5. *The Travels of Marco Polo, greatly amended and enlarged, &c., with copious Notes.* By Hugh Murray. Edinburgh, 1844.

6. *Viaggi di Marco Polo, illustrati e commentati dal Conte Baldello Boni.* Firenze, 1827.

7. *Voyages de Marco Polo (French and Latin Texts, in Recueil de Voyages, &c., publié par la Société de Géographie), Tome I.* Paris, 1824.

8. *Publications of the Hakluyt Society.*

THE prosperous activity of the Hakluyt Society indicates, we presume, that a goodly number among us still take delight in old travellers, and in the history of geography. And since this Review noticed Marsden's memorable edition of 'Marco Polo,' nearly half a century ago,* so much new light has been thrown upon him, and other medieval travellers in Asia, that

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xxi. p. 177, seqq.

we deem it not unseasonable to recur to the subject, especially considering the interest reflected on it by the changes which have advanced so rapidly in the East during the last five and twenty years. Central Asia seems to be opening up, as it did in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, through the predominance of one Great Power, though the seat of the Great Khan of our day is not at Xanadu, but on the Baltic; and travellers are again becoming familiar with an overland route from Cambalu. There is a sick man, too, in the east of Asia, as well as in the east of Europe, and the next generation may see the eagles gathered together over him. But on such considerations we are not going to dwell. Our business on this occasion is purely with the past.

China, according to some popular chronologies, was discovered by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. But, as the Cape was rounded by the Egyptians ages before De Gama, and as America was the haunt of the Northmen centuries before Columbus, so we might exhibit a goodly list of travellers to China long before the great era of Portuguese navigation.

We have just alluded to the opening of Asia, which followed the conquests of Chinghiz Khan and his successors. The flood of Tartar conquest then flowed from the China Sea to the Danube, prostrated for a time the pride of Islam, washed down political barriers, and opened Asia to the passage of Frank travellers. Besides the Supreme Khan, residing first at Karakorum, in the wilds of Mongolia, and afterwards in China, there were three mighty chiefs of the same descent who owed him allegiance, and these four potentates may be said, roughly, to have divided among them all Asia, except India and the Mediterranean coasts. The three chiefs in question were the Khans of the house of Juji, or of the Golden Horde, reigning

‘At Sarra in the Londe of Tartarie’

upon the Wolga; the Khans of the House of Hulaku, or of Persia, reigning at Tabriz; and the Khans of the house of Chagatai, holding their court sometimes at Bokhara, sometimes at Almalig, near the River Ili, north of the Celestial Mountains, a city now extinct. All these courts assumed with wonderful rapidity, at least on the surface, the civilization of the nations which they had conquered. As usual in such cases this superficial civilization turned to rapid corruption and decay. But at least to the third generation the blood of Temujin the Undaunted,* had not spent its force. The old world-conqueror himself

* Or *Unshakeable*. So (*Unerschütterlich*) his German biographer, Erdmann, renders the surname *Chinghiz*.

had predicted the greatness of the lad Kublai. The latter succeeded to the supreme power in 1260, and fixed his chief residence at Khanbalig, now Peking.

From the time when the Mongol invasion of Europe was checked (1242), by an act of Providence as unlooked for as that which overthrew the host of Sennacherib, Christian pontiffs and princes began to cultivate the friendship of those potent barbarians, and Christian missionaries and merchants gradually pressed into those regions which had so long been closed.

In the course of the succeeding hundred years a highway for the trade and religion of the West opened out across the breadth of Asia, and lay more or less open till the fall of the Mongol dynasties. The Roman Church had a metropolitan at the Great Khan's court, with suffragans and Franciscan houses in Northern and Southern China, whilst the merchants of Genoa and Lombardy made their own purchases of silk and velvet in the markets of Kinsay, Zayton, and Khanbalig, now known as Hangcheu, Chincheu, and Peking. The first travellers in this period whom we know to have reached China were Nicolas and Matthew Polo, members of a Venetian family which had establishments at Constantinople and in the Crimea. They had quitted Venice for the East about 1254, Nicolas leaving a wife behind him.

Like the Tartar armies, the merchants of those days do not seem to have cared much about maintaining a fixed base of operations. The two brothers started from Constantinople about 1260, and a succession of chances and opportunities carried them to Bokhara, and thence to the court of the Great Khan in the extreme East. Kublai, full of vigour and intelligence, who had never before fallen in with educated Europeans, was delighted with these Venetians, listened eagerly to all that they told him of the Latin world, and at last determined to send them back as his ambassadors to the Pope. They arrived at Acre in 1269, and found that no Pope existed, for Clement IV. was dead the year before, and no new election had yet taken place. So they went home to Venice to see how things stood there after so many years' absence. The wife of Nicolas was long dead, but she had left a son behind her, now fifteen years of age, whom till now the father had never seen. This was Mark, the hero of our history.

The Papal interregnum was the longest known, at least since the dark ages. Two years more passed, and yet the Cardinals could not agree. The brothers were unwilling to let the Great Khan think them faithless, and probably hankered after the great virgin field of speculation that they had discovered; so they started again for the East, taking young Mark with them. At Acre they

they took counsel with an eminent churchman, Theobald, Archdeacon of Liège, a man of great weight of character, and the intimate friend of Prince Edward of England, then at Acre.

From the archdeacon they got letters to authenticate the causes of the miscarriage of their mission, and started for the further East. But they were still at the port of Layas in the Gulf of Scanderoon, then the great point of arrival and departure for the inland trade of Asia, when they heard that a Pope was at length elected, and that the choice had fallen upon their friend the Archdeacon Theobald.* They immediately returned to Acre, and at last were able to execute the Khan's charge, and to obtain a reply. Judging from certain indications, we conceive it probable that they first proceeded by Mosul and Baghdad to Hormuz, then situated on the mainland of Persia, near the mouth of the Gulf, with the view of going on by sea, but that some obstacle arose which compelled them to abandon this project and turn north from Hormuz. They traversed successively Kerman and Khorasan, Balkh and Badakhshan, in which last country they seem to have been long detained by the illness of young Marco. In the account of the charming climate of the Hills of Badakhshan, Mark breaks into an enthusiasm which is rarely excited in him by anything but field sports, but which those understand well who have ever known what it is to flee with fever in their veins from the torrid heats of an Asiatic May to the heavenly air and fragrant pine-groves of the Himalaya :—

‘Those mountains are so lofty that ’tis a hard day’s work from morning till evening to get to the top, but on reaching this you find an extensive plain abounding in grass and trees, and with copious springs of pure water running down through rocks and ravines. These brooks are full of trout and many other delicate fish ; and the air in those lofty regions is so pure, and residence there so healthful, that when the men who dwell in the cities of the low countries find themselves attacked by fever or other casual sickness, they hasten up the hill, and after a stay of two or three days quite recover health through the excellence of the air. And Messer Mark said he had proved this by experience.’

From Badakhshan the Venetians ascended the Oxus to the lake of Sirikol and the plateau of Pamir, ‘the Roof of the World.’ Those regions, so full of attraction for geographers,

* The cardinals, unable to agree, had at last named a committee of six, with full powers, and these the same day (1st Sept., 1271, after the Papacy had been vacant two years and nine months) elected Theobald, on the recommendation of the Cardinal Bishop of Portus. This same facetious dignitary had previously advised that the roof should be taken off the palace to allow the divine influences to descend more freely on their proceedings.

were never described again by any European traveller till the spirited expedition, in 1838, of Captain John Wood of the Indian Navy, whose narrative abounds in splendid incidental illustration of that of his medieval predecessor. Captain Wood seems at one time to have intended to devote a special work to the elucidation of Marco Polo's chapters on the Oxus Provinces, and it is to be regretted that the intention has never been fulfilled.

The travellers crossed the Pamir steppe and descended upon Kashghar, whence they proceeded by Yarkand and Khoten (countries of which those of us who live a dozen years are likely to hear a good deal), and eventually across the Great Gobi Desert to Tangut, a name then applied to the country at the extreme north-west of China, both within and without the Wall. Here they seem to have been welcomed by a deputation sent by Kublai to meet them. The party on their onward journey probably kept outside the Wall and north of the Yellow River, as the Great Khan was then passing the summer at Shangtu, some 50 miles north of the Wall, the Xanadu of Coleridge's poem:—

‘Where twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round.’

We know that Coleridge believed himself to have composed that brilliant little poem in a dream. And it is a singular coincidence, of which Coleridge could have known nothing, that in one of the versions of the Persian history of Rashiduddin, the palace of Shangtu is said to have been built upon a plan which Kublai had seen in a dream and retained in his memory.

It has often been cast in Marco's teeth that he says nothing of the Great Wall, and very unsatisfactory reasons have been alleged for the omission. That omission is indeed all the more curious, because we think it traceable with absolute certainty that the recollection of the Wall was in his mind at a certain point of this journey. Speaking of the country to the north-west of Shansi, near where the Great Wall abuts upon the Yellow River, he says: ‘Here also is what we call the country of Gog and Magog,’ &c., proceeding to give a quaint and farfetched explanation of those names. Now the Wall of China was known to Mahomedan writers of that age as the rampart of Gog and Magog, and we can conceive no reason why Marco should have used the words that we have quoted, except for the reason left untold, ‘Here we are beside the Great Wall known as the Rampart of Gog and Magog.’

Kublai received the Venetians with great cordiality, and took kindly to young Mark, who must have been by this time nearly one-and-twenty. The *joenne bachelor*, as the story calls him, did
what

what our young bachelors in India are said now-a-days to have little good will for, he took heartily to 'the study of the native languages.' The Khan, seeing that he was discreet as well as able, soon began to employ him in the public service. If there be no error in the three years and a half ascribed to the journey, the party cannot have arrived at the court till the summer of 1275. Yet M. Pauthier produces a quotation from the Chinese annals of the dynasty, stating that, in the year 1277, a certain Polo was appointed commissioner of the second class attached to the privy council, a passage which we are pleased to believe applicable to Marco. His first mission carried him to the remote province of Yunan, called by the Mongols Karajang, which Kublai himself had assisted to conquer in 1253. Mark, during his stay at court, had observed the Khan's delight in hearing of strange countries, their marvels, manners, and oddities, and had seen the disgust which his Majesty frankly expressed at the stupidity of his commissioners when they could speak of nothing but 'shop.' Profiting by these observations, he took care to store all curious facts that were likely to amuse Kublai, and related them on his return. This journey, which led him through that *terra incognita*, the extreme south-east of Tibet and the northern frontiers of Ava, where there existed, and still exists, a vast ethnological garden, as it were, of tribes of various race and in all stages of uncivilization, afforded him many strange products and eccentric traits of manners to delight the Emperor.*

Mark rose rapidly in favour, and was often employed again on distant missions as well as in domestic administration, but we gather few particulars of his employment. At one time we know that he held for three years the government of the great city of Yangchu; on another occasion he seems to have been despatched to the old capital, Karakorum, in Mongolia; on a third occasion to Champa, or Southern Cochin China; on a fourth, to the Indian Seas. We are not informed whether his father and uncle shared in such employments, but anyhow they were gathering wealth, and after years of exile they began to fear what might follow old Kublai's death, and longed to carry their gear and their own grey heads safe home to the Lagoons. The old brown Lion growled refusal to all their hints, and but for a happy chance we should have lost our medieval Herodotus.

Arghun Khan of Persia, Kublai's great nephew, had lost his favourite wife, the Khatun Bulugân ('*Zibellina*'), a lady of great beauty and ability, originally the wife of Abaka, but who, in

* We have lately despatched a mission to Yunan from the other side. May it prosper! And we trust Captain Sladen is well up in his 'Marco Polo.'

accordance with the singular marriage customs of the Mongols, had passed on Abaka's death to the *Orda* of her stepson Arghun. The latter mourned her sorely, and took steps to fulfil her dying injunction, that her place should be filled only by a lady of her own kin, the Mongol tribe of Bayaut.* Ambassadors were despatched to the court of Khanbalig to seek such a bride. The message was courteously received, and the choice fell on the Lady Kukâchin, a maiden of seventeen, '*moult bele dame et avenant*.' The overland road from Peking to Tabriz was not only of portentous length for such a tender charge, but was imperilled by war, so the envoys desired to return by sea. Tartars in general were strangers to all navigation; and the envoys, much taken with the Venetians, and eager to benefit by their experience, begged the old Emperor as a favour to send the three *Firinghis* along with them. He consented with reluctance; but, having done so, fitted the party out nobly for the voyage, charging the Polos with friendly messages for the potentates of Europe, including the King of England. It was an ill-starred voyage, involving long detentions on the coast of Sumatra, and in the South of India, to which, however, we are indebted for some of the best chapters in the book, and two years and a half passed before their arrival in Persia. The three hardy Venetians survived all perils, and so did the lady, who had come to look on them with filial regard; but two of the three envoys and a vast proportion of the suite had perished by the way. Arghun, too, had been dead even before they quitted China; his brother Kaikhâtu reigned in his stead, and his son Ghazan succeeded to the lady's hand. We are told by one who knew both the princes well that Ghazan, instead of being like his father Arghun one of the handsomest men of his time, was so much the reverse that in all his host of 200,000 Tartars you would hardly have found a man so little or so mean-looking.† But in other aspects the lady's exchange was for the better. Ghazan had some of the highest qualities of a soldier, a legislator, and a king, adorned by many and varied accomplishments; and had a longer life been granted him it might have been well for Persia. Short as his life was, that of the fair young princess who had come so far to his arms was much shorter. As well as we can gather, the party must have delivered her over to her bridegroom in the early part of 1294: Ghazan succeeded to the throne in the autumn of 1295, and the Lady Kukâchin passed away in the following June. The poor girl wept as she took leave of the kindly and noble Venetians.

* The Lady Bulugân died on the banks of the Kur, in Georgia, 7th April, 1286.—Hammer's *Ilkhans*, i. 374.

† Hayton, the Armenian.

They went on to Tabriz, and, after a long halt there, proceeded homewards, reaching Venice some time in 1295.*

Thus far we draw the thread at least of the history from Marco's own account, but there it snaps short. For what else can be gathered of his biography we must turn to other quarters. Considering how widely the story of his travels had spread within the fourteenth century, it is strange how scanty and worthless are the notices of Polo in his own or the succeeding generations. That excellent geographical collector, G. Battista Ramusio, was the first who tried with affectionate solicitude to put together the scraps of fact about Mark's personal history; but more than two centuries had passed since his death, and some will not hold water. Ramusio's story, abridged, runs thus:—

† Of the elder Poli there were three, Marco, Maffeo, and Nicolo, the two latter of whom were the first visitors of Cathay. Marco died soon after their departure, and Nicolo's wife, who had been left with child, named her boy after this deceased uncle. Maffeo and Nicolo returned, found young Mark, and carried him back to the East with them, whence they did not return for a quarter of a century. Not many months after their return a fleet was fitted out in haste to encounter Lamba Doria who had entered the Adriatic with seventy Genoese galleys, and Marco was made captain of a Venetian galley. The fleets engaged at Curzola, and the Venetians were completely beaten. Marco was wounded, captured with his admiral and many more, and sent in irons to Genoa. When news spread in that city of his marvellous travels, great curiosity was excited, and much attention paid him. He had to repeat his story till he was tired, and at last took the advice given him that he should commit it to writing. He procured memoranda from Venice, and with the aid of a Genoese gentleman, a daily visitor, the whole was written down in Latin, then much used in Genoese documents. In a few months it had been translated into the vulgar tongue, and had spread over Italy. Polo's father and uncle were much distressed about his imprisonment, the more so that unless he had a family there would be no heir to their wealth. So, as time passed without his release, Nicolo, who was a hearty old man, took another wife, and in the course of four years had three sons, Stephen, Matthew, and John. Before many years passed, Marco was set free by special favour, and took a wife himself, by whom he had two girls, Moretta and Fantina.

Ramusio is, on several points of this story, inaccurate. His own edition, with all the best texts, places the return of the travellers in 1295; and it could not have been earlier. But the

* It is odd that no writer, so far as we know, should have noticed the correspondence of particulars about the Ladies Bulugān and Kukāchin in the Persian histories with Polo's story. They will be found in Hammer's 'History of the Ilkhans,' and in Quatremère's 'Rashiduddin.'

Battle of Curzola (an island near Lissa of recent fame) took place on the 8th of September, 1298; so that the call for Mark's services came *three years* instead of 'not many months' after their return. And the prisoners of Curzola were restored when peace was made through the offices of Matteo Visconti of Milan, 25th May, 1299. Thus, if Marco was a prisoner of Curzola, his imprisonment did not exceed nine months, instead of exceeding four years.

The matter is further complicated by a statement in the chronicle of Giacomo d'Aqui, one of the few quasi-contemporary references to Polo. A MS. of this at Milan assigns the capture of Marco to the Battle of Layas, on the coast of Cilicia, fought, it says, in 1296.

Could we accept this authority, it would enable us to put Marco's capture within a few months of his return, and to extend the period of his imprisonment to three years, and would thus be more accordant with the general tenor of Ramusio than his capture at Curzola. This is what M. Pauthier does, and avoids all difficulty—by shutting his eyes. But the date in this MS. of Aqui is wrong, for the battle of Layas really took place in 1294, a year or more before Marco's return from the East; a date clearly stated by several other chroniclers,* as well as in a spirited contemporary Genoese ballad on the subject:—

*'E per meo esse aregordenti
De si grande scacho mato
Correa mille duxenti
Zonto ge noranta e quatro.'*†

This seems to shut us up to the view that he was taken at Curzola in September, 1298, and released in 1299.

Ramusio's statement about the Genoese gentleman seems to be only a confused allusion to that dictation of the story in the prison of Genoa to one Rusticiano of Pisa, which is distinctly set forth in all the best MSS., though it appears to have been omitted from those known to Ramusio. The whole story of the self-sacrifice of Messer Nicolo in taking a second wife in his old age, and of the family that resulted, seems founded in mistake, as we see by the Wills which Cicogna has published. The old man did indeed leave three sons besides Marco, and their names were as Ramusio gives them. But two of them were illegitimate, and Matteo, at least, who seems to have been own brother to Marco, must, from the circumstances

* J. de Varagine; Pipino; Dandolo; Stella; all in 'Muratori,' tom. ix. 14, 42; xii. 404; xvii. 984.

† 'Archivio Stor. Italiano,' Appendice IV. No. 18, p. 14.

of the story, have been older than the Traveller. His Will is extant; it is dated August, 1300, and shows that old Nicolo was then already dead. We have also the Will of Marco the elder, which proves that instead of dying before his namesake's birth he was alive in 1280. Lastly, we have a part of Ramusio's statements confirmed by the Traveller's own Will made in January, 1323 (*ab Incarn. Dom.* probably 1324), which speaks of his then daily increasing infirmities, and names as the trustees Donata his wife, and his three daughters Fantina, Bellela, and Moreta.

Marco Polo stands easily at the head of Medieval Travellers, rather from the vastness of his experience and the great compass of his journeys than from eminent superiority of character and capacity. Zealous biographers have paralleled him with Columbus; but we fail to trace the high genius and enthusiasm, the ardent and justified convictions, which mark the Admiral as one of the lights of our race. It is a juster praise that the spur which his book gave to geography, and the landmarks which he hung out at the eastern extremities of the earth, tended to kindle the fire and guide the aims of the greater son of the rival republic. His work was a link in the Providential chain which in due time revealed the New World. A chronicler of his own age says that his stories were doubted, and that on his death-bed anxious friends begged him to retract; to which the dying traveller replied that he had not told the half. A little later, one who copied the work, '*per passare tempo e malinconia*,' says frankly that he puts no faith in it. Sir Thomas Brown is content to 'carry a wary eye' in reading '*Paulus Venetus*;' but others of our countrymen in the last century express strong doubts whether he ever was in Tartary or China.* Marsden's edition might well have extinguished the last sparks of scepticism. Von Hammer meant praise in calling Polo *der Vater Orientalischer Hodogetik* (!), in spite of the uncouthness of the eulogy; yet another grave German, ten years after Marsden, put forth in a serious book that the whole story was a clumsy imposture.

'The aim of the compiler,' says the author of this bold theory, 'was analogous to that of the old poet of the *Rolandslied*; he wished to fire the public zeal for the conversion of the Mongols, in order to facilitate trade with their territories. The Poli assuredly never got beyond Great Bucharía.'†

With all the intrinsic interest of the book, we doubt if it would have continued to exercise such fascination on many

* 'Vulg. Errors,' b. i. ch. viii.; 'Astley's Voyages,' iv. 533.

† Hüllmann, '*Städtewesen des Mittelalters*,' 1829, iv. 360, quoted by Neumann.

minds

minds through successive generations were it not for its difficulties. It is a great book of puzzles, whilst our confidence in the man's veracity is such that we feel certain every riddle has an answer.

And such difficulties have not attached merely to the identification of places, the interpretation of outlandish terms, or the illustration of obscure customs; for strange entanglements have perplexed also the chief circumstances of the traveller's life and authorship. The date of the dictation of his book and that of his last Will are almost the only absolutely ascertained dates in his biography. The year of his birth is disputed, and that of his death is unrecorded; the critical occasion of his capture by the Genoese, to which we seem to owe the happy fact that he did not go down mute to the tomb of his fathers, has been, as we have just seen, the subject of chronological difficulties; there are in the various texts of his story differences hard to account for; the very tongue in which it was written down has been a question solved only in our own day, and in a most unexpected manner.

The book itself consists essentially of two parts. First, of a *Prologue*, narrating in a very brief but interesting manner the circumstances which first led the elder Polos to the Khan's Court, and those of their second journey with Mark, and of the return to Persia through the Indian Seas. Secondly, of a series of Herodotean chapters, descriptive of notable sights and products, of curious manners or remarkable events, relating to the different nations and states of Asia, but more especially to the Emperor Kublai, his court, wars, and administration. A series of chapters near the close, omitted from many copies, treats of the wars between various branches of the house of Chinghiz, in the latter part of the thirteenth century.

As regards the language in which Marco's book was first written, we have seen that Ramusio assumed that it was Latin; Marsden supposed it to have been Venetian; Baldello Boni first maintained, on grounds that have since been expanded and strengthened to demonstration, that it was *French*.

The oldest MS. in any Italian dialect is one in the Magliabecchian Library, known as *L'Ottimo* from the purity of its language, and as the *Della Crusca* from its having been used by that body in their Vocabulary. It bears on its face the following note in Italian:—

'This Book, called the "Navigation of Messer Marco Polo," a noble citizen of Venice, was written in Florence by Michael Ormani, my great-grandfather by the mother's side, who died in the year of grace one thousand three hundred and nine; and my mother brought it into

our

our family of del Riccio, and it belongs to me Pier del Riccio and to my brother; 1452.'

As far as we can learn, the accuracy of this note has not been contested by competent judges. The MS. is, therefore, a performance going back to within eleven years of the first dictation, and possibly to some years earlier. At first sight this would rather argue for an original in pure Tuscan. But when Baldello came to prepare it for the press, he found manifest indications of its being a translation from the *French*. Others have followed up his examination, and we give, in a note, one or two examples of these indications out of many.*

The publication by the Geographical Society of Paris in 1824 of that French text which we have quoted below, afforded the strongest corroboration of the supposition that French was the language of the original. Rude as is the language of this manuscript (which for convenience we shall style the *Geographic Text*), in the correctness of its proper names, and in the intelligible exhibition of the itineraries, it was much superior to any other that had been published. It was also more complete, in presenting the whole of the historical chapters.

The language is very peculiar. We are obliged to call it French, but it is not 'Frenche of Paris,' and it is perhaps stretching a point to call it French at all. Its style, says M. Paulin Paris, is about as like that of good French authors of the time, as in our day the natural accent of a German or an Englishman is like that of a citizen of Paris. The author is at war with all the practices of French grammar; subject and object, numbers and moods are in consummate confusion. Even readers of his own day must sometimes have been fain to guess at his meaning. Italian words are constantly introduced, either quite crude or rudely Gallicised. And words also sometimes come in which appear to be purely Oriental, just as an Anglo-Indian major will perplex his neighbour at dinner by his talk of *kutchra* and *pukka*, *dakwalas*, and *khidmutgars*. All this is perfectly consistent with the supposition that we have in this MS. a copy at least of the original words as written down by Rusticiano, a Tuscan, from

* Repeatedly where Polo is explaining Oriental terms we find the phrase '*cioè a dire*,' not '*in Toscano*,' but '*in Francesco*.' The French text, speaking of the sable, says, the Tartars call it the king of furs—'*le Roi de pelaines*.' The Tuscan, taking this for a Tartar expression, has, '*E chiamanle li Tartari Leroide Pelame*.' Such a blunder is intelligible enough, but we have a more startling one in the account of the pearl-fishery of Southern India. The French text says the divers gather the shells called sea-oysters (*hostrige de Mer*), and in these oysters the pearls are found, &c. This is converted into the extraordinary statement that the divers catch those fishes that we call *Herrings* (*Arringhe*), and in those *Herrings* are found the pearls!

the dictation of Marco, an Orientalised Venetian, in French, a language foreign to them both.

But the character of the language as French is not the only evidence of this. There is in the style, apart from grammar, a rude angularity; the rough dramatism of unpolished oral narrative; sometimes over-curtness, sometimes hammering reiteration; a constant recurrence of pet colloquial phrases; a frequent change in the spelling of proper names even when repeated within a few lines, as if caught only by ear; a literal following to and fro of the hesitations of the narrator; a more general use of the third person in speaking of the Traveller, but an occasional lapse into the first; all of which are characteristics strikingly indicative of the unrevised product of dictation. Let us give some examples.

Thus, of crude Orientalisms. We find (p. 189) *Bonus* for 'ebony,' *Calamanz* for 'Pencases' (Pers. *Abnūs* and *Qalamdān*). At p. 251, the dead are mourned by *les mères et les Araines* (their *Harems*). In speaking of the land of the Ismaelites or Assassins, called *Mulhete* (i. e. the Arab *Mulāhidah*, Heretics), he explains this term, *ignotum per ignotius* (p. 38), as '*des Aram*' (*Harām*, impious or abominable). At p. 75, speaking of a half-breed race of Christians on the northern frontier of China, he calls them '*Argon, qe vaut a dire en Francoīs Guasmul*.' On these words much interesting but, perhaps, irrelevant matter has been written. The former title is still habitually applied in Ladak, &c., to half-breeds between the Kashmiri and the Tibetan races, as may be seen in the works of Cunningham and Moorcroft. General Cunningham explains it as the Or. Turkish *Arghūn* 'Fair.' *Gasmul* seems to have been a word of Crusaders' slang, applied to their own children by Greek women. It occurs (Γασμουῖλοι and Βασμουῖλοι) in the Byzantine histories of Pachymeres, N. Choniates, and Nicephorus Gregoras, and (*Vasmulo*) in the Venetian Laws of Candia. Ducange, in his notes to Joinville, gives an absurd etymology, but (*pace tanti viri*) it is probably a form of the surviving Italian *Guazzabuglio* = *Colluvies*.

As an example of the literal following of the hesitations of the narrator, take this (p. 274):—

'Now let us leave this, and tell you about the Great Sea (the Euxine). . . . By the Straits, as you enter the Great Sea, there is on the right a hill called the Faro—. But since beginning to talk of the Great Sea I have changed my mind about putting it in the book, because so many people are perfectly well acquainted with it. And so we'll let it alone, and begin about something else.'

As a sample of tautology and hammering reiteration we may

take a passage (p. 213) about the *Ciugui* (i. e. *Chugi*, the Jogis in India):—

‘These are longer lived than other people, for they live from 150 to 200 years. . . . And again, I tell you that these Chugi, who live such a long time as I have told you, also eat what I am going to tell you, and you will think it a great matter. For I tell you they take quicksilver and sulphur, and they mix them together and make a drink of them, and then they drink this, and they say that it lengthens their life, and in fact they live much longer thereby; and they do this, I tell you, twice every month; and let me tell you that these people use this drink from their infancy, in order to live longer, and without fail those who live so long as I have told you use this drink of quicksilver and sulphur.’

We may note, *par parenthèse*, that the Lady Kukâchin lost her intended husband through this precious potion. For Arghun Khan was persuaded by some of the Indian Lamas to put himself on this regimen of ‘simples’ for eight months, and it brought him to his grave.*

The ‘Rustacians,’ or Rusticiano of Pisa, who announces himself as the fellow-prisoner and amanuensis of Polo, is not otherwise altogether unknown. He is mentioned by I. Disraeli as a Romancer patronised by our Henry III., and some of the romances which he compiled have survived among the MSS. of the Paris Library, whilst two of them were printed in that city at an early date. The style of the printed books has been modified, but M. Pauthier says that the MSS. distinctly exhibit the barbarous language of the ‘Geographic Text.’

That the original work was French we conceive there has been little room to doubt, since Baldello’s publication. But M. Davezac, the ablest author of our day on these subjects, had, as early as 1841, produced express testimony to this by a fairly competent authority of the 14th century, viz., John le Long of Ypres, the great sire and prototype of all our Ramusios, Hakluyts, and Purchases, who about 1350 made a precious collection of Asiatic travels.†

Having shown, then, not only that there is early authority for the work having been written in French, but also that an existing French text has all tokens of closely representing the work as originally indited, we may cite some circumstances to show that the use of French for this purpose was not a fact of a very unusual nature. The French language had then, perhaps, relatively a

* Quatremère’s ‘Rashiduddin,’ p. 194.

† ‘*Librum in vulgari Gallico composuit.*’ See ‘*Thesaurus Novus Anecd.,* 1717, iii. col. 747.

wider diffusion than even now. It was still spoken at the court of England, and still used by many English writers. French had been the prevailing tongue of the Crusaders, and continued to be that of the numerous Frank courts which they established in the East. The Catalan soldier Ramon de Muntaner says that the gentry of the Morea continued to speak as good French as at Paris.* Quasi-French, at least, was still spoken half a century later by the numerous Christians at Aleppo, *teste* John Marignolli;† the accomplished Ghazan Khan is said by the historian Rashiduddin to have known a little of the Frank language, probably French;‡ and if we may trust Maundevile, the Soldan of Egypt and four of his chief lords 'spak Frensche righte well.' Nor was Polo's use of French exceptional, even among writers on the East who were not Frenchmen. Maundevile himself seems to have written his work first in French. The 'History of the East,' which the Armenian Prince Hayton dictated to Nicolas Faulcon in 1307, was in French. There are many other examples of the use of French by foreign, and especially Italian writers. One of the most notable is that of Dante's master, Brunetto Latini, whose 'Tresor' was written in that language; as one reason for which he assigns '*que le parleur en est plus delitable et plus commune à toutes gens.*'§ Martino da Canale, another Italian author, wrote a chronicle of Venice, during Polo's absence in the East, in the same language, saying also: '*porce que lengue Franceise cort parmi le monde, et est la plus delitable à lire et à oïr que nule autre, me sui-je entremis de translater l'ancienne estoire de Veneciens de Latin en Franceis.*'|| But no instance is so much in point as that of Rusticiano himself, whom we have seen to have written French romances, and who therefore probably piqued himself on his French, though with so little justice.

A question suggests itself how far the story, at least in its expression, was modified by passing through the pen of a professed littérateur like Rusticiano. We have already indicated our own view, that the 'Geographic Text' is as nearly as possible a photographic impress of Marco's dictation. If there be any exception to this, we should seek it in the descriptions of battles, in which we find the narrator constantly falls into certain bombastic common places, which look like the stock phrases of a professed romancer, *e. g.*:—

'And now began the din of battle to resound from this side and from that. And with such mortal force were plied their bows and

* Buchon, 'Chroniques,' &c., p. 582.

† 'Cathay,' &c., Hak. Soc., p. 352.

‡ Hammer's 'Ilkhans,' ii. 148.

§ Villemain, 'Cours de Litt. Franc.,' i. 330.

|| 'Archiv. Storico Italiano,' viii. 268.

their maces, their spears and their swords, and the arblasts of the footmen, that it was a sight to see! Now might you behold the arrows fly from this side and from that, so that the sky was canopied with them, and they fell like rain! Now might you see knights and men-at-arms on this side and on that fall in numbers from their horses, so that the soil was covered with their bodies! From this side and from that rose such a cry from the wounded and the dying that God might have thundered and you would not have heard!’

This we take from Pauthier's text as less diffuse (p. 246). Precisely the same description of a battle, expanded or retrenched, but with substantially identical phraseology, frequently recurs in different parts of the book. Whether this romancing style is due to Rusticiano we cannot say, but an examination of his romances might decide. We must, however, observe that though Marco shows few signs of reading, there are indications that he had read romances, particularly those touching the fabulous adventures of Alexander.

To these he seems to allude in speaking of Gog and Magog (pp. 41 and 217 of 'Pauthier'), of the marriage of Alexander with Darius's daughter (p. 117), of the Arbre Seul, Sol, or Sec, ('l'Arbre Seul que le Livre d'Alixandre appelle Arbre Sec' p. 730, and see p. 95).

The explanation of these allusions is to be found in the cycle of romantic tales which gathered round the name of Alexander, as other cycles gathered round Arthur and Charlemagne, with this difference, that the tales of Alexander filled Asia as well as Europe, and are to be found in Arabic, Persian, Armenian, and Hebrew, as well as in Greek, Latin, and the Romance and northern languages. The basis of these fables is of very old date, and may be seen in 'Julius Valerius,' edited by Mai, and in the 'Pseudo-Callisthenes,' edited by Müller. Poems and romantic histories on this basis were numerous in Polo's age, and their popularity continued down to the sixteenth century, furnishing food for repeated editions to the early press. The story of the Macedonian had become a 'cadre encyclopédique,' as a French scholar expresses it, for all marvels. And as Sikander is to this day with the Mahomedans a true son of Islam, so in medieval romance he sometimes appears as a true son of the Church, and at his coronation in Babylon has mass sung before him. The imbroglio of Time and Space in Canning's German play is matched in some of these Gestes. One of them (though of comparatively late date) makes Alexander receive an embassy from the Knights of St. John; another, and one of the most famous, makes him regret on his deathbed that he was leaving France unconquered:—

'France

'France la renommée, qui a conquerre est male;
France fust chief du monde, que sa droiture est tale,
Car la gent est très noble, n'est nul qui le vale.'*

And this sentiment would seem to have found appropriate local expression in other countries. Middle aged men can remember how, in Scotland, the village mummers, or *guisards*, still went their rounds on the last night of the year, and how their leader was always, as he used to announce himself—

'Alexander, King of Macedon,
Who conquered all the world but *Scotland* alone!'

a singular testimony, certainly, to the universal prevalence of these fables.

The heads of most of the medieval travellers were crammed with them as genuine history. And, with the help of that community of legend which they found wherever Mahomedanism had spread, Alexander Magnus was to be traced everywhere in Asia. Friar Odoric found Tana, near Bombay, to be the veritable city of King Porus; John Marignolli's vain glory led him to imitate King Alexander in setting up a marble column 'in the corner of the world over against Paradise,' i.e. somewhere on the coast of Travancore; whilst Maundevile, with a cheaper ambition, borrowed wonders from the travels of Alexander to adorn his own.

Prominent in all these stories, from the 'False Callisthenes' downwards, is the tale of Alexander's shutting up a score of impure nations, at the head of which were Gog and Magog, within a barrier of impassable mountains, there to await the latter days, a legend with which the disturbed mind of Europe not unnaturally connected that cataclysm of unheard-of Pagans that threatened to bury Christendom in the first half of the thirteenth century. In these stories also the beautiful Roxana, who becomes the bride of Alexander, is *Darius's* daughter, bequeathed to his arms by the dying monarch. Prominent in them again is the legend of the Oracular Trees of the Sun and Moon, somewhere on the borders of India, which, with audible voice, foretel the place and manner of Alexander's death. This Tree of the Sun we believe to be what is aimed at in the *Arbre Sol* of the old Rustician text of Polo, and we therefore look on M. Pauthier's elaborate note on the subject as mistaken.† With this Alexandrian

* 'Notices et Extraits,' &c., v. 106.

† Pauthier reads *Arbre Solque*, and conceives it to be an Arabic name *Thûlq* for the Oriental *Platanus*, or *Chinar*, which is unquestionably the Tree described by Polo. *Thûlq*, which M. Pauthier himself, with curious simplicity, states to be Forskal's *Ficus Vasta*, should properly be *Tholaq*, and is no Plane-tree, but the well-

andrian myth Polo seems to have mixed up one of Christian origin about the Dry Tree, *l'Arbre Sec*, of which traces are found in Maundevile, Odoric, Clavijo, and Schiltberger. No doubt, a search through the Alexandrian Romances would show how this amalgamation came about. For in 'Kyng Alisaundre' (Weber, i. 277) the name *Arbre Sec* appears to be applied to the Trees of the Sun and Moon, though it is corruptly transcribed: '*Arbeset men hem callith.*'

To return to the text of Polo. Besides that unique 'Geographic Text,' there is another class of French MSS. which have the highest claims to consideration, corroborated by a kind of certificate which two of them bear. It is to the effect that the copy from which they were derived was presented by Marco Polo himself, in August, 1307, to the Seigneur Thibault de Cepoy, who was then at Venice as representative of Charles Count of Valois, claiming the Empire of Constantinople in right of his wife Catherine, the representative of the last Latin Emperor. It also states that this copy was the first that had ever been taken of the book after Marco Polo made it. It would seem, therefore, that this original copy claimed to have the special seal of Marco Polo's revision and approval, and to a considerable extent the character of the MSS. derived from it is corroborative of this claim, though they are far from having the perfection that M. Pauthier attributes to them, an opinion which leads him into various paradoxes. Nor can we allow this certificate to impugn the authenticity of the 'Geographic Text,' which demonstrably represents an older original. The first idea apparently entertained by M. Davezac and M. Paulin Paris was that the latter text (which came from the old Royal Library at Blois) was itself the copy given to the Sire de Cepoy, and that the differences in the copies of the class we have last alluded to resulted merely from the modifications of transcription into purer French. But on closer examination the differences have proved too great and peculiar to be thus explained. They consist in great modification of the rude half-Italian style of the old text, though Italianisms still remain; in considerable abridgment, generally of tautology, but also extending to some

well-known Indian Banyan! The reading *Solque* simply arises from a copyist's reduplication of the pronoun *que* after *Sol*. The oddest circumstance about Pauthier's explanation is, that so shrewd a gentleman as M. Khanikoff should have accepted it as *très heureuse*. See Pauthier, p. 95; Ritter, vi., 662-3, 679; 'Journ. Royal Geo. Soc.,' viii. 275. The Trees of the Sun and Moon are probably to be traced to the two great cypresses of Khorasan, which Zertusht was said to have brought from Paradise, and which the Khalif Motawakkil, in the ninth century, cut down,—an act followed (as the story goes) by his own death (see Ouseley's 'Travels,' i. 387).

substantial

substantial circumstances; in the omission of a few notably erroneous statements and expressions; and in a few insertions of small importance. Whether the transcript made for Thibault contained the whole of the concluding historical chapters cannot be known. But all the known MSS. derived from it are like the Yunan horses of which Marco tells us, 'docked of some joints of the tail,' and leave out the mass of those chapters.

We have thus two types of Polo's text, both of which may claim authenticity: one as a copy of the original dictation in prison; the other as representing an edition claiming to be revised under Polo's superintendence. The essential differences between the two are not many. But apart from corrupt epitomes, there is a third type of the narrative deviating greatly from these two, and the history of which is involved in a cloud of difficulty. We mean that prepared for the press by Ramusio, with most interesting (though, as we have seen, not always accurate) preliminary dissertations, and published at Venice two years after his death, in the second volume of the memorable 'Navigationi e Viaggi.'

The differences in this edition, which Ramusio seems to imply that he translated from a copy of Fra Pipino's Latin (a version made in 1320), are very remarkable. The whole of the concluding historical chapters, and several others, are absent, many additional circumstances and anecdotes are introduced, many names assume a different form, and the whole style is more copious and literary in character; while some of the changes or insertions carry us further from the truth, others contain facts of Asiatic nature and history, as well as of Polo's own experiences, which it is extremely difficult to ascribe to any hand but the Traveller's own. This was the view taken by Baldello, Klapproth, and Neumann; but H. Murray, Lazari, and Bartoli, regard the changes as interpolations by another hand, and Lazari is rash enough to ascribe the whole to a *rifacimento* of Ramusio's day, asserting it to contain transfers from Hayton, Conti, and even from Barbosa and Pigafetta. We cannot trace the ground for these last assertions. But we recognise to a *certain extent* indications of modern tampering with the text, as where proper names have been identified and more recent forms substituted. In days when an editor's duty was ill understood, this was natural.* Thus we find substituted for the *Bastra* of the older texts the more modern and incorrect *Balsora*, dear to memories of the 'Arabian Nights'; in Persia we have *Spaan* (Ispahan) where older texts read *Istanit*; for *Cormos* we have *Ormus*; for *Her-*

* As late as Bishop Percy's time, how ill an editor's duty was understood!

minia,

minia, Armenia, &c. These instances are, however, not very numerous, and may be classed with the chapter headings, which are evidently Ramusio's own. In more material cases, however, this editorial spirit has been at work with imperfect knowledge, and has blundered. Thus where a predatory band of Tartars is described as having seized an Indian city called *Dalivar*, Ramusio carries them to *Malabar*. So also Polo is made to describe Ormus as *on an island*, of which there is no word in the old texts; nor, indeed, was the city transferred to the island, afterwards so famous, till some years after Marco's return home.

Passages however occur *only* in this version, which it is scarcely possible to assign to anybody but Polo himself. Thus we have a long chapter on the oppressions exercised by Kublai's Mahomedan Minister Achmac (Ahmed), which tells how the Cathayans rose and murdered him, it being added that Marco was on the spot when this happened. Now not only is the story in substantial accordance with the Chinese annals, even to the name of the chief conspirator Wangcheu (*Vanchu* of Ramusio), but those annals also tell how Kublai sent for '*Polo, assessor of the Privy Council*,' to inquire about the facts, and how Polo opened the Khan's eyes to the oppressions that had been going on.*

In another passage, after a good description of the Tibetan yak, Ramusio's version alone adds that it is the practice to cross the yak with the common cow, producing thus an animal remarkable for its powers of work. These mule cattle are *now* well known on our Himalayan frontier under various names, but we question if any notice of them is to be found for 500 years after Polo's time. This was certainly no Ramusian interpolation.

We might fill pages with similar illustrations, but these must suffice. Much of the version, we have said, shows a freer utterance and more of a literary faculty than we should attribute to Polo from the earlier texts. This however might be explained by the drawbacks of dictation to which the latter owed their origin, and by the conjecture that Marco, after some years, acquired or recovered a power of composition in his native tongue, which may well have been defective for some time after his return.

We think a probable hypothesis would be something like this. We suppose that Polo, in his old age, added with his own hand supplementary notes to a copy of his work; that these, perhaps in his lifetime, more probably after his death, were incorporated

* Quoted by Baldello from 'De Mailla,' ix. 415.

with a copy of Pipino's Latin version, and that Ramusio in retranslating for the 'Navigationi' made those minor modifications in names, &c., in a mistaken editorial spirit, which we have already noticed; whilst the mere facts of digestion from memoranda, and double translation would account for some amount of unintentional corruption.

What manner of man was Messer Marco? It is a question hard to answer. Some critics cry out against personal detail in books of travel; but as regards him, what should we not give for a little more egotism, and of the garrulity of Herodotus to whom he has been compared? In his book impersonality is carried to excess; we can discern only by indirect and often doubtful indications whether he is speaking of a place from personal knowledge, or merely from hearsay. In truth, though there are delightful exceptions, and nearly every part of the book suggests interesting questions, through large tracts of the narrative there is a desperate meagreness. Still some shadowy semblance of the man is seen; 'a practical man,' brave, shrewd, keen in affairs, fond of the chase, sparing of speech; with a deep wondering respect for saints of the ascetic pattern, even if Pagans, but for his own part a keen appreciation of this world's pomps and vanities. See, on the one hand, how he admires what he had heard of the hard life and long fastings of Sakya Muni; and on the other how enthusiastic he gets in speaking of the great Khan's command of the good things of life, but chiefly it would seem of his matchless sporting opportunities.

Of humour there are hardly any signs in his story. His almost solitary joke occurs in speaking of the Khan's paper money, when he observes that one might say he had the *Arcanum* in perfection, for he made his money at pleasure out of the bark of trees. Even the oddest eccentricities of outlandish tribes do not seem to disturb his gravity; as when he relates in his brief way of the people called Zar-dandân or Gold-Teeth, on the frontier of Burma, that ludicrous and far-spread custom which Mr. Tylor has so well explained and illustrated under the name of the *couvade* :*

'And when a woman among them has borne a child, they wash it and swathe it, and she rises and goes about her tasks, whilst the husband takes to bed, keeping the child with him, and lies so for forty days, and is visited by all his kith and kin. And they have great feasting and jollity. And this they do because, say they, the woman has gone through great travail, so it is right that the man also should suffer his share.'

* 'Early History of Mankind,' &c., 288 seqq.

There is more savour of laughter in the few lines of the Greek Epic which relate precisely the same practice of a people on the Euxine,* and M. Pauthier appropriately quotes an old French story of Marco's own age (*Aucassin and Nicolette*), in which the custom is treated with humour.

Of scientific notions, such as we find in the unveracious Maundevile, we have no trace in the truthful Marco. The former, 'lying with a circumstance,' tells us boldly that he was in 33° south latitude; the latter is full of wonder that some of the Indian Islands, where he had been, lay so far south that you lost sight of the Polestar. And when it again rises on his horizon he estimates the latitude by the Polestar's being so many cubits high. This conveys no notion at all to us whose ideas have been sophisticated by angular perceptions of altitude, but we have heard exactly similar expressions from modern orientals. Friar Jordanus says that at one place in India he saw the Polestar only *two digits* above the sea.† And the gallant Baber speaks of the sun having mounted *spear-high* when the onset of battle began at Paniput. In another place Marco states regarding certain islands in the Northern Ocean that they are so very far north that in going thither one actually leaves the Polestar behind towards the south; a statement to which we know but one parallel, in the voyage of that adventurous Dutch skipper who told Master Moxon, King Charles II.'s hydrographer, in a beershop at Amsterdam, that he had sailed two degrees beyond the Pole!

In the early part of the book we are told that Marco acquired several of the languages spoken in the Mongol Empire, and no less than four written characters. There can be little doubt that one of these was the Arabic or Persian character, and another the Uigur, founded on the old Syriac, and itself the parent of the modern Mongol and Manchu writing, but nothing very satisfactory has been suggested as to the other two. Chinese is not likely to have been one of them. Besides the intrinsic improbability, and positive indications of Marco's ignorance of Chinese, in no respect is his book so defective as in regard to *Chinese*

* In the Tibarenian land,
When some good woman bears her lord a babe,
'Tis he is swathed and groaning put to bed;
Whilst she arises, tends his baths, and serves
Nice possets for her husband in the straw.'

Apoll. Rhod. 'Argon.' ii. 1012.

† This expression may be derived from the terms of the Arab mariners, with whose rude instruments altitudes were estimated in digits or inches, each digit according to J. Prinsep's calculations being about $1^{\circ} 36\frac{1}{2}'$. Marco's *cubits* are not so easily explained.

manners and peculiarities. The use of tea (though he travelled through the tea districts of Fokien) is never mentioned, the compressed feet of the women, the employment of the fishing cormorant, artificial egg-hatching, printing of books, and a score of other remarkable arts and customs, which one would have expected to recur to his memory, are never alluded to. Neither does he speak of the great characteristic of the Chinese writing. It is difficult in any way to account for these omissions, especially considering the comparative fulness with which he treats the manners of the Tartars and Southern Hindoos, but the impression remains that his associations in China were chiefly with foreigners. Wherever the place he speaks of had a Tartar or a Persian name, he uses that rather than the Chinese one; thus *Cathay*, *Khanbalig*, *Pulisanghi*, *Tangut*, *Chagamur*, *Saianfu*, *Kenjanfu*, *Tenduc*, *Akbalig*, *Karajang*, *Zardandan*, *Zayton*, *Kemenfu*, *Brius*, *Caramoran*, *Chorcha*, *Juju*, are all Mongol, Turkish, or Persian forms, though all have Chinese equivalents. In reference to the historical events of Asia then recent, Marco is often inaccurate, e.g. in his account of the death of Chinghiz, and in the list of his successors. But the most perplexing knot in the whole book is perhaps contained in the interesting account he gives of the siege of Saianfu (Siangyang in the province of Hupé), during the subjugation of Manzi or Southern China. (Pauthier, p. 470 *seqq.*).

'Know that when the host of the Great Kaan had beleaguered the city for three years, and could not take it, they were in great wrath thereat. So then Messire Nicolo Polo, and Messire Matteo said to the Great Kaan that if he liked they would make engines by which he should infallibly take the place, on hearing which he was greatly delighted. Then the two brothers caused timbers to be prepared, and great perrieres and mangonels to be made, and caused these to be planted in divers places about the city. When the lord and his barons saw these engines mounted, and shooting stones, they marvelled greatly, and looked on right gladly. For it was a passing strange thing to them, seeing they had never beheld or heard tell of such engines. So the engines cast their shot into the city and beat down numbers of houses, and slew a marvellous number of people. And when the people of the city saw what an unseen and unheard of calamity had come upon them, they were greatly dismayed, and marvelled much how it could be. They looked all to be slain by the stones, and thought it was sorcery in good sooth. So they took counsel and agreed to surrender.'

Now to a certain extent there is a remarkable agreement between this narrative and that derived from Chinese and Persian sources.* All three authorities agree that foreign engineers were

* See D'Ohsson, 'H. des Mongols,' ii. 387-394.

called in and caused the fall of the place, whilst all differ as to the individuals. But the difficulties in Marco's story are more serious. According to the Chinese chronology, which is minute and consecutive, the siege of Siangyang was undertaken in 1268, and the place fell in 1273. But these were precisely the years when none of the Polo family were in China; for unless we make merciless alterations in all the texts, the elder Polos must have left Kublai's court in 1266, and did not reach it again with Mark till 1275. M. Pauthier fails in suggesting a plausible explanation, nor can we suggest any. But we have such confidence in Marco's veracity that we believe the facts must admit of explanation.

Our faint attempt to appreciate some of Marco's qualities as gathered from his work, will seem far below the very high estimates which have been formed by persons worthy of all respect. But no good can come of the exaggerations of biographers. Our estimate does not abate a jot of our intense interest in his book and gratitude to his memory. And we have a strong feeling that partly owing to his reticence and partly to the great disadvantages of dictation we have in the book a most imperfect impression of the man.*

We had now hoped to speak of all the chief editions of Marco Polo that have been issued since Marsden's was noticed in this Review; but in order to treat adequately the latest, we must pass over the others with simple mention. Baldello Boni, Murray, Bürck, with the appended notes (too hastily executed) of the Chinese scholar Neumann, Lazari, and Bartoli, have all added something of value to the illustration of Polo's book or life. To Bartoli's excellent essay on the literary history of the subject we have been especially indebted.

We now come to Pauthier's edition; by far the most important since Marsden's, and the first seriously undertaken by a Chinese scholar. Klaproth indited much excellent matter in illustration of Polo, both directly and indirectly, and used to speak as if he had an edition far advanced. His posthumous papers, however, afforded very little matter of that kind.

M. Pauthier's work appears with great external elegance, accompanied by a beautiful map, an engraving of the house at Venice known in Ramusio's time as the *Corte del Milione*, and by medallion portraits of Kublai and the Traveller. The former is from a Chinese source, and may have some value, but

* It shows how little diffused was literary ambition or vanity, that the narratives of the four most notable medieval travellers, Marco, Odoric, Conti, and Ibn Batuta, were all drawn from their authors by a kind of pressure, and committed to paper by dictation.

M. Pauthier leaves his readers to find out for themselves that the latter is fictitious. There is no extant likeness of Polo. The text is derived from the three Paris MSS. of the type presented to T. de Cepoy, no example of which has previously been printed.

The distinguishing feature is the great amount of *Chinese* research that M. Pauthier has brought to bear in illustration of Polo, which it does often most happily effect, throwing a light upon our author which is entirely new in degree, and must have involved enormous labour. This will be best understood by some examples, but the notes are too diffuse to be quoted textually.

In ch. lxxxii. Marco in speaking of the family of Kublai, tells us that seven of his legitimate sons were created *Kings* of different states and provinces. An elaborate note shows, from Chinese annals, that this is exactly true; seven sons, whose names are given with other particulars, having been raised to the dignity of *Wang* or king, in different provinces.

In ch. xciv. Polo describes how the Great Khan's year was laid out. From September to February he held his court at the capital Cambaluc (Khan-baligh or Peking). He then made a grand hunting progress '*vers la mer Océane*,' past the sea terminus of the Great Wall, from which he returned about the middle of May. Three days only were then spent at the capital in great festivity, after which he proceeded to pass the hot season at the Simla of the Mongol Emperors, Shangtu, '*car celui lieu est moult froiz*.' Here he remained till the end of August. 'These regular habits of Kublai Khan,' says M. Pauthier, 'are confirmed to the letter by the great *Chronological Table of Chinese History*.' Extracts follow, confirming the account quite sufficiently, though by no means 'to the letter.'

In mentioning the city of Chinginguy, Polo relates a circumstance that occurred at its capture by Baian, one of Kublai's most famous lieutenants, during the conquest of Manzi, or Southern China, from the dynasty called Sung:—

'The said Baian sent a party of his people, who were of those called Alans (who are Christians), to take the city. They took it, and on entering found store of good wine. So they drank themselves drunk, and then lay down to sleep like so many swine. As soon as night fell, the people slew them all; not a man escaped. And when Baian learned that they had slain his men thus treacherously, he sent another admiral of his with a great host, and took the city by storm, and put all the inhabitants to the sword, so that not a man escaped alive.'

The note on this contains an extract from the Chinese history,
which

which shows that Changcheu, the city in question, had surrendered in April, 1275, was recovered by the Sung in June, and was stormed by Peyen (Baian) in December. He had sent a summons which was not listened to. 'He then ordered the whole of the townspeople who lived outside the walls to be pressed without distinction of rank, and to be employed on the lines of attack. When this task was finished, he caused all of them to be put to death, boiled their flesh, and used the fat to grease his artillery engines. . . . The town was assaulted on four sides at once, carried, and sacked.' The commandant died by his own hand. Baian ordered the whole population to be massacred. One officer only, with eight horsemen, cut his way out. Nothing is said of the massacre of the Alans. But, as Pauthier observes, such an act on the part of a chief who had previously acted with eminent humanity, must have had some provocation which the Chinese historians either did not know, or have suppressed; and this Marco Polo explains.

Of this Baian, a Mongol of the Barin tribe, and bearing a name famous of old in Byzantine history,* Pauthier elsewhere gives many interesting and more creditable particulars. Marco tells us that Kublai gave the command of the army of Manzi to this

'Baron of his, who was called Baian Chinesan, which is as much as to say, "Baian with the Hundred Eyes." And know that the King of Manzi had found by his astrology that he never would lose his kingdom, unless there came a man that had a hundred eyes. And so he held himself secure; for he could not believe there ever could be such a man. But he was out in his reckoning, for he knew not the name that Baian bore.'

So Baian came, taking city after city, till he laid his leaguer before Kinsay, the great capital of the Sung (*hod. Hangcheufu*), and then the king took to his ships and fled to the islands, leaving the queen to defend the capital '*comme vaillante Dame*.'

'Then the lady sent to her astronomers to ask who should win; and what was the name of the leader? And they told her that his name was Baian of the Hundred Eyes. And straightway she called to mind that this was the man who was to strip them of empire. So she gave herself up to Baian.'

So in our own day ran the Hindoo prophecy that Bhurtapore would never fall till there came a great Alligator against it; and when it fell to the English assault, the Brahmins found that the name of the leader was COMBERMERE—*Kumhir Mir*, the Crocodile Lord!

* As of the chief of the Avars in the sixth century.

'Be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope!'

Polo, it is seen, says the General was called '*Baian* Cincsan *qui vaut à dire Baian Cent iex*' (Cent yeux). Chingsang, however, is a Chinese title of a high Minister of State, occurring often in the Mongol history. It is, as Marsden pointed out, *Pe-yen*, the Chinese form of *Baian*, which can be rendered *Centoculus*, whilst Polo seems clearly to attribute that meaning to *Chingsang*. And this looks like conclusive proof of ignorance of Chinese.

Among many other valuable notes, we may call attention to the comparison of Polo's account of the defeat of the Burmese, with that given in the '*Chinese Annals*' (p. 410); to that on the rebellion of Nayan, with a curious notice of the alleged use of fire-arms on that occasion (p. 238-9); on the ceremonial of the Mongol Court (p. 290); on the city of Khanbalig under the Mongols (p. 314); on their paper money (319 *seqq.*); on the Mongol Cabinet (331); on the revenue (510-18); on Chinese intercourse under Kublai with the States of Southern India (614, *seqq.*), which is very new and curious, but too diffuse for extract.

From the note on the revenue we gather remarkable facts about the publication of the almanacks, which was a Government monopoly. In the year 1328, copies of different editions were issued to the total number of 5,745,380. A great number of these seem to have been issued gratuitously, no doubt to the vast Chinese bureaucracy. The nominal prices seem to have varied from 7½*d.* to ten times that amount, and the actual produce to the treasury is stated at the equivalent of about 86,000*l.* But as the values are in paper money, the estimation of which fluctuated exceedingly, and was sometimes very low, it is almost impossible to derive positive statistics from this or the other financial tables supplied by M. Pauthier.

M. Pauthier has also read diligently in other directions for the illustration of his author, and has made some good identifications of names hitherto misunderstood. Thus he shows that the *Tigris* River, named on the journey of the elder Poli from Russia to Bokhara, is not the Jaxartes, as Marsden and others assumed, but the Wolga itself. *Tunocain*, again, is a province described by Marco as lying in the east or north-east of Persia. Marsden, reading in Ramusio *Timochain*, interpreted this as *Damghan*, an interpretation which Baldello hailed as the key of the whole itinerary. But Pauthier's explanation is far happier, and its merit carries conviction on its face. *Tün* and *Qain* are

two

two chief cities of the Kuhistan, or hilly tract of Eastern Persia, and the province itself, after a frequent Asiatic practice, has been designated by coupling them (*Persicé*), *Tún-o-Qain*. The elucidation is not the less happy that M. Pauthier does not seem to have had proof of the actual use of the designation. But it is used by Sultan Baber.* The *Pascia* or *Pasciai* of Polo, which has set commentators astray, Pauthier is unquestionably right, at least as regards the name, in identifying with a part of the southern skirts of the Hindu Kush, where there are still extensive remains of a tribe so called (*Pashai*). But M. Pauthier never knows when to stop, and when he proceeds also to identify *Pasciai* with the *Kafirs* of *Pich* (i.e. *Peetch*) mentioned by Baber, he merely confuses and cancels his own happier indications.

With such mild censure of one of M. Pauthier's weaknesses we should gladly have contented ourselves, had he not challenged a stricter measure of justice by his perpetual and unworthy depreciation of his predecessors, accompanied by a sickly self-applause in regard to his own achievements.

In his introduction, the large and interesting subject of the 'Bibliography of Marco Polo' is compressed into eleven lines, the largest half of which is occupied by the following words:—

'We will dispense with the enumeration of these editions, of which Marsden in his English one of 1818, and V. Lazari in his Italian one of 1847, have given the names. Their own editions with that of Baldello Boni (1827) are the most important on account of the notes by which they are accompanied. But the greater part of these notes are either irrelevant, or are useless dissertations on erroneous suppositions.'—p. xcv.

In another place:—

'In all the long commentaries hitherto made on the Book of Marco Polo, there are but very few pages that will henceforward be anything but striking testimonies to the deficiency of critical power in their authors' (p. 227). 'All that the various commentators have written on this chapter, as on most others, is not merely worthless, but is capable only of giving false ideas on the subjects which they profess to elucidate' (p. 328). 'That which Marco Polo says here. . . . confirms in the most unexpected manner the determination which we formerly made of the true position of the *Arbre Sec*, which none of the commentators of Marco Polo have been able to recognise, any more than they have the greater part of the places which he has described' (p. 373).

We may observe that there is as little ground for the first part of this sentence as there is taste or truth in the last. What M. Pauthier has written on the *Arbre Sec* is for the most part

* Baber's 'Memoirs,' p. 204.

'a useless dissertation on erroneous suppositions.' We have exposed one of his errors on the subject. Take another sample. Klapproth describes, from Chinese sources, '*The Isolated Tree*. This tree exists on the north-west frontier of the Khassaks of the Left, on the upper part of the river *Olie* When the Khassaks pass, they kneel and worship it,' &c. M. Pauthier thinks *this* is probably the *Arbre Sec* of Polo, and adds that the river *Olie*, on whose banks it stands, is 'the *Ori* descending from the Hindu Kush, and passing near Khunduz, in Badakhshan' (p. 96). As the Khassaks of the Left are those otherwise called the Middle Horde, west of the Irtysh, this *Isolated Tree*, according to Pauthier's geography extends from the noonday shadows of the Indian Caucasus to the frontier of Tobolsk! No wonder he calls it *Ficus Vasta*!—or rather, '*Ingens annosa robore quercus, UNA NEMUS*!' Well might the Khassaks venerate such boundless continuity of shade! Klapproth is the especial object of bitter disparagement, for no reason that we discern except that he was a Chinese scholar, and wrought in this field. The *odium theologicum* appears to be a trifle to the *odium sinologicum*. Klapproth is 'the too much puffed Prussian Orientalist, who affected in all that concerned the East universal knowledge and uncontrolled superiority,' whose custom it was 'to disparage the labours of others in order to exalt his own, the sources of which are far from being always indicated,' &c., &c.

Medice sana teipsum. We see that M. Pauthier can 'disparage the labours of others to exalt his own.' Let us see if 'the sources of his results are always indicated.'

M. Pauthier (p. 49) parades as original the derivation of *cramoisi* from the Arabic *Qirmiz*. But almost any dictionary, for the last three centuries, gives the etymology. And he need not have confounded the *Qirmiz* (*Coccus Ilidis*), known from the earliest times, with the Mexican *cochineal*.

He follows Marsden in identifying the Cobinam of Polo with *Khavis* in the Persian Desert. There is no good ground for the identification. The resemblance in name is slight, the distances are inconsistent. In Marsden's time, indeed, *Khavis* was misplaced; but Mr. Abbott's visit and paper in the Geographical Society's Journal had corrected this long ago. Thus M. Pauthier borrows a bad shilling, but still he might acknowledge it! * The explanation of *Tuc* as applied by Polo to a great Mongol

* Marsden, p. 77. Cobinam is probably *Kuh-Benan*, which appears in Consul Abbott's itinerary as a district north of Kerman. (See 'Journ. Royal Geog. Soc.,' xxv. p. 25, also 'Sprenger, Post-Routen des Orients,' p. 77.)

corps d'armée, from the *Tugh* or yak's tail borne by the highest officers, and that of *Faghfur*, the old Persian name of the kings of China, as a translation of the epithet 'Son of Heaven,' are both to be found in Neumann.* He appears to borrow from Lazari the explanation of the odd name *Gheluchelan*, which Polo applies to the Caspian, as being *Göl Ghilan*, 'the Lake of Ghilan.'† We suspect this to be another bad coin. Polo, we doubt not, said the sea was called that of *Ghil* or of *Ghilán*, the name being used in fact, like many Oriental names of provinces, sometimes in a singular form, sometimes in a plural one. Rusticiano probably took *Ghil ou Ghilan* for one word, and produced the name as it stands. Pauthier's derivation of the *Brius* River of Marco Polo (really the *Bri-tshu* of Kiepert's Asia, the Tibetan branch of the Great Kiang) from the Burmese *Mret*, a river, is in the highest degree improbable; but it is not even original; it was suggested by Jacquet.‡ His identification of the *Cielstan* or *Suolstan* of Polo with the *Shaulistan* of Medieval Persia is excellent; but it was pointed out by Quatremère.§ His explanation of *Avarian*, the title of respect which Marco says the Saracens in India gave to St. Thomas (Ar. *Hawári*, an apostle of our Lord) is very happy, but it was given nearly three centuries ago by Joseph Scaliger,|| and repeated by Andreas Müller. A loan from Murray deserves special notice. M. Pauthier is about to identify the *Pein* of Polo with the district of Eastern Turkestan called *Baï*. To give *éclat* to his own success he begins by saying, 'This city of Pein has till now greatly perplexed commentators; it has, as one of the latest (Mr. Hugh Murray) says, *defied all conjecture*.' Here M. Pauthier's quotation stops. Had it proceeded, we should have learned that Hugh Murray, twenty years before, had himself given that solution of the knot which Pauthier is about to put forward as his own.

M. Pauthier piques himself on his knowledge of '*notre vieux Français*.' We have no such pretension, but we cannot help noticing palpable errors in his explanations. *Bouguerans* are explained (p. 38) as 'woollen stuffs;' they were cotton. In Georgia, Marco says (p. 42), '*Il y a les meilleurs Austours du monde*,' 'the best *Goshawks* in the world;' but the note explains '*Vultures*.' We fear even the Paris Exposition has had no prize to offer for the best of vultures! *Moult envis, i.e. Multum*

* Bûrek, pp. 618, 629.

† Lazari, p. 286.

‡ In 'Journ. Asiat.,' Ser. II. tom. x. 442.

§ 'Notices et Extraits,' xiii. p. 332.

|| 'De Emend. Temporum,' Geneva, 1629, p. 680.

inviti, 'in spite of their teeth,' is rendered *avidement* (p. 94). *Nois* (p. xxiv.) meaning 'snow,' is explained as 'Nights.' *Pennes*, 'Furs,' is rendered *feathers* (p. 192), and *Sesnes*, 'Swans,' is transmuted into *Ses nes*, 'his ships' (p. 222). *Enferme terre*, 'a sickly place,' is made to do duty for *Terra Firma* (p. 86). *Couverture* (p. 478) for the deck of a vessel (Ital. *Coperta*) is rendered 'an awning.' *Car*, we are told (p. 386), means 'but,' which assertion has no foundation but M. Pauthier's desire to support a paradox. *Wambasia*, a term used by Rubruquis in his Latin for 'cotton,' is rendered (in the thirteenth century!) 'Bamboo.' *Frère Charnel* (p. 138) we are told does not mean 'own brother,' as might be supposed by ignorant people, but only 'a near relation.' This gross misinterpretation illustrates another characteristic which makes M. Pauthier an untrustworthy guide. We have noticed some of Marco's historical slips. On this occasion he is telling a story of Chagatai, uncle to Kublai, but calls him his *frère charnel*, and it is to cover this error that Pauthier boldly asserts *frère charnel* not to mean brother at all. Polo is quite consistent in the error. In a later chapter of the book (p. 716) he tells us: 'In Great Turkey there is a king called Caidu. He is the Great Khan's Nephew, for he was son to Chagatai, qui fu frère charnel du Grant Kaan.' Polo is here in double error, for Kaidu was the grandson of Chagatai's brother Okkodai, and nephew to Kublai only *à la mode de Bretagne*. Why does not Pauthier tell us that *filz in notre vieux Français* means *great-nephew*?

In truth M. Pauthier's general principles are these: (1) that Marco Polo is never wrong; (2) that M. Pauthier's text of Marco Polo is never wrong; (3) that M. Pauthier can never be wrong. And if facts are against either, so much the worse for the facts.

Thus because Marco calls tigers *lions*, we have Pauthier once and again insinuating that lions did exist in China (pp. 298, 434); because Marco repeats an absurd fable about the elephant, long ago exploded by Sir Thomas Browne, M. Pauthier tries to support it (p. 686). Again, because his MSS., speaking of Layas in Cilicia (p. 34) as the great port for the inland trade of Asia, read, or are read by him as having, *Eufратere* instead of the genuine phrase *enfra tere*, an Italianism (*infra terra*) for 'Inland,' he invents a word *Eufратere* as meaning 'The Valley of the Euphrates!' Precisely the same phrase occurs in the 'Geographic Text,' in speaking of the port of Kalhat in Oman: 'From this city all the goods and spices that arrive are carried into the interior' (*enfra tere*). The chapter on Yezd commences in M. Pauthier's MS., '*Zasdi est une ville moult bonne et*

M 2

perverse

perverse *meismes*,' of which last queer expression he suggests a ridiculous explanation. Yet had he deigned to turn to the 'Geographic Text,' or even to the next chapter of his own, he would have found that it was merely a clerical error for '*en Perse meismes*.' Because his pet MS. reads *Atolic* for *Jatolic* (καθολικός), the name applied by the Arabs to the Nestorian Patriarch, Pauthier coolly asserts that the Arabic pronunciation suppresses the J! The other MSS. read *Jatolic* correctly. And yet M. Pauthier presumes to talk with contempt of the critical faculty of his predecessors.

Polo names as the most westerly province of India *Kesma-coran*, and it was pointed out to Marsden by the illustrious Rennell that this was the name *Kij-mekrán*, by which Mekrán is extensively known in the East, from a combination with the name of one of its chief towns, *Kij*. Such a solution carries instantaneous conviction. But it was not M. Pauthier's. He finds, or fancies, that his MSS. read *Qesivacuran*, and invents a name to suit it, *Kachwaguran*, which he locates in *Cutch*. Of the use of the term *Kij-Makrán* it would not be hard to produce a dozen instances; we may cite Ibn Batuta (III. 47) and the Turkish Admiral Sidi Ali.* We may add that though Marco's chapters on those parts of India that he had seen are excellent, his ideas of its general geography are not clear, and the manner in which M. Pauthier endeavours to convert this fragmentary knowledge into a geographical text-book is futile, and '*perverse meismes*!' But what shall we say of M. Pauthier's own competence to deal with Indian geography, when he tells us of the kingdoms 'of Marwar or *Kanoudje* (I), of Adjemir, of Djeipour, of Djesselmire, of Mewar (*Oudeypour*), of *Manikpour*, in which now exist the cities of *Luknow* and *Feyzabad*; all six in *Rajpoutana*'?† Shade of Rennell! Marwar the same as Kanouj, and Lucknow and Fyzabad in Rajpootana!

M. Pauthier is marvellously wrong in telling us that the Bezant (or Dinar) was worth only 2½ francs (p. 370); he is wrong in his small attempt to glorify France, against his own better knowledge, by making Chandernagore a historical principality of the Middle Ages (p. lxxi. and 689), and by his conversion of the *Frank* envoys of the Pope in 1342‡ into *French* envoys of Philip VI. (p. xxi.); whilst he is equally wrong in his petty attempt to disparage England by his twice repeated and unfounded as well as irrelevant assertion that the King of Delhi

* 'Journ. Asiat.' v. p. 72.

† *Introd.*, p. cxi.

‡ It was the legation of John Marignolli to Peking.

(*'Poète Persan'!*) was sent by the English to die on the savage Andamans (pp. 81 and 582).*

He is wofully astray again when he confounds the *Vieil de la Montagne* of Syria with Polo's Old Man, the real chief of the Ismaelite Order at Alamut in Northern Persia. This last error illustrates a curious incapacity in M. Pauthier to appreciate what Asiatic travelling and travelling in wild mountainous countries is. In a quotation from Joinville the envoys of the *Vieil* are allowed fifteen days to go to their master for orders and to return to St. Lewis at Acre. M. Pauthier is content to say: 'The delay of fifteen days allowed was not overmuch for the journey from St. Jean d'Acre to Alamut and back again, but nevertheless it proved enough' (p. xxxii.). The distance which he thus supposes the envoys to have travelled in a fortnight would have been something like 1800 miles as the crow flies, and more like 2500 by any route they could have taken. The real place to which they resorted from Acre was probably the castle of the Syrian Sheikh of the Assassins in the mountains near Hama, a direct distance of about 330 miles going and coming.

The same kind of misapprehension vitiates much of his treatment of Polo's itineraries, but we have no room for the needful detail. One extract we must add, which combines several of M. Pauthier's infelicitous peculiarities.

Marco tells of a sheep in Arabia without ears; 'but,' says he, 'where the ear ought to be there is a little horn (*a un petit cornet*).' M. Pauthier, after quoting the 'Geographic Text,' which bears out the translation just given, and adds that there was not even an ear orifice (*pertuis*), proceeds thus:—

'Le texte Italien de Ramusio est conforme a cette redaction: "Hanno montoni piccoli, li quali non hanno l'orecchie dove hanno gli altri, ma vi sono due cornette," &c. Marsden, qui l'a mis en Anglais, a traduit *cornette* par *horns*, "cornes," au lieu de l'interpreter par *dice-box* (!) "*cornet*," "*cornet acoustique*," qui est le veritable sens. . . . L'éditeur du texte Français de la Soc. de Géographie n'a pas mieux compris son auteur, car dans son Glossaire. . . . il explique le mot *corner* (*cornet* et *pertuis* dans nos MSS.) par *corne*. On disait cependant, et l'on dit encore que les oreilles *cornent*.' [He then quotes from an old French version, I. Sam. III. 11, 'Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle' (*corneront*)] 'Les moutons en question avaient donc les oreilles *petites*, et comme *ossifiées*; mais le passage de l'air n'en existait pas moins comme dans les oreilles ordinaires; voilà tout le mystère. Ce n'étaient pas des cornes' (p. 708).

* The place of the ex-king's banishment was the flourishing city of Rangoon, where he died at a great age after five or six years of exile.

Truly such criticism is enough to make the ears of the Académie Française to tingle! And we may gather that, to edit Marco Polo, Chinese learning is not an all-sufficient qualification. William Marsden made mistakes which, with the light now available, he would have been the first to correct, and he did not know Chinese; but besides no small amount of other learning, he had in rare measure, candour, modesty, a sound judgment and the love of truth.

ART. VI.—*History of Lace.* By Mrs. Bury Palliser. London, 1865.

LACE may to unthinking persons seem but a gossamer subject for history; and the fairy fabric has indeed had a gossamer fate, having been unceasingly tossed up and down in the gusts and storms of political passion and religious revolution; yet trifles light as air acquire historically a grave significance, just as the foam of the sea may mark the track of a leviathan. Lace indeed exercises no longer the great empire which it once possessed, either over the male or female mind, and its loss of the allegiance of one of the sexes appears to be complete; so Mrs. Palliser has very aptly undertaken the function of becoming the Gibbon of the decline and fall of lace, at least as regards the male portion of the community. Lace appears now, alas! to be permanently banished from the necks of judges, bishops, and kings, and the cravats of fops and heroes, and its use is monopolised by that half of the species who enjoy also the exclusive prerogative of wearing gay feathers and bright colours. A good many smart things have been said about fashion, but it is yet to be desired that some writer may arise and perform for the ‘*Physiologie du Goût*,’ as applied to dress, the service which Brillat-Savarin rendered in respect of the arts of the table. A common psychological condition no doubt underlies the countless *avatars* of fashion, and the political, metaphysical, and æsthetic ideas of the day. It is important, however, that the subject should not be too lightly taken in hand, and by an investigator duly qualified. Some light surely would be thrown on human nature, on the course of events, and the difference of the sexes, if one could clearly understand why the female bonnet has dwindled, almost within the memory of man, from the size and shape of a colossal coal-scuttle to dimensions exceeded by the milliner’s bill, while the male cylinder has altered but a few barleycorns in height or brim for the same period. As it is we say at present in vain—

‘Tell

'Tell me, where is 'fashion' bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?'

And we are quite in the dark as to why the incalculable balloon skirt suddenly sinks conically down into the shape of a *datura* flower or penny trumpet, and as to what connection may exist between the modern pantaloons and the emancipation of the ten-pound householder, Comte's 'Positivism' and Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Democracy has no doubt much to answer for, but we must pause before we place the swallow-tail coat on its shoulders.

Needlework or embroidery was practised in the earliest times of which we have any record. Aholiab receives special notice in Exodus as the great embroiderer in blue; the web of Penelope needs no mention, and of the mother of Nausicaa, Homer tells us—

'Ἡ μὲν ἐπ' ἐσχάρη ἦστο, σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι γυναιξίν
ἡλάκατα στρωφῶσ' ἀλιπόρυφα.'

In the middle ages no queen or lady of a great chief of feudalism disdained to train up her daughters in the dexterous use of the needle. But lace is a modern invention, and comprises the three divisions of cut-work, lace, and guipure. Cut-work, or open-work embroidery, was the parent of lace. Lace is defined to be a plain or ornamental network, wrought of threads of gold, silver, silk, flax, or cotton interwoven; as for defining 'guipure' the thing appears to be impossible, the feminine mind having fluctuated very considerably as to the distinctive qualities to be demanded of a well constituted 'guipure.' In its early stage it was considered that it ought to be made of twisted silk and '*cartisane*,' which latter was a little strip of vellum forming a raised pattern, but the nature of guipure has so changed that Mrs. Palliser herself asks in despair, 'How is the word now to be defined or circumscribed?

The Italians, who invented forks, and who set the fashion for all Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, lay claim also to the invention of point or needle-made lace. Writers on lace are not, however, agreed as to whether the art of fine needlework is of Byzantine origin, and introduced into Italy by the Greeks of the Lower Empire, or whether it was learnt from the Saracens of Sicily, just as the Spaniards are said to have caught it from the Moors. Those who advocate the latter opinion rely on the fact that the verb for embroidery is of Moorish origin both in Italian and Spanish, '*Ricamare*,' '*Ricamar*,' being the two forms of the word in question. Be this as it may, the lace fabric existed in Italy in the fifteenth century, as is proved by a document

ment of the Sforza family, dated 1493. The Florentine poet, Firenzuola, who wrote between 1520 and 1530, composed an elegy upon a collar of laced point made by the fingers of his mistress:

‘Questo collar scolpi la donna mia
Di basso rilevar ch’ Aracne mai
E chi la vinsi nol faria più bello.’

The pictures also of Carpaccio and Bellini show evidence of the existence of white lace or passament in 1500.

Venice indeed, as in most other points of fashion of that time, when all fine gentlemen thought it indispensable to have ‘swum in a gondola,’ took the lead. Venice point, however, which must have formed an exasperating item for husbands among the expenses of a lady’s toilette in the days of Queen Elizabeth, is manufactured no more. In Mrs. Palliser’s book are to be found beautiful specimens of its rich texture, resembling elegantly carved marble or ivory, in patterns of a kaleidoscope and geometrical fashion, or of the elaborate tracery of the Renaissance period. Genoa also was famous for its point lace, and Saint Simon informs us that a certain Madame de Puissieux consumed Genoa point to the amount of 200,000 crowns (20,000*l.*) in one year, while Tallemant des Réaux, taking advantage of her reputation, says the same lady eat *point coupé* to an unlimited extent.

Spanish point was as famous in its day as that of Flanders or Italy. Thread lace was manufactured in Spain as early as 1492, for a lace alb in which the late Cardinal Wiseman once officiated, and valued at 10,000 crowns, is preserved in the Cathedral of Granada, memorable as being presented to the Church by Ferdinand and Isabella.*

In the dissolution of the Spanish monasteries in 1830 an enormous quantity of Spanish point was thrown upon the market, the exquisite workmanship of nuns, who, regardless of time, would expend all the skill of their needles on vestments destined for pious uses.

The manufacture of silk lace or blonde is now carried on principally at Almagro in La Mancha, and occupies from 12,000 to 13,000 people. The principal article of manufacture is, of course, the national ‘*mantilla*,’ which is held sacred by law, and cannot be seized for debt. There are three kinds of ‘*mantillas*.’ That of white blonde, suiting ill with the complexion of the olive-faced ladies of Spain, and only used on state occasions, birth-

* Catherine of Aragon, according to tradition, introduced the art of making lace into Bedfordshire during her sojourn at Ampthill in 1531-33. She was a great adept in the arts of the needle. Until quite lately the lace-makers kept ‘Cattern’s-day’ as the holiday of their craft, in memory of the good Queen Catherine.

days, and bull-fights on Easter Mondays. That of black blonde, trimmed with deep lace, and the '*mantilla de tiro*,' for ordinary wear, made of black silk trimmed with velvet. The black blonde of Spain, however, does not equal that of Chantilly.

Flanders disputes with Italy the glory of the invention of lace. Baron Reiffenberg declares that lace cornettes or caps were worn in that country as early as the fourteenth century. Pillow lace, at all events, was first made in the Low Countries. In a side chapel of the choir of St. Peter's at Louvain is an altar-piece by Quentin Matsys, of the date 1495, in which a girl is making lace with bobbins on a pillow similar to those of the present day. The lace manufacture of Flanders supported itself better amid the horrors of the atrocious religious persecutions of the Duke of Alva than any of the other noted fabrics of the Netherlands—the great cradle of modern industry. Every country in Northern Europe, France with the exception of Alençon, Germany, and England learned the art of lace-making from Flanders.

'For lace let Flanders bear away the belle,'

says Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and the line holds good still amid all the vicissitudes of commerce, and in spite of the close rivalry which now besets it in the Point d'Alençon. The government, however, took fright when the manufacture of Point de France was established by Colbert, and attracted numbers of lace-making emigrants to this country. An Act was passed, dated Brussels, in 1698, threatening with punishment all who should entice the lace-workers across the frontiers.

Brussels lace, from the earliest days of the manufacture of the time, has, like the steel of Toledo, held a foremost reputation among its rivals. It has acquired the name of *Point d'Angleterre*, but this is a smuggled appellation. In 1662 the English Parliament, alarmed at the sums of money expended on foreign point, and desirous of protecting the English bone-lace manufacture, passed an Act prohibiting the importation of foreign lace. But the Court of Charles II., with its Buckinghams, Rochesters, and its fine ladies like Lady Castlemaine, who wore the finest smocks and linen petticoats laced with rich lace at the bottom 'that ever Pepys saw,' so that it did 'his heart' good 'to look at them,' must have its due supply of lace. Therefore the English lace-merchants first tried to set up manufactories of Brussels lace-workers in England; but failing in this through want of the proper flax, they adopted the more simple expedient of buying up the choicest laces of the Brussels mart and then smuggling them over to England and selling them under

under the false title of 'Point d'Angleterre,' or English point, as though of home manufacture.

Of the rate at which lace was consumed at that day an idea may be formed by the account of the seizure of a smuggling ship with a cargo of 744,953 ells of lace, without reckoning handkerchiefs, collars, fichus, aprons, petticoats, fans, gloves, &c., all of the same material. The title 'Point de Bruxelles' then went out of fashion altogether, and 'Point d'Angleterre' took its place both in England and France.

The best Brussels lace is made only in Brussels:—

'The thread used in Brussels lace is of extraordinary fineness. It is made of flax grown at Brabant, at Hal, and Rebecq Rognon. The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break; so fine is it as almost to escape the sight. The feel of the thread as it passes through the finger is the surest guide. The thread-spinner closely examines every inch drawn from her distaff; and when any inequality occurs, stops her wheel to repair the mischief. Every artificial help is given to the eye. A background of dark paper is placed to throw out the thread, and the room so arranged as to admit one single ray of light upon the work. The life of a Flemish thread-spinner is unhealthy, and her work requires the greatest skill; her wages are therefore proportionately high.

'It is the fineness of the thread which renders the real Brussels ground called *vrai réseau* so costly. The difficulty of procuring this fine thread at any cost prevented the art being established in other countries.'

In 1787 Lord Gordon, a Scotch Lord of Session, who was seized with the passion of the day for improving all sorts of British manufactures, writes:—

'This day I bought you ruffles, and some beautiful Brussels lace, the most light and costly of manufactures. I had entertained, as I now suspect, a vain ambition to attempt the introduction of it into my humble parish in Scotland; but on inquiry I was discouraged. The thread is of so exquisite a fineness they cannot make it in this country. It is brought from Cambray and Valenciennes, in French Flanders; and five or six different artists are employed to form the nice part of this fabric, so that it is a complicated art which cannot be transplanted without a passion as strong as mine for manufactures, and a purse much stronger. At Brussels, *from one pound of flax alone they can manufacture to the value of 700*l.* sterling.*

After this, one may, with Mrs. Palliser, quote Spenser's line—

'More subtle web Arachne cannot spin.'

There were formerly two kinds of ground in Brussels lace, the *bride*

bride and the *réseau*. 'Angleterre à bride,' however, was discontinued a century back.

Brussels lace had, nevertheless, one great fault—from being so much manipulated in the manufacture by the hands of the workers it acquired a reddish-yellow hue. In order to obviate this defect the workwoman powders the flowers previously to sewing them on with white lead. However, even a taste for discoloured lace was prevalent in the last century, and our grandmothers, when not satisfied as to the richness of discolouration, 'rewashed their lace in coffee.'

The pattern of Brussels lace has always followed the fashion of the day. The most ancient examples of Brussels lace are in the Gothic style of ornament, and changed from this to the flowing artificial style of the last century; after passing through the '*genre fleuri*,' of the First Empire, the patterns of Brussels lace now follow nature and become every year more truly artistic.

Mechlin lace, however, to which Napoleon compared the spire of Antwerp Cathedral, is the prettiest of laces, as Brussels is the most beautiful. Its distinguishing feature is the flat thread which forms the flower and gives the lace the character of embroidery, hence sometimes called '*broderie de Malines*.' The manufacture of it, however, has long been on the decline.

Mechlin is essentially a summer lace, being charming when worn over colour. It was in great favour in the last century. George I. wore Mechlin cravats. Of the beau of 1727, we read—

'Right Macklin must twist round his bosom and wrists.'

Swift writes—

'Now to another scene give place;
Enter the folks with silk and lace,
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right India this, right Macklin that.'

In 'Roderick Random' the fops, naval and military, of the day have their hair powdered with *maréchal*, and wear cambric shirts with Malines lace 'dyed with coffee-grounds.'

Lady Wortley Montague writes of an incipient lover—

'With eager beat his Mechlin cravat moves,
He loves, I whisper to myself, he loves.'

We pass over the other Flemish towns to arrive at France, which has since the decline of Venice always set the fashion in dress, and now, in the opinion of some, rivals Brussels in lace-manufacture.

After its first period of servile Italian imitation, which lasted
up

up to the time of the last Valois, France boldly struck out a line of fashion of its own, and made one of the most astounding of all human inventions in dress, the ruff or *fraise*, so called from its fancied resemblance to the caul or frill of a calf. In Ulpian Fullwell's 'Interlude' (1568), Michael Newfangle says—

‘I learned to make gowns with long sleeves and wings,
I learned to make ruffs like calves’ chitterlings.’

Henry II., who had a scar on his neck, was the first to place this eccentric platform of lace under the chin, which made him and his courtiers, who immediately followed suit, look each like a John the Baptist's head placed on a charger.

Henry III. and his '*mignons frisés et fraisés*' carried the ruff to the extreme point. This woman-fop among monarchs, who dressed himself with such hermaphrodite extravagance that you could not tell of which sex he was, bestowed especial pains on his ruff. He adjusted the plaits with poking-sticks with his own hand. In the '*Satyre Menippée*' he is the '*Goudronneur des collets de sa femme*.'

By 1579 ruffs had grown prodigiously. Ladies, as all know, took to them, and would not be behind the men. It is said of the Reine Margot that, when seated at dinner, she was obliged to have a spoon with a handle two feet long for the purpose of passing her soup over her ruff, and preserving it rigid and immaculate. They were made so stiffened that they cracked like paper. The ruff naturally was a subject for sarcasm and caricature. Thus in 1579 Henry III., in his *fraise* at the fair of St. Germain, was met by a band of students—as saucy as Paris students have ever been at Carnival times—with immoderate ruffs of paper, and crying out '*A la fraise on connaît le veau*.' And these young fellows were sent to prison for their pleasantry.

The history of the ruff may here be completed by an account of its destiny in England. The ruff—the small Spanish ruff—appeared round the necks of people in the reign of Philip and Mary, whose effigies on the great seal have ruffs round their necks, and little ruffs or ruffles round their wrists. But the apogee of the ruff was in the days of Queen Elizabeth, whose ruff was of stupendous magnificence. 'Clear starching' came in most opportunely to the support of the dignity of the ruff. It was imported from Flanders, and Madame Dinghen van der Plasse came over with her husband to London from Flanders 'for their better safeties,' as Stowe says; that is, to escape from the bonfires of the Duke of Alva, and made a fortune by clear-starching ruffs. She took pupils, and was much patronized by the court dandies of the time; but vulgar people looked on the lady

lady as something worse than a witch, and called her clear-starch mixture 'devil's broth.'

The wearer of the ruff was in a state of ceaseless agony lest its fine inflexibility should be broken, and its bewired and starched circumference should have a fall. The Elizabethan fop drew back from all who approached too near, crying—

'Not so close, thy breath will draw my ruff.'

The chief utensil for keeping ruffs in order was the 'poking-stick of steel,' which Autolycus had among his wares. By the aid of the poking-stick heated in the fire the folds of the ruffs were ironed into the precise symmetry which was the glory of the Elizabethan exquisite. Their use began about 1576, according to Stowe, and in the accounts of Elizabeth we find she paid in 1592 to her blacksmith, one Thomas Larkin, 'pro 2 de lez setting sticks ad 2s. 6d.,' the sum of 5s. Under the fostering care of starch and poking-sticks the ruff shot out to the length of 'a quarter of a yard.' This vast structure of gauze was called in England 'the French ruff,' while the French retaliated and called it the 'English monster.'

Queen Elizabeth, who had a yellow throat, wore the highest and stiffest ruff in Europe, with the exception of the Queen of Navarre. Her ruffs were made of the finest cut-work, enriched with gold, silver, and even precious stones. She used up endless yards of cut-work, purle, needlework lace, bone lace of gold, of silver, enriched with pearls, and bugles and spangles, in the fabrication of her 'three-piled ruff.' But she sternly refused such license to her people, as is well known, by ordering grave citizens to stand at the gates of the city and lay hands on the wearers of all ruffs beyond a certain length, in order to cut them down to dimensions decent in a subject.

The ruff, after a little knocking about, or after exposure to a little rain or wind, became a pitiable object. Philip Stubbs, in his 'Anatomy of Abuses,' says, 'If Æolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chance to hit upon the crazie bark of their bruised ruffles, then they goe flip flap in the wind like ragges that flew abroad, lying on their shoulders like the dish-clout of a slut. But wot ye what? the devill as he in the fullness of his malice first invented these great ruffles, &c.'

To return to France. The ruff gave place, in the men, to the '*rabat*,' the '*col rabattu*,' or turn-down collar of lace, while the ladies took to the vast '*collerette*,' to be seen in the pictures of Rubens rising like a gigantic fan or amphitheatre behind the head of Marie de Medicis. To make amends, however, for the diminution of lace in their neck investments, men fringed the tops of their boots and their

their garters with this costly fabric, and wore roses of lace on the shoes. Our James I. refused to wear these rosette-trimmed shoes when first brought him, and asked 'If they wanted to make a ruffe-footed dove of him.' Later a still more extravagant and absurd use of lace was made in the 'canons,' or lace hangings from the knee half-way down the calf; and in the picture at Versailles representing the interview of Louis XIV. with Philip IV. in the Isle of Pheasants, the Great Monarch wears a prodigious pair of 'canons,' each as large as a baby's shirt dependent from either knee. These cost sometimes seven thousand livres a pair. 'At the Court of France,' writes Savinière, 'people think nothing of buying rabats, manchettes, or canons, to the value of thirteen thousand crowns.' The quantity of money which thus passed out of the country was very great. Sumptuary edicts had been issued again and again to prevent the importation of foreign points, when Colbert bethought him of endeavouring to rival the coveted points of Italy and Flanders by establishing lace manufacture in France. Colbert's manufactories were successful, and '*Point de France*' supplanted that of Venice, and held such rivalry with even the lace of Mechlin, that Young, later, speaking of French lace by the name of Colberteene, says:—

'And if dispute of empire rise between
Mechlin, the Queen of lace, and Colberteene,
'Tis doubt, 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.'

To stand well in the good graces of the King and the ministers, the courtiers and their ladies lavished *Point de France* on every article of dress or chamber furniture on which it could be stitched; and even in churches it appeared hanging from pulpits, and fringing albs and altar-clothes. The vallances, pillows, and coverlets of beds, were decked with lace; an example followed so faithfully by England, that in 1763, on the baptism of the late Duke of York, the Queen received the company in a splendid bed, the counterpane of which cost in lace alone 3783*l.* sterling. Moreover, jupes, corsets, mantles, aprons with their bibs, shoes, gloves, and even fans, were now trimmed with '*Point de France*.' Louis was so proud of his fabric, that he presented cravats and ruffles of the finest point to the Siamese Ambassadors; which probably was another instance of giving 'ruffles to men without shirts.'

Mademoiselle de Fontanges first set the fashion of wearing lace in the head-dress. In the heat of the chase the locks of the royal favourite broke loose from the ribbon which bound them; and

and the fair huntress instantly improvised a *coiffure* with her lace handkerchief, which enraptured the King, who begged her to retain it for the night at court. The new head-dress made a great sensation, and next day all the ladies of the court appeared '*coiffées à la Fontanges*.'

This '*coiffure*,' called in England the '*commode*,' subsequently grew into towering dimensions.

The Steenkerk cravat also, as our readers know, owed its origin to an improvisation, as the young French Princes of the Blood dashed into action at the battle of that name, not tying their cravats in the usual elaborate fashion, but twisting it and looping it up on one side of the breast in a button-hole of the coat. Every man and woman of fashion who respected themselves wore subsequently the Steenkerk tie.

The doll of fashion ought not to be overlooked in treating of these times. There were no ladies' journals of fashion in those days, and at each change of costume two dolls were dressed up at the Hôtel Rambouillet; called aptly and wittily enough, the one, '*la grande Pandore*,' in '*grande tenue*;' the other, '*la petite Pandore*,' in morning dishabille. The custom of dressing up a doll as a model of fashion originated at Venice, where at the annual fair in the Piazza of St. Mark a doll was exposed in a conspicuous place to set the style of dress for the year. Later Henry IV. sent Marie de Medicis, before their marriage, some such dolls, to show her the French fashions; and Mercier, in his '*Tableau de Paris*,' celebrates with emphasis the '*poupée de la rue Saint Honoré*.' '*C'est de Paris que les profondes inventions en modes donnent les loix à l'univers. La fameuse poupée, le mannequin précieux, affublé des modes les plus nouvelles, passe de Paris à Londres tous les mois et va de là répandre ses graces dans toute l'Europe. Il va au Nord et au Midi, il pénètre à Constantinople et à Pétersbourg, et le pli qu'a donné une main française se repète chez toutes les nations, humbles observateurs du goût de la rue Saint Honoré.*'

The reign of Louis XV. gave a fresh character to the dominion of lace both in men and women. This was the period of the domination of the *jabot*, of the *manchettes*, and weeping-ruffles, in that age of butterfly *abbés*, chevaliers, and red-heeled *grands seigneurs*, with their ribbons on their shoulders (called by the English fallals), their gold laced coats of velvet and satin, their white perruques, and their gold embroidered waistcoats of satin, their swords and amber-headed canes. The ruffles gave rise to endless imputations against the Parisians. Mercier says the Parisians bought four pairs of ruffles for one shirt. '*Un beau Monsieur se met une chemise blanche tous les quinze jours. Il coud ses*
manchettes

manchettes sur une chemise sale.' Grisettes at this time besieged travellers in their hotels in Paris with their baskets of ruffles and jabots of Malines, Angleterre, and point lace. Sterne could not fail to meet with a lace seller in his 'Sentimental Journey.' All classes wore ruffles, and some possessed enormous supplies. The Archbishop of Cambrai had four dozen pairs of ruffles, Louis XVI., in 1792, fifty-nine pairs, and even the executioner mounted the scaffold to perform his *hautes œuvres* in a velvet suit, powdered, with point lace jabot and ruffles. Valets both in England and France wore gold and silver rings and lace ruffles. The 'Connoisseur' complains of 'roast beef being banished from even "down stairs," because the powdered footmen will not touch it for fear of daubing their lace ruffles.' 'Queen Anne, who was,' Mrs. Palliser says, 'a great martinet in trifles,' whose taste for things domestic is still memorialised in dishes made after Queen Anne's fashion, had her servants marshalled before her every day, that she might see if their ruffles were clean and their periwigs dressed. The state liveries of Victoria, with their gold embroidery were, it may be interesting to know, made in the early part of George II.'s reign, these dresses had originally ruffles of the richest '*gros Point de France*,' of the same epoch as the garments, but the ruffles appeared for the last time in the Court balls of 1848, contemporaneously with the last great explosion of European democracy.

The extravagance displayed by the ladies in the matter of lace far surpassed that of the men. Madame de Créquy visited the Duchesse Douairière de la Fertè, and found her lying under a coverlet made of *Point de Venise* of one piece. 'The trimming of her sheets was of Point d'Angleterre, and worth, I am persuaded, 40,000 crowns.'

The lace part of the trousseau of Madame, the eldest daughter of Louis XV., cost 25,000*l*. Five thousand pounds' worth of lace, linen, &c., was a common item of a *trousseau* of a lady in those days. And etiquette, it must be added, established that lace should not be worn in mourning. Etiquette, however, and the sway of lace received its first and deadliest blow from the fair hands of Marie Antoinette, who laughed all Court traditions to scorn, and in the matter of lace, as in more serious things, unconsciously did the work of democracy.

The heavy old point lace was supplanted by the finest Indian muslin. 'Madame Etiquette,' might be indignant, the Maréchal de Luxembourg might declare the ladies in their muslins looked 'like cooks and convent porters,' and might send by way of protest to her grand-daughter, the Duchesse de Lauzun, an apron of sailcloth, trimmed with fine point, together with six *fichus* of

of the same character, but the reign of lace, nevertheless, was in hopeless decrepitude; a struggle was made with the *barbe* or lappet, but it was no use, the age of flimsy and limp textures came in with *sensiblerie* and Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the *toilettes* of the time were turned into veritable *cartes de tendre*. Robes were made of *soupirs étouffés*, trimmed with *regrets superflus*, pointed with '*candeur parfaite, garnie en plaintes indicibles,*' beribboned with '*attentions marquées.*' Diamonds were banished from these sentimental regions, and degraded to the shoes, which were of '*cheveux de la reine,*' bejewelled with diamonds '*en coups perfides,*' and '*venez-y-voir*' in emeralds. The hair was arrayed '*en sentiments soutenus;*' caps were of '*conquête assurée*' trimmed with ribbons of '*œil abattu,*' and muffs were of '*agitation momentanée.*' The most potent proof of the disgrace of point at this period, is that in the bills of Mademoiselle Bertin, the Queen's milliner, lace forms an insignificant item. Blonde took its place—'*Blond à fond d'Alençon semé à poix, à mouches.*' The church alone protected the old fabrics. The Cardinal de Rohan, still officiated at Versailles in a lace alb of 100,000 livres, and his assistants were afraid to touch so costly a raiment.

The French Revolution completed the work of Marie Antoinette, and was fatal to the lace trade. For twelve years the manufacture almost entirely ceased, and more than thirty different fabrics disappeared for ever. Napoleon however, in 1801, with his taste for the stately and the grand, took up the cause of lace once more, and under his patronage the fabrics of Alençon, Brussels, and Chantilly, became again popular. Like Louis XIV., he made the wearing of his favourite points obligatory at the Tuileries. The heavy ancient style was discarded, a lighter and simpler fashion of lace produced, while by an improvement in the *point de raccroc*, several sections of lace were able to be joined together in one piece, and that could be accomplished in a month which formerly occupied a year. The beauty and costliness of the lace made for the marriage of Marie Louise has never been surpassed, and to reproduce them now would cost above a million of francs. Napoleon was indeed a great lover of lace, and his sister, the Princess Pauline Borghese, we hear, '*s'est passionnée pour les dentelles.*' The *elegantes* of the day took up the taste of the Bonapartes, and Madame Récamier, when she was *souffrante* received her guests *couchée* on a gilded bed, with bed-curtains of finest Brussels lace, bordered with garlands of honey-suckle, and lined with satin of the palest rose. The *couvrepiéd* was of the same material and '*des flots de Valenciennes*' descended from the pillow of embroidered cambric.

Lace, however, received another fatal shock by the invention of bobbin-net and tulle and machinery in 1818, and only after fifteen years of desperate struggle, succeeded in maintaining its place; since 1834, however, its manufacture has been in full activity.

As to the time in which lace first appeared in England antiquaries are in much doubt. The Act of 3 Edw. IV. c. 4, 1463, prohibits, among other things, the importation of 'laces,' but this does not appear to have signified what we now mean by lace. These laces of silk and gold, and laces of thread, were nothing more than braids or cords. Cut-work, however, unmistakably appears in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., and veritable lace in the Church inventories as early as 1554.

In a sumptuary law of Queen Mary, ruffles made out of England are forbidden to any one under the degree of a baron, and all wreath lace or passament lace of gold and silver with sleeves, partlet, or linen trimmed with purle of gold and silver, or white-works, *alias* cut-works, &c., to any lady beneath the dignity of a knight's wife. Lace was called indifferently purle, passament, or bone-work, the last appellation being derived from the bone pins used in the manufacture. Shakespeare in 'Twelfth Night,' has—

'The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bone.'

'Bone' lace appears constantly in the wardrobe accounts, while bobbin lace, which is different, is of less frequent occurrence.

Among Queen Elizabeth's New Year gifts was one from Lady Paget, of a 'petticoat of cloth of gold, stayned black and white, with a *bone lace* of gold and spangles like the wayves of the sea.'

In the plays of the seventeenth century the term constantly appears. A pert sempstress cries, in Green's 'Tu quoque,'—

'Buy some quoifs, handkerchiefs, or very good bone lace, mistress.'

Massenger writes,—

'You taught her to make shirts and bone lace.'

In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady,' Loveless describes a thrifty housewife thus :—

'She cuts cambric to a thread, weaves bone lace, and quilts balls admirably.'

And the term continued to be used nearly to the end of the last century.

Up to the days of Elizabeth all mention of lace is scanty, but suddenly in the Privy Expenses, and the inventories of New Year's gifts, notices of passaments, drawn-work, cut-work, crown lace, bone lace for ruffs, Spanish chain, byas, parchment, hollow, billament, and diamond lace, crowd upon us with astounding rapidity. It was sold in the general shops or stores of provincial towns, together with pepper, hornbooks, sugar-candy, and spangles.

The wardrobe accounts of Elizabeth are drawn up in Latin, which is not without its charm, if not precisely Ciceronian; a very little will suffice for a purist in that language. Here is a specimen:—

'Eidem pro 6 caulis alb' nodat' opat' cu' le chainestich et legat' cu' tape de filo soror ad 14s., 4l. 4s.

Which means, being interpreted,—

Ditto for six caules of white knot-work worked with the chainstitch bound with tape of sister's (nun's) thread at 14s., 4l. 4s.

A lady who left 3000 gowns behind her was not likely to be very economical in lace; and cut-work, elegantly called *opus scissum*, by the keeper of the Great Wardrobe, was used by Elizabeth without stint. She wore it on her ruffs, 'with lilies of the like, set with small seed pearl, on her doublets, 'flourished with squares of silver owes,' on her forepart of lawn, 'flourished with silver and spangles,' on her cushion cloths, her veils, her tooth-cloths, her smocks, and her night-caps. Elizabeth, in one of these night-caps at the window, it was the good fortune of young Gilbert Talbot, son of Lord Shrewsbury, to see while he was walking in the tilt-yard. The Queen gave him a slap on the forehead that evening, and told her chamberlain that the young man had seen 'her unready, and in her night stuff,' and how ashamed she was thereof.

The Queen had a great passion for foreign articles of wear. The new purchases of Mary Queen of Scots were overhauled on their way to her prison, and Elizabeth purloined whatever she had a fancy for. Cecil penned a wary letter to Sir Henry Norris, saying that 'the Queen's Majesty would fain have a tailor that has skill to make her apparel both after the French and Italian manner,' and his lady wife 'is to get one private without the knowledge coming to the ears of Catherine de Medicis, as she does not want to be beholden to her.'

Laced handkerchiefs now first came into fashion. 'Maydes and gentlewomen,' writes Stowe, 'gave to their favourites as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs of about three or four inches square, wrought round about,' and with a button at each

corner. They cost sixpence, twelpence, and sixteenpence, and gentlemen wore them on their hats as favours of their mistresses.

The laces of Flanders and Italy now easily held their own for nearly two centuries. On the death of Elizabeth, however, Queen Anne, the wife of James I., seems to have done what she could for the fabrics of the country. Nevertheless, her first appearance in England was somewhat humiliating. She had to make her *entrée* into public life in Elizabeth's old clothes. The Scotch wardrobe was too scanty and poor for the sudden demand upon it. James wisely enough communicated the fact to the Privy Council, who forthwith forwarded to the Queen by the hands of her newly-made ladies a quantity of Elizabeth's old gowns and ruffs wherewith to make a creditable appearance. But the young Queen was furious at thus being made to wear the second-hand clothes of the parchment-face, wrinkled queen who had just died, and she refused to appoint any of the ladies sent to her, with the exception of Lady Bedford.

Ruffs, single, double, three-piled, and 'Dædalian,' as a satirist calls them, went out with James I., though Judges continued to wear them until the peruke came in. The 'falling-band' usurped the dignity of the ruff; and a 'fine clean fall,' says the Malcontent, 'if you should chance to fall asleep in the afternoon,' had no need of a 'poking-stick to recover it.' Lord Keeper Finch is said to have been the first legal dignitary who had the strength of mind to adopt the 'falling-band.' And Whitelock, in 1635, in addressing the Quarter Sessions 'in a clean fall,' found it necessary to assert 'that one may speak as good sense in a falling-band as in a ruff.' The 'falling-bands,' however, were not a whit less expensive, and the quantity of needlework purl expended on the King's hunting collars, '*colares pro venatione*,' is astounding.

In the wardrobe accounts, 994 yards are proportioned to 12 collars and 24 pairs of cuffs; and the bills for the King's lace and linen arose from 1000*l.* in 1625, to 1500*l.* in 1633, when, in the State papers, a project may be found for reducing the charge for the King's lace and bone lace 'for his body' back to 1000*l.*, for which sum 'it may be very well done.'

The art of lace making was now flourishing in England, so that Henrietta Maria made constant presents of ribbon, lace, and other English feminine finery to her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria.

But the

'Rebatoes, ribands, cuffs, ruffs, falls,
Scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls'

of the court of King Charles were soon to be scattered into space by the hurricane passions of civil and religious discord. Already lace, in its delicate susceptibility, had shown prophetic sympathies with coming events; for towards the end of James I.'s reign, a strange custom had been introduced by Puritan ladies of representing religious subjects, both in lace, cut-work, and embroidery on their vestments. Thus, in Jasper Mayne's 'City Match,' we have—

'She works religious petticoats; for flowers,
She'll make church histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets, besides,
My smock sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that I fear in time
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pious instructor.'

The Scotch went to bed in sheets of holy work, for we find in a Scotch inventory of the seventeenth century, 'Of Holland scheittes ii pair, quhareof 1 pair schewit (sewed) with holie work.'

Ladies, under the tyranny of Puritan severity, must lay aside their whisks, or gorget collars, and no longer hie to Saint Martin's for lace. Their smocks of three pounds a piece must be suppressed, and

'Sempsters with ruffs and cuffs, and quoifs and cauls,
And falls'

must be content to turn the use of their needles to more godly fashions. 'Lace to her smocks—broad seaming laces,' groans a Puritan writer, 'it is horrible to think of.'

The lace makers consequently had a melancholy existence, when the Maypole was suppressed and 'the hobby-horse was forgot.' Village festivals and love-locks and gay attire had the same fate as bear-baiting; nevertheless it was principally the middle and lower classes who submitted to the tyranny of Puritan austerity. These sober-suited people thought, with Sir Toby Belch, that it was 'not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan;' but the great ladies of the Puritan party loved not the Round-head fashions any more than the wives of the Cavaliers. Even the mother of Cromwell wore a handkerchief of which the broad point lace alone could be seen, and her green velvet cardinal was edged with broad gold lace; and the body of the great Protector—austere as he was in life in dress—was arrayed after death in purple velvet, ermine and the richest Flanders lace, and his effigy, carved by Symonds, had a plentiful adornment of point. In a political *jeu d'esprit* of the disbursements of the Committee of Public Safety, we have Lady Lambert put down for

.. 'Item

'Item, seven new whisks lin'd with Flanders lace of the last edition, each whisk is valued at fifty pound, 350/.'

With the Restoration, the age of

'The dangling knee fringe and the bib-cravat,'

lace once more had one of its sunniest epochs in the eyes of fashion; and Pepys, in 1662, could put on his 'new lace band' and say, 'so neat it is that I am resolved my great expenses shall be lace-bands, and it will set off anything else the more.' Charles II. in the last year of his reign spent 20/ 12s. for a new cravat to be worn on 'the birthday of his dear brother;' and James expended 29/ upon one of Venice point to appear in on that of his queen. When the last Stuart king died at Saint Germain, he died according to French etiquette, and, to please Louis XIV., in a laced nightcap. This cap was called a *toquet*. 'It was the Court etiquette,' writes Madame in her Memoirs, 'for all the Royals to die with a nightcap on.' This *toquet* of King James is now in the Museum of Dunkirk. Mary of Modena died also in like fashion, *coiffée* with the *toquet*.

William III., in spite of his grim phlegmatic character, had a genuine Dutch taste for lace, so that his bills for that article in 1695 reached the immense sum of 2459/ 19s.; thus almost doubling the lace extravagance of Charles I. Among the more astonishing items we have

	£.	s.	d.
'117 yards of "scissæ teniæ," cut-work for trimming			
12 pocket handkerchiefs	485	14	3
And 78 yards for 24 cravats at 8/ 10s.	663	0	0

Lace expended for six new *razor-cloths*, amounted to 270/, and 499/ 10s. worth of lace was bestowed on twenty-four new night-shirts, '*indusiis nocturnis*.' The queen Mary approached but did not reach the King in lace expenditure; her lace bill for 1694 amounted to 1918/.

With respect to this age of heavy wigs and the laced Steenkerk cravat many people possess among their family relics, Mrs. Palliser says, and as we have seen, long oval-shaped broaches of topaz or Bristol stone, and wonder what they were used for. These were for fastening the lace Steenkerk on one side of the breast when it was not passed through the button-hole. Under such royal patronage the lace trade necessarily prospered, and Defoe quotes Blandford lace as selling ten years after William's death at 30/ the yard.

These were the days when young military heroes went to war in all the bravery of toilette they could muster; so that later, in the time of Louis XV., the young nobles of France sat for hours under

under the operations of their *valets* and *perruquiers* in front of their tents preparing their *toilette de guerre* with greater pains than the Graces ever bestowed upon Venus. Even Volunteers must go to camp properly equipped, as in Shadwell's play of the 'Volunteers or the Stockjobbers':—

'Major-General Blunt.—What say'st young fellow? Points and laces for camps?

'Sir Nicholas Danby.—Yes, points and laces. Why I carry two laundresses on purpose. Would you have a gentleman go undress'd in a camp? Do you think I would see a camp if there were no dressing? Why I have two campaign suits, one trimmed with Flanders lace and the other with net point.

'Major-General Blunt.—Camping suits with lace and point!'

'The hairpowder of the army,' an indignant writer observes at this period, 'would feed 600,000 persons per annum.' The 'World' regarded this expenditure of finery on men about to be food for powder in the same light as the silver plates and ornaments on a coffin. The gay young fellows 'would not sure be frightful when one's dead':—

'To war the troops advance,
Adorn'd and trimm'd like females for the dance.'

Some years previous to this epoch in 1664, the Turkish Vizier, Achmet Kiuprili Oglı, seeing the young French noblesse defile on the plains of Hungary in order of battle, in all the bravery of satin, with their white perruques, and all their ribbons and lace fringes fluttering like fine feathers in the wind, exclaimed, 'Who are these young girls?' Soon after, in one irresistible charge, the young ladies broke up the ranks of his terrible Janissaries, and changed disaster into victory.

Even in Sheridan's time the hearts of young ladies at home, like that of the Justice's daughter in 'St. Patrick's Day,' melted at imagination of the hardships of young warriors in their gay attire:—

'Dear, to think how the sweet fellows sleep upon the ground and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.'

Queen Anne's reign appears to have been illustrated principally by the invention of 'Pinner's double-ruffled, with twelve plaits of a side: the hair being frizzled all round the head, and standing as stiff as a bodkin.' 'The prettiest fashion lately come over! so easy, so French, and all that,' as Parley says in Farquhar's 'Sir Harry Wildair.' The 'commode' or Fontange's coiffure, too, met with a fall under her dynasty, sinking all of a sudden like the funds in time of revolution. These had, indeed, shot up to such a height that the wits declared the ladies carried

Bow

Bow steeples upon their heads; and Addison declared that men looked like mere grasshoppers before the towering majesty of the female species.

Lace, moreover, met with a very treacherous rival in china, a mania for which now set in; the ladies, having coaxed their lords into generosity for the respectable old investment in lace, would surreptitiously barter their Flanders lace for punch-bowls and mandarins. 'So that a husband,' Addison tell us, 'was often purchasing a large china vase, when he fancied he was giving his wife a new head-dress;' 'but,' as Mrs. Palliser observes, with womanly spirit, 'husbands could scarcely grumble, when a good wig cost forty guineas, to say nothing of male lace ties and ruffles.'

The accession of the House of Hanover did nothing to derange the steady dominion which lace now had fixed upon the male and female mind. Although Lord Bolingbroke so enraged Queen Anne by his untidy dress, that 'she supposed, forsooth, he would some day come to Court in his night-cap,' yet he neglected not to have his cravat of point lace, and his weeping ruffles depended from his wrists. In England these ruffles were said to serve for passing Jacobite notes, '*poulets*,' from one rebel to another. In France, alas! sharpers found them convenient for cheating at cards. The passion for lace was so great in the time of the first two Georges, that satirists railed against it as if it were a thing unknown to their forefathers; an indignant dramatist writes churlishly in 'Tunbridge Wells:—

'Since your fantastical geers came in, with wires, ribbons, laces, and your furbelow, with 300 yards in a gown and petticoat, there has not been a good housewife in the nation.'

Swift says that the ladies did then nothing so much as

'Of caps and ruffles hold the grave debate,
As of their lives they would decide the fate.'

Again in his very flattering advice to a young lady, he asserts

'And when you are among yourselves, how naturally after the first compliments do you entertain yourselves with the price and choice of lace, apply your hands to each other's lappets and ruffles, as if the whole business of your life and the public concern depended on the cut of your petticoats.'

Ladies' maids found the bribe of a bit of Flanders irresistible from their mistress's lover. In the 'Recruiting Officer,' we have this piece of dialogue between Lucy the maid and Melinda:—

'Lucy.—Indeed, madam, the best bribe I had from the captain was only a small piece of Flanders lace for a cap.

'Melinda.—

'Melinda.—Ay, Flanders lace is a constant present from officers. . . . They every year bring over a cargo of lace to cheat the King of his duty and his subjects of their honesty.'

Indeed the very appearance of beauty in lace and distress had something so indescribably touching in it, that even jurors at the Old Bailey were moved to tears by the agitations of the elegantly-laced stomacher, lace flounces, and weeping ruffles of pretty Miss Margaret Caroline Rudd, when standing at the bar for forgery. The triumph of lace, however, was incomplete, for she was hanged in spite of ruffles, flounces, and stomacher.

The 'Connoisseur' evidently thought the spirit of gambling could go no further in a lady, if she staked her lace:—

'The lady played till all her ready money was gone, staked her cap and lost it, afterwards her handkerchief. *He* then staked both cap and handkerchief against her tucker which, to *his* pique, she gained.'

Ladies, however, not only recklessly gambled their lace, but they smuggled it whenever they could themselves, and encouraged others to do it for them. They defied the laws, and cheated the King's customs shamefully, and without scruple.

In vain, from 1700 downwards, were edicts issued prohibiting entirely the import of foreign lace, for the protection of home manufacture. Ladies of rank were stopped in their chairs in Fleet Street or Covent Garden, and relieved by the officers of the customs of French lace to which they could not show a satisfactory title. Even ladies, when walking, had their mittens cut off their hands, if supposed of French manufacture; and a poor woman was stopped with a quartern loaf in her hands, which, when examined, contained 200*l.* worth of lace inside the crust. In 1767, an officer of the customs seized 400*l.* worth of Flanders lace artfully concealed in the hollow of a ship's buoy. Everybody smuggled; yet, if you got your lace safely through Dover, you might have it seized at Southwark, as a gentleman of the Spanish embassy found to his cost, who was relieved in that suburb of thirty-six dozen shirts with fine Dresden ruffles and jabots, and endless lace in pieces for ladies' wear.

The officers of the customs were very zealous, and had spies ever on the watch; warned by experience, they neither respected the sanctity of coffin or corpse coming across the channel. Even his Grace the Duke of Devonshire was, after death, poked into at Dover with a stick, to the disgust of his servants, to make sure that he was real. Forty years indeed before that, the body of a deceased clergyman was found to have been replaced by a bulk of Flanders lace of immense value. The smugglers had cut away the trunk from the head and hands and feet, and removed

moved it; and the discovery of this trick caused the ignominious treatment of the body of the Duke of Devonshire. Nevertheless, the High Sheriff of Westminster ran comfortably 6000*l.* worth of French lace in the coffin of Bishop Atterbury, who died in Paris, when he was brought over, counting probably on a dead Bishop inspiring more awe than a deceased Duke.

At the close of the last French war smuggling had a very lively existence, and travelling carriages and mail-coaches were rifled on the London and Dover road without mercy, and generally with little effect.

Mrs. Palliser has in her possession a Brussels veil of great beauty, which had a narrow escape from the custom-house officers at this time. It belonged to a lady who was wife of a Member of one of the Cinque Ports. The day after an election she was to start with her husband for London. When at a dinner-party, she heard in the course of conversation that Lady Ellenborough, wife of the Lord Chief Justice, had been stopped near Dover, and a quantity of valuable lace concealed in the lining of her carriage taken from her. The owner of the Brussels veil having just bought it of a smuggler for a hundred guineas took fright for her purchase, and confided her distress to her neighbour at table, who, being an unmarried gentleman, offered to take charge of it to London, saying, 'No one would suspect a bachelor.' Happening to turn round she observed a waiter smile, and putting him down at once for a spy, she graciously accepted the offer in a loud tone of voice; but that night she had the veil sewed up in the back of her husband's waistcoat, and got it safe through, while the custom-house officers rigorously, ruthlessly, and desperately overhauled her unfortunate bachelor friend and his baggage *en route* behind her at every town.

The discredit into which lace fell at the French Revolution communicated itself to England, and India gauze and transparent muslins likewise usurped its place here. Only at court, at such state occasions as the marriage of the Princess Caroline of Wales, in 1795, did it still maintain its old supremacy; but it disappeared from the costumes of all classes. The rich lace which had cost thousands was stowed ignominiously away in old wardrobes and chests, given away to children to dress their dolls with, or bestowed on old dependants and servitors who were ignorant of its value. Some of these would simmer the fine coffee-coloured points, the delight of a past generation, in cauldrons to make them clean, and so reduce them to a pulp; and an old Scotch servant who had charge of her deceased mistress's wardrobe on being asked by the legatees what had become of the old needle points of her lady, said, 'Deed its a' there

there, 'cept a wheen auld dudds, black and ragged I flinged in the fire.' This, indeed, was the martyr age of lace, but it came to an end, and in the last twenty years a passion for the old fabrics has arisen once more in England as well as France. Madame Camille, the celebrated Parisian dressmaker, was one of the first to bring back the taste to the old laces. Her husband arrived one morning with a huge basket of old soiled yellow lace, and a '*facture*' of 1000 francs. The '*artiste*' at first flew into a desperate passion at his expenditure, but reflection brought calmness and invention, and very soon the scissors of the fashionable *modiste* gave new vogue to the despised old tissues, and no toilette was complete '*sans les anciennes dentelles, garniture complète.*' The *dames du grand monde*, both English and French, took to hunting out old treasure-troves of the commodity, and chaperones on the blue benches at Almack's and elsewhere, exchanged confidences as to good luck in picking up point coupé, Alençon, or guipure. The late Lady Morgan and Lady Stepney were among the first to take up the collecting mania, and quarrelled weekly about the relative merits of their points. While the late Duchess of Gloucester, who never gave in to the debased taste for blonde and muslin frippery, but preserved her collection entire, found herself one of the most envied ladies in Europe. The church lace of Italy, Spain, Germany, formed for some time an admirable preserve to those who were sagacious and enterprising enough to make search for it, and in remote districts, some spoil typifying the decay of old religious reverence is doubtless yet to be secured, although the main stores must be exhausted.

The present state of the manufacture of lace would, of itself, demand the space of an article. Those who visited the Universal Exhibition of 1867 could not fail to be struck with the surprising beauty and lightness, and the exquisite patterns of the productions of Brussels, in which flowers and foliage were displayed and intertwined with the most consummate grace, and a marvellous truthfulness to the forms of nature; while the magnificent robes of the more rigid and richer needlework of the *Point d'Alençon* with its raised edges and borders worked round concealed horsehair to give it greater stiffness, offered a grander and more gorgeous surface to the eye, though failing in the fine, floating, airy, vaporous grace of the Brussels manufacture. In comparison with these, the manufactures of other countries have a coarser second-rate character—although it grieves us to own this of the Honiton lace, of which beautiful examples were to be seen both in pattern and workmanship. Specimens, also, of Irish guipure had a richness and elegance truly remarkable.

Lace

Lace is one of the most marvellous products of human industry, and, on looking at these fairy tissues, produced by infinitesimal touches of labour, and long and ineffably delicate manipulation of the needle, one is struck with admiration of the profoundest character at seeing the victory of human hands in minuteness of toil, and in patience, over the insect wonders of the spider and the ant.

This graceful ornament of civilization has found a worthy historian in Mrs. Palliser, who has produced a book which will be found interesting alike to the antiquary and the lady of fashion—enriched with quotations and references in an abundance which leaves nothing to be desired by the curious—while the elegance of its designs and illustrations is sufficient to captivate the most fastidious taste.

ART. VII.—*Siluria, a History of the Oldest Rocks in the British Isles and other Countries.* By Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Bart., K.C.B. Fourth Edition. London, 1867.

THE rapidity with which during the last half century geology has been marching onward is in nothing more strikingly shown than in the constant succession of new editions of standard works in that science. Not only are the favourite systematic text-books re-issued from time to time with so many additions and alterations as to be nearly new books, but even treatises on comparatively limited portions of the science, bulky and expensive, find their ready purchasers, and reappear every few years with their chapters modified and adapted to the advancing knowledge of the day. Sir Roderick Murchison's '*Siluria*' stands as a conspicuous illustration. Himself the founder of the Silurian system, and the man of all others who has done most towards extending the Silurian classification over the world, any work which he might choose to write upon the subject could hardly fail to be at once accepted as the standard text-book. No geologist whether he be a beginner or a veteran, can go into the study of Silurian geology without this treatise. But the number of students is yearly increasing, and amongst them are very many who carry the lessons of the text-book out into the field, where they observe for themselves. Their eyes and hammers are busy throughout all the quarters of the globe, and year by year new facts are brought to light by them. Thus at intervals it becomes necessary to collect and methodise these fresh discoveries, and to marshal them in their places among those already known. This is a task of no slight toil, often, indeed, more irksome and laborious

laborious than that of making the discoveries themselves. But it is of essential service to the cause of science. Sir Roderick has done it now for the fourth time, and has brought his book abreast of the advancing science of his day.

In an exploratory journey it is common to reckon progress not merely from the last halt, but from the original place of departure. So in that life-long journey into the unknown which the man of science pursues, it is well now and then amid the increasing wealth of his discoveries, to look back to the time when he set out, and to the spot from which he started. We thereby gain a more vivid idea of the progress he has made, as well as of the point to which in his onward march he has come.

Looking back over an interval of nearly forty years to the state of knowledge regarding the oldest rocks at that time, we see how one by one the geological landmarks which have now been in use so long, and the non-existence of which is scarcely conceivable, disappear as our survey recedes into the past, until we arrive at a period when this portion of geology was shrouded in the deepest darkness and confusion. The vast series of deposits which underlies the carboniferous rocks, and which is now arranged in distinct systems and formations, was then included under one group, to which the name of transition or *grauwacke* was given. Under this appellation were thrown together the rocks now known as Devonian, the various members of the Silurian system, and the thick mass of strata comprehended under the name Cambrian. In this country a general similarity of character pervades the rocks of these different divisions; they are hard, jointed, often cleaved and contorted; and in the infancy of the science they were naturally enough looked upon as varying members of one ancient formation. Fossil remains were indeed known to exist amongst these rocks. The third edition of the late Sir Henry de la Beche's '*Geological Manual*,' published in 1833, enumerates 126 genera and 547 species as having up to that time been found in the '*Gräuwacke group*.' But no attempt had yet been made to use these organic remains as tests for the chronological subdivision of the rocks containing them, as had been so happily done for the secondary rocks of England. It was believed that the strata had been so broken and altered by subterranean movements during the long succession of geological periods, that little order could be drawn from them. They were known to contain the earliest traces of life upon the globe, but the record had been so sadly defaced and mutilated that no one had yet been able, or perhaps had ever deemed it possible, to piece the fragments together and gather a connected story from them. This, then, was the task to which

Sir

Sir Roderick Murchison set himself so far back as the year 1831. Guided by the advice of his friend, the late Dr. Buckland, he broke ground upon the banks of the Wye, and gradually during several years working his way among the strata which rise out from under the old red sandstone in Hereford, Radnor, and Shropshire, discovered the clue to the history of the oldest fossiliferous deposits. He found that instead of being hopelessly broken and obscure, these strata could be separated into distinct formations, each characterised by its own peculiar assemblage of organic remains, and that a gradual progression from lower to higher forms of life could be traced between the oldest and the newest rocks of the series. Thus he established a hitherto unknown group of formations, which he classed together under the name of 'the Silurian system.' The work which he published with that title contained a chapter in the world's history which up to that time had remained unwritten. Originally the name had reference merely to a comparatively small tract of England and Wales; but it was soon found to be of world-wide application. The succession of organic existence discovered in the most ancient fossiliferous rocks of this country was ascertained to be repeated in other and widely separated regions. Thus Sir Roderick in elucidating the geological structure of a limited part of Britain, in reality found the key to the order of succession among the rocks of a large portion of the surface of the globe, and the 'Silurian system,' instead of retaining merely a local significance, became at once a familiar term to the geologists of every country.

Thirty years have since passed away. Hundreds and thousands of observers have been at work all over the world, and though many new facts have been brought to light, and much detail added to the earlier researches of Murchison, the grand outlines first traced by him have been only the more firmly established. Some notion may be formed of the progress which has been made, from the fact that while in 1833 only 547 species of fossils had been obtained from all the rocks older than the carboniferous system, in the recent edition of 'Siluria' nearly 1300 species are enumerated from the British Silurian rocks alone. And if to these are added the species found in other parts of Europe and in America, where Silurian strata are largely developed, the number will be enormously increased. But besides these additions to the fauna of the system, the succession and arrangement of rocks of Silurian age have been laboriously traced over many thousands of square miles. In Scandinavia and Russia, and through central Europe to the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, these rocks have been correlated

with

with the original British types; throughout America a like identification has been made. And now, gathering up the fruits of all this research, Sir Roderick has issued a new and much enlarged edition of his treatise on these ancient formations.

'Siluria' forms in itself a sort of cyclopedia of palæozoic geology. It furnishes a large amount of information regarding the geological structure of the British Islands, and even of foreign countries; it gives copious details for comparing the older formations throughout Europe and America; it contains a storehouse of data from which the order of succession among the early races of marine invertebrates is made out. Nor among this crowded array of facts are there wanting topics provocative of interesting speculation. Sir Roderick himself halts now and then in his laborious grouping of details to point out their relation to more general questions, and there are many places which naturally suggest a similar task to the reader. The book is one which has established for itself a place in every geological library. It is therefore almost beyond the pale of periodical criticism. But the present edition, in the additions which it has received, offers an opportunity of reviewing one or two of the most generally interesting discoveries recently made in the geology of the older formations, and of noticing some of the topics which are at this moment the chief subjects of discussion among geologists.

Foremost among the new announcements is the story of the *Eozoon Canadense*, in other words, the account of a formation infinitely older than the Silurian, yet containing traces of lowly forms of organised beings. Until only a few years ago, it was believed by many geologists that life was first breathed upon the globe during the accumulation of those vast masses of sandstone, grit, and slate that underlie the lowest members of the Silurian system. Hundreds and thousands of feet of rock, piled bed above bed and representing a succession of ancient sea-bottoms, had been searched with care, but only a few rare and humble forms of life had been discovered. It was thence inferred that these barren rocks represented an early period of the earth's history when the waters of the ocean were correspondingly devoid of life, and that the growing numbers of the fossils found in the succeeding formations, showed how when living things at last appeared they obeyed the command to increase and multiply. And what helped to foster this belief was the mystery that hung over the beginning of these earliest geological records. In this country, at least, no base had been found to the Cambrian rocks which had yielded the most ancient organisms. It was not known on what they rested, whether they were the oldest strati-
fied

fied rocks, or whether vestiges of still more ancient sea-floors might not lie buried deep beneath them.

But a series of investigations had been in progress in Canada which were destined to throw much light upon this subject, and, indeed, to open out a new and still older leaf of the earth's history. Charged with the conduct of the Geological Survey of the Canadian Provinces, Sir William Logan, with a quiet energy and perseverance which have happily overcome all the hindrances whereby at different times the very existence of his Survey was imperilled, has found a formation of great thickness lying below all those hitherto known. He has traced it over an extent of country equal in size to France, and it may reach much further. It consists of rocks of a highly crystalline character—such as gneiss, mica-schist, and quartzite—rocks which in the early days of geology would have been regarded as vestiges of the first crust of the planet as it cooled from a molten condition. Treating this formation, however, as he had dealt with the other stratified deposits of the province, in conjunction with his small but able staff of assistants, he mapped out its folds and contortions, following its different bands of rock from river to river; even through wild regions where the primitive state of the country has not yet been modified by the settler. The announcement of his discovery was received with no little interest in this country, and the interest increased when the further tidings came not only that the newly-detected formation was of vast thickness, and could be surveyed in detail, but that it actually contained two distinct divisions, the younger of which lay upon the previously upturned edges of the older. For this fresh fact furnished another proof, if any such addition had been needed, that Sir William had brought to light not a mere congeries of crystalline masses erupted from a heated interior, but a great stratified formation formed out of the waste of pre-existing rocks. That the one portion lay unconformably upon the other showed that the older strata—undoubtedly formed under the sea—had been elevated by subterranean action, and partly worn away again by the atmosphere and the waves before the newer strata, derived from this denudation, were laid down. Hutton had long ago said that geology revealed no traces of a beginning; and though here Sir William Logan has carried us inconceivably further back into the history of our planet, we are as far as ever from detecting any evidence of a truly primitive rock. We see traces of the same kinds of action as are still in operation around us—rocks being ground down into sediment, and the sediment carried into the sea, there to form new rocks, which in time are raised

raised up into land and worn away as before. But there was one feature of the Canadian discovery which inspired a hope that eventually we might be able not only to carry back in this way the history of existing geological causes, but to find that life appeared upon the globe long anterior to that dim, obscure Cambrian period, during some part of which it had been thought to have had its beginning. Among the old crystalline rocks of Canada—named Laurentian, from their development along the northern shores of the St. Lawrence—there lay some extensive beds of limestone. Now, though chemical or other forces had so mineralized and changed these rocks from their original character of marine sediment that their true stratified nature could hardly be recognised save on the large scale, and though able chemists maintained that the limestones were chemical and mineralogical segregations, having no connexion with organic action like the limestones of more recent formations, still the hope could not be thrown aside that some fortunate observer might chance to light upon traces of fossils in these, the oldest known calcareous beds in the world. Sir William Logan himself had looked long and anxiously, but without success. He had indeed detected a suspicious object in the limestone which seemed to him to be organic, and to resemble some of the so-called corals of the Silurian series. But the specimen was too obscure for identification. At last he was able to submit to Dr. Dawson, of Montreal, another portion, in which that naturalist recognised the structure of a foraminifer. So important an announcement deserved all the confirmation which could be obtained for it. The specimens were accordingly placed in the hands of Dr. Carpenter, our highest authority on the microscopic structure of such organisms as the Canadian fossils were believed to be. By him the decision of Dr. Dawson was fully borne out, and the true organic nature of the substance confirmed. The fossil has been named the *Eozoon Canadense*, and up to the present time is the oldest relic of life which has been found upon the globe. It is believed to have grown in aggregated masses, forming reefs of rock, like the coral-reefs of our own day. Hence the thick masses of limestone in which it is found may be due in large measure to the secretive powers of these humble animals.

The Laurentian rocks must have been separated by a vast lapse of time from the next formation which succeeds them. For during that interval they had been changed from the state of sand, mud, and gravel, into gnarled crystalline gneiss, schist, and quartz-rock, and in that altered state had been anew exposed to denudation. It is beyond that immense gap that Sir William

Logan's discovery enables us to throw back the beginning of life. But this is not all. The upper member of the Laurentian series is likewise separated from the lower by an unconformability, which represents the passing of another enormously protracted period. We must carry back the history of life even beyond that second interval; for it is in the lower part of the Laurentian rocks that the *Eozoon* has been found. And having reached that far point, we await the onward march of discovery, knowing that even now we have not reached the beginning, that the Laurentian rocks must have a bottom, which as yet has not been reached, and that beneath them there may perhaps lie still earlier records of waves that beat upon the land, and of living things that grew and died beneath them.

While chronicling this Canadian discovery—which marks an epoch in the history of geology—Sir Roderick Murchison has been able in this new edition of his book to announce the completion of his own researches, whereby a representative of the Laurentian rocks has been shown to exist in this country, and the whole of the Scottish Highlands has been brought into relation with the rocks of the rest of the island. From the time when Hutton went into such ecstasies over the granite veins of Glen Tilt that his guides thought he had found a gold vein, down to the year 1855, few attempts had been made to develop the order of succession among the crystalline rocks of the northern part of this country. Macculloch, indeed, had done good service in showing the geological structure of certain parts of the region, particularly among the western islands, and in the north-west Highlands. Hay Cunningham, following and extending the observations of Macculloch, had all but found and applied the key which would have enabled him to unravel the geology of the Highlands. Boué, Murchison, Sedgwick, Sharpe, and others, had each contributed a share; but the old mineralogical classification of the rocks remained. A deep obscurity hung over the origin of these crystalline masses; and though the more advanced school of geologists could not but recognise them as the metamorphosed equivalents of one or more sedimentary formations, no clue had been found to connect them with any of the other formations of the country. Nor was the early belief quite extinct that the gneiss and schist of the Highlands lay below all the fossiliferous rocks, and dated from a time anterior to the advent of living things upon the globe. Yet Macculloch had recognised traces of organisms among the quartz-rocks of Assynt, and had showed that these quartz-rocks must be older than the gneiss which covers them. But this remarkable observation had fallen aside, and its full significance was not perceived until after an interval.

interval of nearly thirty years Sir Roderick returned to the north-west Highlands, and succeeded, in the course of several successive summers, in working out the true structure of the northern half of Scotland.

Starting in the summer of 1855 among the mountains and sea-lochs of Sutherland and Ross, he verified the observation of previous explorers, including Professor Sedgwick and himself, that there exists an old gneiss, on which lies the deep mass of red sandstone forming the lofty picturesque pyramids of that wild sea-board. These sandstones are covered by masses of quartz-rock and limestone, above which come gneissose and schistose rocks, undulating towards the east. The old identification of the red sandstones of the west coast with the old red sandstones of the east could not be sustained, for the latter lay above the gneissic masses, while the former passed beneath them. There were evidently two series of gneisses, between which lay the red sandstone group. But what was their geological age, and what their relation to the rocks of the rest of the island? Professor Nicol, indeed, endeavoured to show that the intermediate group might really represent the old red sandstone, and that the quartz-rocks and limestones were thus the metamorphosed equivalents of the lower carboniferous strata of other districts. But this suggestion found no support. It was more likely that, as the Lower Silurian strata of the south of Scotland dipped northward under the central valley, part at least of the metamorphosed rocks which rise up from under that valley along its northern margin and sweep away into the Highlands, might prove to be the prolongation of these Silurian strata. A fortunate discovery by Mr. Charles W. Peach furnished the means of settling this question. He detected in the limestones of Sutherlandshire a number of recognisable fossils, which Mr. Salter pronounced to be Lower Silurian forms. The importance of this fact as a step in the progress of British geology can hardly be overrated. The rocks in which these organisms were found lay at the bottom of that immense series of crystalline masses which sweep from Sutherlandshire southward and eastward through the Highlands. If, then, the fossil-bearing beds were proved to be of Lower Silurian age, the rocks which lay above them could not be of older date. Once possessed of this key, Sir Roderick had no difficulty in developing the order of succession among the Highland rocks. The older or bottom gneiss he placed on the same horizon with Sir William Logan's Laurentian system in Canada; the red sandstones could hardly be other than representatives of the Cambrian rocks of Wales, and as such he identified them, while the overlying quartz-rocks, o 2 limestones,

limestones, and gneissose masses, were shown by the fossils to be Lower Silurian. It is this later group of metamorphic rocks out of which the Scottish Highlands are chiefly framed. And thus by a series of patient investigations the obscurity in which the geology of that wide region had been involved was eventually dispelled. Instead of being crystalline azoic formations, they were shown to be simply Lower Silurian rocks, which, over a space many hundred square miles in extent, had been altered into gneiss and schist. In completely changing after this fashion the geology of half a kingdom, Sir Roderick Murchison has achieved one of the most signal successes of his life.

The result, however, has not been obtained without opposition. When fossils of Lower Silurian type were found in the Durness limestones, Professor Nicol had necessarily to give up his carboniferous hypothesis. But though he had in published sections shown the younger gneiss lying conformably above the limestones, he now endeavoured to prove that there was no younger gneiss at all, that, in fact, it was merely the old gneiss brought up to the surface by enormous dislocations. To such an explanation Sir Roderick naturally objected, that there existed no evidence of any such breaks in the upward succession of the rocks, and that the younger gneiss had a different mineralogical character and an opposite direction from that of the older gneiss. In order to satisfy himself more surely, and to augment the data for his generalisation, he revisited the Highlands, in company with geological friends of long experience. With their assistance he confirmed and extended his previous results and placed his order of succession beyond all doubt. There is a moral in this part of the story which at the present time it would be well if geologists, and notably Sir Roderick himself, would carefully consider. No one, so far as we can learn, who had gone over the natural sections in the north-western Highlands, with no preconceived hypothesis to support, had ever noticed any dislocation between the quartz-rock series and the overlying gneissose rocks, Macculloch, Hay Cunningham, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Professor Nicol had observed the one series to pass up into the other. But when the last-named geologist conceived the idea that after all there must be only one gneiss, he discovered traces of a violent dislocation, even in spite of those natural sections where he had himself previously seen only an unbroken and conformable sequence. The dislocation was called in to support an explanation which could not be sustained in any other way. Nothing is so easy, and nothing unfortunately is more common, than to invent a fault or convulsion of nature, when facts are wanting to support a favourite theory. Those who maintain that
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the glens, valleys, and ravines of a country necessarily bear witness to primeval convulsions, are unwittingly guilty of this error, as we shall endeavour to point out a few pages further on. Sir Roderick ought to be especially cautious in the way in which he invokes stupendous dislocations in his native Highlands; for if every great valley and glen in that region be due to ancient fractures and displacements of the earth's crust, people will very naturally ask why, in that case, may not Professor Nicol's assertion be true, viz., that the so-called newer gneiss is only the old one upheaved again to the surface? It may be answered that there is no proof whatever of any such upheaval. True, but as little proof has been furnished that the Highland glens and valleys coincide as a whole with lines of dislocation. In each case the statement is simply an assertion, the truth or probability of which does not depend upon the positiveness with which it is made.

Since the appearance of the previous edition of '*Siluria*,' a long-expected work on British Silurian geology has been given to the world. The Geological Survey which had been engaged for many years upon the older rocks of Wales, and had issued from time to time a series of elaborate maps, on which the complicated structure of that region was for the first time delineated in detail, has at length published its '*Memoir on North Wales*.' This work, from the pen of Professor Ramsay, summarises the labours of his colleagues and himself, which were carried on under the general direction of the late Sir Henry de la Beche. It gives descriptions of the chief natural sections, supplementing the maps and sections of the Survey in such a manner as, with these, to present a complete picture of the geological features of that region. It likewise discusses many questions of great general interest, apart from their merely local significance, furnishing, for example, valuable data for the elucidation of such problems as are presented by metamorphism, igneous rocks, denudation and the influence of geological structure upon the external features of a country. Altogether it is the most accurate and detailed contribution to British geology which has been made for many years.

Of this work Sir Roderick Murchison has largely availed himself. Its geological details have enabled him to augment his own descriptions and give them greater precision. Its palæontological information, laboriously prepared by Mr. Salter has likewise furnished ample materials towards the story of the progress of organic existence during the Silurian period. When the Geological Survey has advanced over the other Silurian tracts of this country, mapping them with the same conscientious minuteness,

minuteness, and yet breadth of treatment, it is to be hoped that other similar volumes will be issued. No better service could be done to the cause of geology in this country. At present it seems to be the practice of the Survey to publish a little pamphlet explanatory of each sheet of the one-inch map.

We pass on to notice a generalisation made many years ago by Sir Roderick Murchison, and which, as he informs us, succeeding observers in all parts of the world have amply confirmed, viz., the date of the appearance of vertebrated animals upon the globe. In 1835 he announced that fishes occurred in what he had termed the Ludlow rock. The full meaning of this discovery, however, could hardly have been understood until after he had developed that order of succession among the old grau-wacke rocks, out of which his own Silurian system emerged. Then it was that an enormously thick series of deposits, lying beneath the old red sandstone, was shown to abound in invertebrate organic remains, among which a progression could be traced from lower to higher forms. At the top of this series Sir Roderick found a thin layer of stone, since known as the Ludlow bone-bed, containing the remains of fishes. When the last edition of his book was published, he was still able to state that no vertebrate remains had been found older than those mentioned in his original 'Silurian System.' And he naturally pointed with satisfaction to the fact that though researches had in the meanwhile been multiplied in many countries, his generalisation remained unshaken that fishes first appeared in the upper Ludlow period. Since that time fish remains have been found in a more ancient part of the system, viz., in the lower Ludlow rock. That, however is a zone which still lies not far down from the top of the Silurian series. Thus the author still maintains that these Silurian fishes 'may be viewed as the heralds which announced the close of the Silurian era in Britain, and the advent of the numerous other families of this class, which thenceforward are found in all the younger sediments.' 'We may therefore fairly regard the Silurian system, on the whole, and certainly all the Lower Silurian, as representing a long and early period in which no bony vertebrated animals had been called into existence.'

Whatsoever be the true explanation, whether it be that fishes really appeared for the first time towards the close of the Upper Silurian period, or that they came earlier but with no bony structure which could be preserved in the silt of the ocean floor, it must be acknowledged that while Silurian rocks have been searched all over the world, and while millions of shells, crustaceans, corals, and other marine organisms have been exhumed from them, no traces of fish have been detected, save near the

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top of the system. These fishes, moreover, are by no means of low organisation. One of them, and from its position at present the oldest, is allied to the sturgeon. On any theory of development, such a fish cannot have been the first of its class. It must needs have been preceded by many other forms, lower in type and graduating downward and backward to the mollusc. But of these necessary intermediate forms, not a vestige has yet been found. Too much weight, indeed, must not be attached to an objection of this kind against a theory of development, for it is liable at any moment to be damaged by the discovery of a single tooth, or plate, or scale. Still it must be fairly acknowledged to be at present of considerable force.

In the previous editions of '*Siluria*' some space was devoted to an account of certain sandstones containing the remains of crocodilian reptiles. These strata occur in the neighbourhood of Elgin, and were assigned by Sir Roderick Murchison and other able geologists to the upper old red sandstone. This inference was drawn from the character of the rocks, and from the impossibility of distinguishing them from beds of sandstone, into which they seemed to graduate, yet in which true old red sandstone fishes had been found. Nevertheless palæontologists hesitated to believe that creatures of so high a grade really dated from so ancient a period as that of the old red sandstone. Recently bones of one of these northern reptiles have been obtained and identified by Professor Huxley, from the trias of Warwickshire. The great antiquity of the Elgin fossils is thus disproved, and the strata in which they occur are now classed with the trias or new red sandstone. Sir Roderick Murchison in the new edition of his work frankly acknowledges himself to have been in error, and finds in the correction matter for congratulation. The existence of reptiles so highly organised in strata of such remote antiquity as the old red sandstone was not admitted by him, to use his own words, 'without great reluctance, inasmuch as if eventually substantiated it would have weakened the main argument that runs through all my writings, which shows a regular progression from lower to higher grades of animals, in ascending from the older to the younger formations.' The Elgin reptiles seemed to have been born many ages before their time. It is satisfactory therefore to find that the difficulty has been removed, and that the advent of these ancient crocodiles has been assigned to another and later period, in which they were associated with other reptiles of varying grades of organisation.

While it is among the older formations that Sir Roderick Murchison has chiefly won his laurels, his labours have by no means

means been confined to them. In his own country he has done good service among the secondary rocks, and in his great work on Russia he described the geology of a vast empire from its oldest rocks to the superficial detritus scattered over its surface. In recognition of these varied and valuable contributions he has received the highest honours which science can bestow in this country, and recently from the French Academy the highest distinction which a philosopher of any country can receive.

Sir Roderick has not given himself specially to questions in theoretical geology, though he has not avoided them where they met him in the course of his researches. In the concluding chapter of his volume he comes forward with a new and more forcible expression of his belief in a much greater intensity of geological action of all kinds during past ages than obtains now. These are with him no hastily or lately adopted views. He began his career with them firmly fixed in his mind, and he has maintained them stoutly until to-day. At the time, indeed, when he first wielded the hammer, they were universally prevalent, and even now they are held by a large body of geologists. A more modern school, however, has since arisen, which, starting from the basis laid towards the close of last century by Hutton, contends that the present order of nature must be taken as the key by which the past history of the earth is to be deciphered. The one class of writers are sometimes called 'Convulsionists' or 'Catastrophists'; the other are 'Quietists' or 'Uniformitarians.' Much has been written and spoken of late years by the leaders of these two schools. The points in dispute between them involve, indeed, some of the fundamental principles of the science. Sir Roderick boldly throws down his glove, and it will, no doubt, be taken up by some worthy combatant on the other side. The subject is itself an interesting one, and, as it forms a main element in the geological controversies of the present time, it may be briefly discussed here.

In all controversies of this kind the introduction of the *argumentum ad hominem* is a mistake. The author of 'Siluria' cites a good many distinguished authors who take his view of the matter; his opponents could, no doubt, bring forward as many, and would esteem them of equal eminence. Such citations do no good, if indeed they do not raise a suspicion that the cause may be weak which it is sought to aid with this sort of support. The question in dispute must be settled on its own merits. If the explanation is true, no number of distinguished names is needed or useful; while if it is false, these names may retard but cannot prevent its rejection. Sir Roderick seems tacitly, at least, to confess that he is not quite so sure about his views on this

this subject as he is regarding the great Silurian classification on which he rests his fame. 'The view I take of these physical changes,' he remarks, 'is entirely apart from my main object, and may either be adopted or set aside without affecting in any way the truthfulness of the succession of races in geological history, as described in this volume.' This is certainly quite true. One who has the profoundest respect for the sagacity and keen powers of observation which enabled the author of the 'Silurian system' to write, for the first time, a new chapter in the history of our globe, may nevertheless legitimately refuse to follow him in his speculations as to the intensity of natural forces in bygone ages. It is one thing to observe and describe the results, and quite a different thing to reason upon the nature and relation of the causes which produced them.

Of the Convulsionist school Sir Roderick Murchison is, in this country, at once the type and the leader. His creed is summed up by himself in the following sentences:—

'The crust and outline of the earth are full of evidences that many of the ruptures and overthrows of the strata, as well as great denudations, could not even in millions of years have been produced by agencies like these of our times.'—p. 495.

'Let it not be supposed, that we who hold to the proofs of more powerful causation in ancient periods, do not fully admit that the former physical agencies were of the same nature as those which now prevail. We simply assert on the countless evidences of fracture, dislocation, metamorphism, and inversion of the strata, and also on that of vast and clean-swept denudations, that these agencies were from time to time infinitely more energetic than in existing nature,—in other words, that the metamorphisms and oscillations of the terrestrial crust, including the uprise of sea-bottoms, and the sweeping out of debris, were paroxysmal in comparison with the movements of our own era. We further maintain that no amount of time (of which no true geologist was ever parsimonious when recording the history of bygone accumulations of sediment, or of the different races of animals they contain) will enable us to account for the signs of many great breaks and convulsions which are visible in every mountain-chain, and which the miner encounters in all underground workings.'—p. 490.

These are plain and strong words; whether or not the reader agrees with them, he cannot miss their meaning. This, however, is an advantage not always conceded by writers of this school. Even as far back as the days of Hutton and Playfair they were charged with vagueness and ambiguity of language which their opponents naturally regarded as indicative of the weakness of their position. The first enquiry to suggest itself will naturally be as to what and where are the proofs in favour of these assertions.

tions. What is the nature of those 'evidences' of which the 'crust and outline of the earth' are said to be full? If they are so abundant and clear, it must seem strange that there should be any controversy on the subject. Sir Roderick does not enable us, however, to answer this question. This is much to be regretted, since for the final settlement of the point in dispute it would have been of great importance to have had from such a man a definite statement, not merely of his conclusion, but of the logical process by which it had been reached. He would have done good service had he given a body of evidence, described it in detail, and shown how his own deductions were the only ones that could be legitimately drawn from it. This, indeed, was not the main purpose of his book, and might have led to a too lengthy digression. Still such a clear and precise account of the reason of the faith that is in him would have been welcomed alike by those who agree with him and those who dissent. He does, indeed, refer to one or two illustrations of his view. He points, for example, to the northern face of the Swiss and Bavarian Alps, where, for the space of many leagues, miocene strata plunge under the older tertiary rocks on which they once rested, and from which they have been derived; and he cites the lake of the Four Cantons as a profound transverse fissure, with vertical walls of broken, twisted, and inverted strata. 'By no possible extension of gradual and insensible causes,' he remarks, 'could huge masses of tertiary rocks have been so thrown over as to pass under the older rocks of the Alps, out of which they were formed.' But even a non-scientific reader may ask why might they not have been so thrown over by gradual movements, and how could the result in the one case have been afterwards distinguished from that in the other? About the fact of the inversion or fault, or whatever be the kind of physical structure, there may be no dispute. But by what kind of reasoning can we discover with certainty whether it was brought about suddenly by a great convulsion, or gradually by a series of small displacements, or a long-continued gentle movement? We do not at present call in question the soundness of Sir Roderick's belief. It may be well founded, or the reverse. What a thoughtful reader of his pages would like to know is, what it is founded upon, and what are the grounds on which it is stated with so much confidence that 'no possible extension of gradual and insensible causes' could have produced the appearances which are now presented by the rocks.

In truth, this question is not to be decided by an appeal to the rocks themselves. Those who maintain that in past time nature has always advanced in the same quiet uniform way as now, are no more entitled to be dogmatic than those who hold by

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paroxysms and catastrophes. It may seem almost a paradox, but it is, we suspect, nevertheless true, that this question hardly comes within the province of the geologist at all, so long, at least, as he draws his evidence simply from the data collected by himself. Pure geology deals with results rather than with causes. It describes the effects which physical forces have exerted upon the crust of the earth; but the study of these forces themselves, with all such enquiries as to whether they have varied in intensity in past time, belongs rather to physics than to geology. As Sir Charles Lyell has well said, 'it is not the magnitude of the effects, however gigantic their proportions, which can inform us in the slightest degree whether the operation was gradual, insensible, or paroxysmal.' But these effects are all the independent testimony that a geologist has to appeal to; and if they fail him, he must seek assistance from the astronomer, or the chemist, or the natural philosopher.

Sir Roderick quotes some passages in his support from a remarkable memoir on the 'Secular Cooling of the Earth,' by Professor Sir William Thomson. That distinguished physicist, proceeding upon the fact that the solar system cannot have gone on for millions of years without losing by dissipation a considerable proportion of the entire energy on which geological and other forces ultimately depend, contends that the amount of change which took place formerly upon and within the crust of the earth, must have been much greater and more violent than anything within human experience. He uses the simile of a monitor in action, and remarks that it is just as certain that the earth must possess less volcanic energy now than at first, as it is that the monitor, after firing away shot and shell for hours, must have less ammunition on board than at the beginning of the battle. His inference therefore is, that the Uniformitarian writers have argued in a most fallacious manner against hypotheses of violent action in past ages, and that those of the opposite school, who, like Sir Roderick Murchison, demand the occurrence of far more powerful movements of upheaval or fracture, are supported by independent evidence from modern physics. Turning to the data of the geologists themselves he asks:—

'Do not the vast masses of basalt, the general appearance of mountain-ranges, the violent distortions and fractures of strata, the great prevalence of metamorphic action (which must have taken place at depths of not many miles, if so much), all agree in demonstrating that the rate of increase of temperature downwards must have been much more rapid, and in rendering it probable that volcanic agency, earthquake-shocks, and every kind of so-called plutonic action have been
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on the whole more abundantly and violently operative in geological antiquity than in the present age ?'

There can, we presume, be no doubt about the truth of the fundamental doctrine for which Sir William contends, viz., that there must be less potential energy in the solar system now than there was originally. But it by no means follows that his application of this doctrine to the interpretation of geological history is necessarily just. And there are some weighty reasons why it should, at least, be received with caution. He starts with the assumption that such geological phenomena as upheaval, fracture, and metamorphism, depend for their production directly upon the effects of underground heat, and naturally infers that when this heat near the surface was greater, phenomena of that kind must have been more abundant and more violent. But, so far as we are aware, for this assumption there is no evidence, certainly no geological evidence. Fracture and contortion of the crust of the earth are more probably referable to contraction due to cooling, and if so, ought to have been less severe in ancient than in more recent times. The more the crust of the earth thickened and hardened, the greater would be the resistance it would offer to movements in the interior; and the more the diameter diminished, the more marked up to a certain point would be the results of each successive shrinkage. Granting, therefore, that there was far more subterranean heat in the earth in early times than there is to-day, we are not called upon to admit that this necessitates any former greater intensity of earthquakes or upheavals. Sir William Thomson's simile of the monitor furnishes an excellent illustration against himself. It is quite true that a ship, after throwing away shot and shell for hours, must have less ammunition on board than at the beginning of the action. It is equally certain that the earth, after for millions of years parting with heat and receiving no recompense, must have less store of heat now than at first. In so far the comparison is just. But is it not as evident that the effects produced by each gun in the vessel in no way depend upon the amount of powder in the magazine? The last shot fired is as loud and may be as destructive as the first, and so it would be even though there did not remain powder enough to fire a single discharge more. If the simile is to hold, we must grant that the upheavals and fractures of the crust of the earth, like the discharges of the monitor, have not been growing weaker in proportion as the internal magazine whence they came has parted with its stores of energy, but that the latest are, at least, equal in violence to the earliest.

Sir William Thomson turns to geological evidences and asks,

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as Sir Roderick Murchison does, if they do not 'all agree in demonstrating' the former greater intensity of subterranean forces. Now it is absolutely certain that no such demonstration can be drawn from any geological data yet discovered. It will not do to say that powerful fractures or great contortions *must* have been produced by sudden and violent agencies. This is precisely the point to be proved, and it is for those who make the assertion to put it beyond dispute. The older rocks show, as a rule, a far more fractured and contorted structure than those of younger date, and this is sometimes appealed to as evidence of the greater number and intensity of underground disturbances in early times. But, as has been answered over and over again, such a broken and bent condition need not be more than a proof of the great age of the rocks. They have been longer exposed to geological change, and therefore contain more traces of it. The one great example cited in 'Siluria' (p. 494) as a proof of the far more sudden and violent operations of former times, is that of the inversion of the miocene strata of the Alps. It is certainly a stupendous monument of the power of the subterranean forces. What, then, is its geological age? According to the doctrine of the Convulsionists, it ought to date from a very remote time. But in truth it is, in a geological sense, quite recent, for it has happened actually since the miocene period. The most extensive inversion known is likewise one of the newest. Surely there is no proof here that the internal force is growing weaker in its effects upon the surface. Again volcanic rocks are sometimes appealed to as proofs of a former higher degree of subterranean activity. But we have only to compare the most voluminous masses of interbedded igneous rocks in any of the geological formations to see that they are quite insignificant when compared with the volcanic outbursts of recent times. The volcanic rocks preserved in the British Isles, for instance, so far from giving any colour to the notion of a diminution of activity, show very clearly that the earliest outbursts, those, namely, which occur among the Lower Silurian rocks, fall short in magnitude of the latest which in miocene times were poured out over hundreds of square miles from Belfast through the Western Islands to Faroe, and probably even to Iceland.

Apart, therefore, from theory altogether, a serious study of the earth's crust furnishes no evidence of a diminution in the intensity of those agents by which the rocks have been upheaved, depressed, or fractured. We venture to suggest that such evidence as can be brought to bear upon the question rather goes to show that the intensity, so far from diminishing, has, on the whole, been augmenting. It is certainly noteworthy that, according to

to the author of 'Siluria,' the crust of the earth, during the Silurian period, had not yet been ridged up into lofty mountains nor broken with deep chasms; that all such great movements have, in his opinion, happened since that period; and that the most gigantic illustration which he cites is posterior in date to one of the most recent of the geological formations. Be this, however, as it may, the Uniformitarian school has proceeded, as it seems to us, on a safer basis of inquiry than their opponents. They have taken the present economy of Nature as their guide, and have therewith advanced successfully in the study of the bygone history of the earth. So long as this method is confessed to be provisional and to be based on an assumption, it is unquestionably the best which a geologist can follow. But when the assumption is lost sight of, and uniformity of causation is taken as a proved fact, the method is apt to be abused. Nor are the writers of this school free from blame in this respect. They have carried their quietist views to an extreme which is not less opposed to true philosophy than are the views of their antagonists. Surely, the short span of centuries in which man has been intelligently surveying the operations of Nature around him is infinitely too brief to warrant him in believing that he has seen a sample of every kind and degree of force by which his planet has had its outer crust modified or its surface changed. His part must be to watch well what takes place around him, and to use his observations as a key to interpret the records of ancient changes. But he should remember that his experience, though it must remain his guide, is at the best but scanty, and that there may be possible sources of geological change of which he has not even dreamed. Only a year or two have passed since Mr. Croll threw a flood of new light upon the subject of climate by showing how astronomy may be brought to aid geological speculation. The same acute writer has likewise by the same method opened up a way whereby it may yet be possible to construct an approximate geological chronology. Hitherto, want of accuracy and definiteness has often been brought as a charge against geology, and sometimes only with too much justice. We seem to be now entering, however, upon a new era, when there will be infused into geological methods and speculation some of the precision of the exact sciences. Brought more into contact with these sciences, and helped along by the discoveries made by them on the boundaries of the geological domain, the future of geology promises to be even more brilliant than its past.

Closely connected with the question whether or not geological phenomena have been brought about more suddenly and violently in ancient than in recent times, lies the inquiry as to the origin

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of the present outlines of our islands and continents. No two countries, no two counties, no two valleys, glens, or mountains, have precisely the same forms of surface. An infinite variety runs through them all; and even where we can classify them into groups having a general family likeness there is often a strong individuality besides. Undoubtedly, it is the province of the geologist to investigate these changes of scenery, and to determine, as far as possible, to what influences their variety may be due. Nor does his science present a more fascinating aspect than when, instead of penetrating into mines and speculating about internal fires, it takes up the mere outer skin of the planet and tries to trace the stages of its growth. For, apart from the story of the rocks beneath, the very surface of the land has a history of its own. Each mountain and valley is thus charged with a twofold tale: there is first that of the formation of the rocks, then that of the shaping of these hardened rocks into the present landscape. Snowdon, for example, in the strata of which it is built up, carries us back into the Lower Silurian age, and reveals to us old sea-bottoms, over which there fell showers of volcanic dust that thickened into deep layers and enveloped the shells and corals that were living or had died upon the bottom; but the external contour of the mountain brings us into much more recent times, and shows how many different forces have been at work upon the upheaved sea-sediments down even to the rains and frosts that are now scarring its cliffs and slopes.

This is a subject upon which the Catastrophists and Uniformitarians have long been at war. The former maintain that the present outlines of mountain and valley, lake-basin and river-gorge have in the main been determined by subterranean movements of upheaval, depression, and fracture; the latter hold that, though these movements have undoubtedly been not without their influence, the existing forms of the surface are mainly to be ascribed to the eroding power of rain, springs, frost, glaciers, rivers, and the sea. On the first statement of the case one is naturally inclined to side with the Catastrophists. It seems hardly credible that such feeble agents as rains and streams could carve out deep and wide valleys; but, on the other hand, quite intelligible that such stupendous results should be the work of grand primeval convulsions.

This question has been much discussed in recent years. So long ago as the latter half of the last century Hutton propounded the doctrine that 'the mountains have been formed by the hollowing out of the valleys, and the valleys have been hollowed out by the attrition of hard materials coming from the mountains.' This idea was afterwards expanded and illustrated by
his

his disciple Playfair. But it ran counter to the general tendency of the geological speculation of the day, and fell almost out of remembrance. Recently, however, it has been revived, and there is now a rapidly-increasing body of geologists, especially among the younger men, who have adopted Hutton's doctrine to the full, and have carried it out in bold appeals to the structure of the country. This temerity has necessarily exposed them to the denunciations of the older and more orthodox school. But their numbers seem to be increasing notwithstanding, and a determined fight has been the result. It is the main geological battle of the day. Every scientific journal to which the brethren of the hammer have access is made use of. Papers, memoirs, notes, reviews, letters to the Editor, in short, every form of literary missile, has been swept into the armoury. Month after month the weapons are discharged from side to side with a zeal quite delightful to witness. We shall try to give our readers some idea of the merits and present state of the controversy.

Sir Roderick Murchison, as a consistent Catastrophist, is naturally led to ridicule the notion that the broad mountains, valleys and ravines of a country can be due to mere surface-action. In these features, as already stated, he sees some of the strongest evidences not only in favour of convulsions, but of convulsions immensely more violent than any earthquake or upheaval within human experience. In a recent paper he thus expresses himself :—

‘When we see how the consideration of the inner structure of the Alps has been passed over by some casual visitors, who seek to account for much of the main outlines of the earth by external agencies, and who have gone so far as even to refer to ice-action the excavation of deep cavities and lake basins, which to practical native geologists and other able and observant thinkers are manifestly due to older geological forces, we fall back on the exclamation of one of the sturdiest veterans among Alpine explorers, the late Leopold von Buch, who, when the extreme glacier doctrines were coming into fashion and were tending to obliterate the study of all that he considered to be true geology, fell on his knees, and exclaimed—“O sancte de Saussure, ora pro nobis.”’

Sir Roderick is thus an uncompromising opponent of the younger school. And veteran as he is, we constantly see him in the thick of the fray: whether it be at a learned society, or in the pages of a scientific journal, there is the indomitable author of ‘*Siluria*,’ fighting with seemingly all the vigour and relish which he showed thirty years ago. In the concluding chapter of ‘*Siluria*’ he stands up stoutly for the older faith, his zeal for which leads him even to quit for a little his favourite Silurian domain

domain in order to place more definitely on record his opposition to all speculation that would rob the mountains and valleys of any portion of the dignity which a catastrophic origin is supposed to have conferred upon them.

The antagonists in this controversy start from a certain basis of agreement. It is admitted on all hands that the crust of the earth has been broken and contorted, and that these traces of underground movement are of all ages, some going back to pre-Cambrian times, while others are even taking place at the present moment. The one school of geologists maintains that the present irregularities of outline are directly due to these disturbances of the crust, and that consequently in our systems of mountains and valleys we possess in great measure the primeval contour of the surface. They admit that running waters have sometimes widened and deepened their channels; that frost and general atmospheric waste have lowered mountain summits; that glaciers have helped to wear down the rocks over which they have moved; that the sea has eaten away large portions of the solid land. But they hold that the influence of all these agencies has been, on the whole, quite insignificant; and that it was 'the grand subterranean forces which truly gave, in very early ages, a leading impress to the broadly-marked features of mountain and valley—features which, however since modified by atmospheric agencies, have never been obliterated, and which are as eternal as the snows and glaciers of the Alps are, in a broad geological sense, casual and ephemeral.'

There can be no doubt that, as we have already remarked, this view is at once the obvious one. It naturally suggests itself to every one who contemplates a group of lofty mountains, or who finds himself in the deep shadow of a valley with a sweep of precipice and rocky scarp around him. And as it requires for its credence no geological knowledge—as indeed it existed long before geology had a being—it has naturally acquired an ascendancy which will not be easily overthrown. Nevertheless, its verisimilitude forms no reason why, after all, it may not be false. Its opponents maintain that this plausibility has given it a hold which has been hurtful to the progress of sound geology. They remark that it naturally misleads the *dilettanti* observers who have rushed into the fray; but that it should still sway the minds of men who are in other respects able geologists they regard as matter, if not for surprise, at least for regret.

Two fatal objections against it are urged at the outset. In the first place, it ignores the fact that above the present surface of mountain and valley there once lay hundreds or thousands of feet of solid rock, which has since been removed. If we

could restore this missing material we should fill up every valley and bury every mountain. It could not have been removed by subterranean movements, let these have been what they may. It has been worn off by some surface-action; and the only forces by which this could have been effected, so far as we know, are those same powers of waste which are wearing away the rocks still. Hence it is manifest, say the 'denudationists,' that whatever may have been the original contour of the surface, Hutton's dictum must be true that the present mountains have been left by the erosion of the valleys, and the valleys have been hollowed out by the water draining off the mountains. In the second place, this explanation wholly overlooks the denudation which is in progress. According to the view now combated, the existing features of mountain and valley were impressed upon the surface during 'very early ages;' they are referred to as the 'aboriginal outline,' which can only have been but triflingly modified by atmospheric agencies. But as has recently been shown, the rate of waste by these agencies is even now so rapid that the mountains and valleys could not retain their present outlines even during the passing of a single geological formation. In somewhere about four or five million of years the present continents will be washed into the sea by atmospheric waste. There are but two ways of escape from this dilemma: either the interval which has elapsed since the 'aboriginal outlines' were impressed upon the surface is so short that the existing agencies of denudation have not had time to obliterate them, in which case the whole of geological history will be comprised within a few hundred thousand years; or the forces of denudation must have been idle until recent times, and the rate of waste must be infinitely more rapid now than it has ever been. It is needless to say that both of these deductions are opposed to the whole current of geological evidence, and must be rejected on all sides.

The objections presented by the facts of denudation have been supposed to be met by the admission of powerful translations of water, which suddenly swept away vast masses of rock and excavated valleys. It is evident, however, that those who offer this explanation in reality surrender the argument; for if once they admit that the valleys have been due to denudation, they yield the chief point for which their opponents contend. The question as to whether the erosion was sudden or gradual can be discussed on its own merits. That any conceivable rush of water sent over a country by an earthquake shock could dig out a valley may well be doubted. There are, indeed, objections of various kinds which seem to us to render this notion

of

of the effects of sudden debacles quite untenable. It may be enough to point out that, in spite of what has been often said to the contrary, there is really no proof in its favour to be found among the geological records. That 'deposition and denudation are processes inseparably connected,' is an axiom, the truth of which is disputed by no one. If, then, a gigantic rush of water could at once excavate a valley, the mass of material removed would be swept away into some place of deposit, where we may suppose that its tumultuous arrangement and great thickness would bear witness to its sudden and violent origin. Deposits of this kind, then, ought to be of frequent occurrence among the geological formations. But we are not aware of a single undoubted instance. All the so-called examples present no features which are not readily explained by phenomena within human experience.

If we reflect upon what denudation, or the removal of solid rock, really involves, we shall be led to perceive that all such hypotheses as those which invoke the agency of huge debacles, or even those which attribute the chief share to the abrading powers of the sea, proceed upon a total misconception of the true nature of this great process. Before it is removed by running water, the rock has been corroded and softened by atmospheric causes. The yearly tribute of silt borne from the land to the sea is the result of this rot and decay; the streams carry away the decomposed rock which is washed into them, or which they themselves derive from the sides and bottoms of their channels. The sudden excavation and removal of a deep mass of solid compact stone is a phenomenon which we venture to regard as a physical impossibility. Certainly no agency in nature at present known or conceivable could accomplish it.

The geologists of the Huttonian school, who maintain that in the formation of systems of valleys, of river-ravines, and of lakes, denudation has been the chief process, are charged with ignoring the effect of underground movements. The accusation is so far justified, we think, that they do not so frequently refer to the traces of these movements as perhaps they might do. This evidently arises not from their ignorance of the proofs of fractures and upheavals, but rather because they take these proofs for granted, and, proceeding upon them as indisputable, find that, after all allowance for the influence of such internal disturbance, it is in the main by surface action that the valleys and mountains, as they at present exist, have been carved out. They hold that no sooner is a mass of land upraised by subterranean agency above the ocean-level, than it begins to be attacked by rain, frost, streams, and the other subaerial forces, and that these by

degrees chisel out for themselves a system of valleys whereby the drainage of the land is carried down to the sea. At first the running water, it is said, would naturally take the hollows that chanced to exist upon the upraised surface; but these hollows would eventually lose all resemblance to their original form, as age after age the land continued to be worn away. Glens and valleys would thus be excavated, and the valley-systems now in existence are pointed to as showing, by their nice adjustment to the grand end of carrying off the surplus water, that they can have been due to no other cause than to the erosive action of that water itself.

The objections which have been raised to the adoption of these views may for the present be grouped under two heads. In the first place, it is contended that the valleys and river-ravines contain within themselves proofs of their connexion with subterranean movements. This, however, is an assertion which is stoutly denied by the believers in the powers of the denuding agents, who maintain that for one example of a valley which can be shown to coincide with a line of fracture, there are scores where it can be proved that no such coincidence exists. They further retort that it is simply a begging of the question to be proved when the catastrophists first assert that valleys are due to fracture, and then point to the existence of the valleys as proof of the assertion. The presence of a dislocation is not a matter which can always be made out at a glance, but which often demands much careful scrutiny. Some of the largest faults known in this country show no feature at the surface which would lead to a suspicion of their presence. They are marked by no long line of ravine or valley, while, on the other hand, even the deepest ravines and the largest valleys comparatively seldom happen to run along proved lines of dislocation.

In the second place, the opponents of the denudation theory contend that by no power of rain, frost, ice, streams, or the sea, could the phenomena in question have been produced. They assert that rivers merely deepen channels already made for them, and this to so trifling an extent, that in the long history of the past their influence may be disregarded; that it is absurd to speak of the 'gentle rain from heaven' as capable of working out any great geological change; and that even glaciers can do little more than polish and furrow the hard rocks over which they move. By much the most ingenious and carefully elaborated argument we have yet seen on one branch of this subject is that given so far back as the year 1843, by M. Elie de Beaumont, in his '*Leçons de Géologie Pratique*.' He cites a number of human antiquities dating a thousand or two thousand
years

years back, and reasons that the fact of their perfect preservation affords good ground for believing that the surface of a country remains for an immense period without any appreciable alteration. The vegetable soil in his eyes becomes a kind of fixed point or zero by which to measure the changes that take place more rapidly.

Apart, however, from the fact that every year lessens the number of remaining antiquities and impairs their freshness, it would not be difficult to show that the preservation of old forts and tumuli is in thousands of cases by no means so perfect as is alleged; that the standing stones which are still erect do not furnish any proof that the soil around them has undergone no change—a statement, indeed, which seems sufficiently negatived by the number of stones lying prostrate; and that for one legible inscription more than two or three centuries old it would be easy to furnish scores which have been obliterated after a few generations. But even if all these assertions were just, and if it could be conclusively proved that for a thousand, or two thousand years, certain human monuments had undergone no appreciable alteration, would the inference necessarily be just, that therefore rain, frost, streams, and the other meteoric agents of decay, exercise no material influence upon the surface of the earth? A process which in two thousand years has not effected any perceptible alteration on certain parts of the earth's surface may yet have been rapid enough in the course of the geological ages to have worked the most stupendous changes upon that surface as a whole.

There is one method of investigating this subject, first suggested a good many years ago, and only recently revived, which promises to furnish the geologist with accurate data. The loss which the surface of a country undergoes may be approximately measured by the amount of sediment removed from it by its different rivers. Measurements and calculations have, with more or less care, been made in various rivers, the most elaborate being those of the United States Survey of the Mississippi, whence it appears that the water of rivers contains about $\frac{1}{3000}$ of its bulk of mud. The average discharge of water and mean amount of sediment being known, it is easy to calculate the total annual quantity of sediment carried by a river to the sea. If, moreover, we know the extent of the area which the river drains, and from which of course it derives its burden of silt, we can ascertain by a simple piece of arithmetic how much the whole basin of drainage has its general level lowered in one year. It appears, from the data which have already been collected, that on an average somewhere about $\frac{1}{6000}$ th part of a foot is annually

worn

worn off the general surface of a river-basin. This will amount to 1 foot in 6000 years, or 1000 feet in 6,000,000 years. Those writers, therefore, who have ridiculed the idea that atmospheric waste can exercise any important effect upon the surface of the earth, will find on reflection that in reality they have not been aware of what that waste is even now doing before their eyes. At the present rate of degradation a country will have its general level lowered by a thousand feet in six millions of years; a period which most geologists will probably regard as very brief, yet which would be long enough to allow the existing continents to be almost entirely washed into the sea. It is obvious, however, that the whole surface of a country is not worn away equally; some parts—as flat grounds, and in particular where, as M. de Beaumont justly points out, the soil is protected by vegetation—may remain unchanged for very long periods, while other portions, such as river-beds and bare rocky slopes, suffer a comparatively rapid decay. But we may apportion the waste over the region as we choose, without affecting the sum total, which is found by dividing the annual quantity of sediment removed from the basin by the number of square feet in the area of drainage. If one rock or piece of ground has suffered no loss, its share must have fallen upon some other part of the district. Thus even in an area where it may be possible to point to well preserved monuments a thousand years old or more, the river which drains that area may demonstrate that the quantity of silt annually removed is equal to a lowering of the general surface at the rate of one foot in seven hundred and thirty years, as is the case at present with the River Po. Yet there are undoubtedly parts of the region drained by this river which may have undergone no sensible change for thousands of years.

One cannot meditate upon these aspects of the subject without being led to feel that it is not easy to avoid the conclusion that at the present rate of erosion the atmospheric agents of waste are quite competent to carve out for themselves systems of deep and wide valleys, and that the present valley systems must either have been so hollowed out, or cannot have been exposed to the action of rain, frost, and streams for more than an exceedingly brief geological period. The notion that there can be extant now any of the primeval outline of the earth's surface is ridiculed by every little stream that rolls its muddy waters to the sea.

There is one feature in the external outline of the earth's crust which is triumphantly pointed to as a demonstration that the present form of the surface is due in the main to underground influence. We refer to the existence of deep basins or cavities
among

among the rocks, which hold the sheets of water familiar to everybody as lakes. If these cavities are due to depressions or other movements from below, they will of course go far to support the views of those who would refer the valleys and ravines to a similar origin. And their immense numbers over the whole of the northern portion of our hemisphere will still further strengthen the cause of the 'Convulsionists.' It is plain that no action of mere running water could have excavated these hollows, the bottoms being deeper than the outlets. Yet an examination of them shows that, as in the case of the valleys, an immense mass of rock has been removed from them. Indeed, they are in this and in other respects quite comparable to valleys, with the one great distinction, that they are deeper than the channels by which their surplus waters escape. If, therefore, it could be proved that lake-basins have generally been caused by subterranean movements, the theory of the erosive origin of valleys would thereby suffer a serious blow. For the completeness and consistency of that theory some explanation must be found which will harmonise with the deductions drawn from the other parts of the existing contour of the land.

In the year 1859 two distinguished geologists, working at this subject independently, first suggested that glacier-ice had been concerned in the production of lake-basins. M. de Mortillet, in a paper read before the Geological Society of France, and again more elaborately in an excellent memoir read in the following year to the Italian Society of Natural Science, brought forward evidence to prove that the present lakes of the Alps had had their basins scooped for them out of old alluvia by the widely-extended glaciers of the glacial period. He admitted that the basins had been originally formed by the elevatory movements which had upraised the chain of the Alps. He then argued that the hollows thus produced had been filled up with immense deposits of detritus; that afterwards, on the setting in of the icy ages, the glaciers advanced down the valleys, and slowly ploughed out these accumulations of loose materials; that on the final retreat of the glaciers, the basins thus scooped out were to some extent filled up again by the *débris* from the ice and from the sides of the valleys; but that where they were large and deep, and where the *débris* carried into them was proportionately small, they have remained, and are now occupied by sheets of fresh water. So far, however, as the primary origin of rock-basins goes, this explanation contained no advance beyond previous opinion; the glaciers were supposed merely to have removed detritus from cavities originally caused by underground movements. Professor Ramsay, who had devoted
many

many years to the study of glacial phenomena in this country and in Switzerland, proposed an explanation which had suggested itself to his mind several years before he had heard of that of M. de Mortillet. He saw that in any attempt to account for the existence of rock-basins by calling in the agency of subterranean force, the same difficulties start up that occur when valleys are referred to a similar cause. He first suggested, in 1859, that such basins might really be entirely due to the enormous grinding power of glacier-ice. In a subsequent year he elaborated his views in a detailed memoir, in which he called attention to the significant fact that lakes are abundant in those countries which were ice-covered during the glacial period, but comparatively rare in those regions which were not so affected. He further showed that the lakes all lay on the sites of old glaciers; that they did not coincide with the line of any open fissures; that they could not each be the result of a special subsidence of the ground or of the strata; that they could not have been hollowed out by mere running water; and that the only available explanation was that they had been slowly dug out of the solid rock by the grinding action of the vast masses of ice which moved seaward over the land during the long glacial period.

Some such explanation was necessary for the completeness of the Huttonian philosophy. The rock-basins point to some power of erosion by which deep and wide hollows can be excavated. But no such power is furnished by rivers or by the sea, nor by any of the other denuding forces save glacier-ice. Availing itself of this additional and powerful agent, the doctrine that the existing outlines of our scenery have been carved out mainly by surface action, acquires a unity and consistency which afford strong evidence in its favour. Appealing to no merely conjectural causes, nor dazzled by the stupendous magnitude of the phenomena which it has to examine and explain, the Huttonian philosophy sedulously studies the working of existing nature, and by a slow and laborious method learns to recognise in rains, frosts, and glaciers, springs, rivers, and ocean, the tools that have been used in graving the present outlines of the continents.

The controversy now waging on these subjects will undoubtedly end in the firm establishment of the truth. Those, on the one hand, who maintain the all-powerful effects of upheaval and depression, will be led to acknowledge that they have overlooked, almost despised, the less obtrusive forces; while those, on the other hand, who believe in the potency of these surface agents, will be prevented from forgetting that the movements of the earth's crust require to be recognised. When the two schools shall

shall have accommodated their differences, and come to a general agreement, they will be able to join amicably in writing the latest but not the least curious chapter in the long history of our planet—the story of its outer surface. Scenery will be studied by them as a part of their science, not less than the rocks beneath. The outlines of the landscape will form in their eyes as essential a part of the geological investigation of a district as do now the various formations and strata out of which the landscape has been framed. They will thus open up a new and wide avenue of approach to their science—one which will lie open to every casual wayfarer. They will attract to the study an ever-growing number of followers; they will furnish an increasing source of pleasure to hundreds of readers who have no opportunity of ever becoming geologists; and they will give to geology a fresh and powerful claim to an important share in the science-education of our schools.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Paræmiographi Græci*. Leutsch et Schneidewin. Gottingæ, 1839-51.
2. *Paræmiographi Græci*. Edidit T. Gaisford, S.T.P. Oxonii, 1836.
3. *Novus Thesaurus Adagiorum Latinorum*. Dr. Wilhelm Binder. Stuttgart, 1861.
4. *Polydori Vergilii Urbinatis Adagia*. 1498.
5. *Adagiorum Opus Desiderii Erasmi*. Lugduni, 1529.
6. *Proverbs chiefly taken from the Adagia of Erasmus*. By Robert Bland, M.D. London, 1814.
7. *A Handbook of Proverbs, comprising Ray's Collection, with his Additions, &c. &c.* Collected by H. G. Bohn. London, 1857.
8. *A Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs, with Index*. By H. G. Bohn. London, 1857.
9. *Proverbs, or Old Sayed Saws and Adages*. Collected by James Howell, Esq. London, 1659.
10. *A Dictionary of Spanish Proverbs*. By John Collins. London, 1823.
11. *Quelque Six Mille Proverbes*. Par le P. Ch. Cahier. Paris, 1836.
12. *Petite Encyclopédie des Proverbes Français*. Par Hilaire le Gais. Paris, 1860.
13. *Arabic Proverbs Translated and Explained*. By J. L. Burckhardt. London, 1830.

14. *Wit*

14. *Wit and Wisdom from West Africa.* Captain R. F. Burton. London, 1865.
15. *Scots Proverbs.* By Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh, 1797.
16. *Mavor's Proverbs, Alphabetically Arranged.* London, 1804.
17. *Select Proverbs of all Nations.* By Thomas Fielding. London, 1824.
18. *Proverbs of all Nations, Compared, Explained, and Illustrated.* By Walter K. Kelly. London, 1861.
19. *Proverbs and their Lessons.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D. Fourth edition. London, 1857.

WISDOM manifests herself in divers forms, but seldom perhaps in any more acceptably or impressively than when she clothes herself in proverbial guise. Reading and observation leave some mark on minds of any calibre, and the result of such impression, in its most popular and perhaps most durable form, is the 'proverb;' the coiner of which does not indeed transmit his name with the gift of condensed wisdom he bequeaths to posterity, but in his namelessness enjoys an immortality of popular favour such as falls to the lot of few orations, or poems, or treatises. Considerations of this kind seem to justify that class of definitions of a proverb which make its essence to be 'wisdom in brief.' While Aristotle speaks of Proverbs as 'remnants which, on account of their shortness and correctness, have been saved out of the wreck and ruins of ancient Philosophy,' Agricola declares them to be 'short sentences into which, as in rules, the ancients have compressed life.' Quaint Thomas Fuller defined it 'much matter decocted into few words;' and James Howell 'a great deal of weight wrapt up in a little;' nor is the modern definition, 'the wisdom of many and the wit of one,' unallied to these, if it conveys the idea that the proverb places before us in witty conciseness the pith of wisdom that has been often enunciated less compendiously. Accurate definition is always a hard matter, and, not least, the definition of a proverb. Catching one or two salient points, we are apt to overlook others. 'Shortness, salt, and significance,' noted by Howell as essential to a proverb, will, as Archbishop Trench justly remarks, apply to the epigram with equal fitness; and, as the same writer shews, 'brevity, point, and wit' will not make a saying a proverb without the endorsement of popular acceptance. Erasmus defines a proverb as '*Celebre dictum, scitâ quâpiam novitate insigne*,' but though the '*celebre dictum*' is well enough, the latter part of the definition is surely not of the

essence

essence of a proverb. Passing other inadequate definitions, we resort to etymology. 'Proverbium' is from *pro*, 'publicly,' and *verbum*, 'a word'; and the Greek correlative *paræmia*,* imports 'a trite, roadside expression.' Whether 'adagium' may be traced to 'ad agendum aptum' is more problematical; but, if so, it points to a distinction between 'proverbium' and 'adagium,' the latter embracing the moral side of the former and more general word. At all events, the verbal interpretation of *proverbium*, *paræmia*, and the Spanish *refran* (a referendo) tends to shew that triteness, common usage, and popular acceptance are essential features of the proverb. To this Cooper testifies in his 'Thesaurus' (1584), where he englishes 'proverbium,' 'an old sayed sawe;' and James Howell, ever a great authority when proverbs are on the tapis, attaches the same importance to popular acceptance when he likens proverbs to 'natural children legitimated by prescription and long tract of ancestrall time.' Truly their parentage is involved in mystery: they cannot claim the advantages of rank and prestige—they are unable to point to illustrious progenitors—yet never were foundlings less in a position to feel their situation, for while they have become the common charge and property, they meet in society a welcome that never fails or fluctuates in heartiness—which is more than can always be said for lengthier lucubrations of acknowledged wisdom.

Of foundlings, it might be urged, it were lost labour to investigate the genealogy. And yet in the case of proverbs this is hardly so. Though the sire may remain unknown to the end of time, it is possible to trace up many a proverb to remote antiquity, and establish its claim to precedence through many generations. Often may the curious find all the excitement of the chase, in hunting a proverb from country to country, perhaps after all only to lose the scent, and not run it to earth. The nations and languages of Europe, Asia, and Africa, have each and all their special stores of wit and wisdom in the shape of proverbs; yet in all and each there is so much that seems akin to the rest, that an investigator is driven either to look for some common origin, or to accept the hypothesis of an universal wisdom manifesting itself variously in the pithy sayings of all nations, barbarous and civilized. Few who have not specially studied the subject can possibly appreciate the richness of the proverb-literature of ancient Greece, or estimate the debt which modern Europe owes to it. The loan indeed has not been contracted through principals, and the Latin language has generally acted as a

* Παροιμία, from *παρά* and *όμιλος*.

go-between. Let it be remembered how far back the age of the Seven Sages takes us; how deep we must dive into the past to reach the fabulist Æsop, whose epimythi are all proverbs in their way; and how rich in 'celebria dicta' is the prince of poets, Homer, and it will be admitted that, until classical literature has been ransacked, and its proverbial sayings made 'publici juris' to the unlettered and the learned, we are not in a position to speak certainly of the antiquity of proverbs, or to compute the interest of a debt contracted we know not when nor where. It was a favourite suggestion of the lamented Sir George Cornewall Lewis that something should be done to make English readers acquainted with Greek and Latin paræmiology; and though, in the limits of an article, we can only do scant justice to so wide a subject, yet it may be that more profit may accrue from giving special and primary attention to the proverbs of antiquity than to those of modern nations, which are not only more accessible, but more familiarly known. In illustrating the old proverbs, there will be incidental notice of the new; and while making antiquity our vantage-ground, we shall hope to do justice, as far as space permits, to the cream of modern proverbial literature.

But, it may be urged, is classical literature to be the sole mine from which we are to dig ancient proverbs? What becomes then of the Old Testament? of its short sentences, which have passed into proverbs; of its express proverbs, such as that in 1 Sam. xxiv. 13, 'Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked'? and, above all, of the Book of Proverbs, compiled, it would seem, partly by Solomon, whose home and foreign intercourse gave him abundance of materials, partly by some transcriber of the saws of Lemuel and Agur, and partly by the men of Hezekiah, who are recorded to have copied out a sort of appendix in four chapters? Yet though it is possible that Greek and Latin proverbs may owe a debt, which we have no means of estimating, to anterior sources, sacred and profane, it is still not so much to Solomon, or to sacred sources, as to classical writers, that we must look for satisfaction in tracing up the genealogy of modern proverbs. From the establishment of the Macedonian empire the Greek language was the key to all international relations; and so this well-nigh universal tongue has naturally preserved a far larger proportion of proverbs than the Egyptian, Persian, Indian, or even Hebrew. Seeing, too, that this tongue was the appointed vehicle through which the Scriptures of the New Testament were to be transmitted to the Gentiles, what wonder if from its store of proverbs, rather than from other ancient sources, are drawn those sayings of this kind which St. Paul quotes in his
epistles,

epistles, as well as some two or three which Christ* used? In an old Greek proverb, 'a scorpion for a perch,'† we find the germ of the expression, so familiar to us from the words of our Lord, 'If a son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?' Again, though we cannot trace the ownership of 'No one having drunk old wine straightway desireth new,' &c. (St. Luke v. 39), yet the fact that the Evangelist's version of the words contains a pure Greek iambic ‡ justifies our surmise that the proverb comes from some Greek poet. And more than all, as annotators love to point out, the ascended Saviour used, when He addressed the prostrate Saul, an adage familiar to the Gentile world from the Odes of Pindar, the tragedies of Æschylus and Euripides, and the later dramas of the comic poets of Rome:—'It is hard for thee to kick against the goad.'§

Before adducing samples of Greek proverbial wisdom, the earliest traces of which may be found in the responses of oracles, it may be as well to indicate the sources from which the supply is drawn. The adages of Greek antiquity are sown broadcast over the remains of philosophers, sophists, dramatists, prose writers, and poets. Hesiod and Homer, the Seven Sages, the fabulist Æsop, the lyrist Pindar, the gnomic poets, Solon and Theognis, the tragic and comic poets (notably Menander, whose 'Sententiarum Monostichæ' are a rare collection in themselves) contribute more or less to the stock, as coiners or quoters. Aristotle and Plato, Theophrastus, Clearchus of Soli, with the antiquarians and grammarians, have also left behind them an abundant wealth in this kind. Nor should we omit the name of Pythagoras, connected with proverbs by the 'Aurea Carmina' (attributed to him and commented on by Hierocles), and by the proverbial rules for his disciples, which crop out in most collections of Adagia. Up and down Plutarch's || works occur a great number of proverbs; and a collection bearing his name is incorporated with those of other

* In His Sermon on the Mount He uses apparently national Jewish proverbs, to be found in the Talmud, e. g. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' 'Cast not your pearls before swine,' &c.

† ἀντὶ περκῆς σκορπίον. Zenob. i. 88.

‡ πῶν παλαιὸν εὐθείως θέλει νέον.

§ Pind. Pyth., ii. 173; Æsch. Prom., 323; Eur. Bacch., 794; Ter. Phorm., i. 2, 28; in Plautus, Truc., iv. 2, 55, we have the naked *fist* instead of the heel, 'si stimulus pugnâ cædis, manibus plus dolet'—'so much the worse for your hands'; but the old Greek adage refers to a restive ox kicking out against the goad, and so hurting itself all the more.

|| Πλουτάρχου παροιμίαι αἰς Ἀλεξανδρεῖς ἐχρῶντο. Schneidewin does not hesitate to affirm that Plutarch's name has been usurped by some impostor. See Præfat., xxxvi.

collectors in the *Parœmiographi Græci*. The service of these collectors to posterity is even greater than that of the original coiners, since but for their labour in amassing so many gnomic sentences, and reducing their heaps to system and order, a synoptic view of the real wealth of classical proverb-literature would have been next to impossible. It was in the days of the Roman empire that such collectors thus turned their antiquarian tastes to account, availing themselves of the previous labours of Lucillus of Tarrha in Crete, and Didymus, a contemporary of Cicero. The chief of them were Zenobius, a grammarian of Hadrian's reign, and Diogenianus, of the same æra; to whom we may add, though very much later, Gregorius Cyprius, Macarius, and Apostolius, ecclesiastical writers between A.D. 1200 and 1450.

Such are the foremost of the Greek proverb-mongers, a few specimens of whose wares will shew that the influence of Greece upon posterity, as regards this branch of literature, has been great beyond comparison. Nor perhaps less salutary than great. No scurrility or vulgarity impairs the value of this legacy, of which the *Parœmiographers* have acted as trustees. Pointed, lively, and brief, they are yet unsuited by scandalous gossip or 'double entendres.' Some owe their origin to the fable literature early diffused in Greece and its colonies; some to the mythical stories of that land of legends. Some have their basis in momentous events of history; some have fixed for ever the off-hand sayings of men of eminence. A few more seem to be the bright sparkles of instantaneous wit, called forth by some passing observation, and judged worthy to be made public property by the common fiat of those to whom they have been handed on. All, however, are characterised chiefly in contradistinction to the Roman ones by the high intellectual training that seems to have belonged to all classes, and by a refinement and delicacy foreign to Rome.

Let us glance at one or two which are traceable to the fable. Zenobius (i. 42) records a Greek form of our adage about 'counting chickens before they are hatched' (the full force of which, by the bye, as *a bad omen*, is often overlooked), to wit, 'The she-goat has not yet yeaned, yet the kid is playing before the house,'* which, like the adage about 'washing a blackamoor white,' is traceable to Æsop, that is, to the traditional fables which went by his name. This fable, apropos of attempting

* αἰὲ οὐπω τέτοκεν, ἔριφος δ' ἐπὶ δώματι παίζει. The Spanish has, 'Aun no es parida la cabra, y el cabrito mama,'—'The goat has not yet a kid, and she gives milk.'—Collins, p. 56.

to achieve impossibilities, is the subject of an epigram,* which may be rendered,—

‘Why scrub the Indian’s skin? Nay, cease your trade!
You can’t make sunshine out of black night-shade;’

and it is curious to trace how the proverbs of many languages are indebted to the like figure. The prophet in the Old Testament asks ‘Can the Æthiopian change his skin?’ The Latins, it may be, run off the groove in their ‘*Laterem lavas*’ (you’re washing a brick); but the sententious Spaniard comes back to the Greek and the Scriptures, in ‘The bath hath sworn not to make the negro white.’† The French preserve the notion of washing in their adage ‘Wash a dog, comb a dog, still a dog is but a dog; while we retain the antithesis between ‘black’ and ‘white’ in our homely proverb, ‘There’s no getting white flour out of a coal-sack.’ The negro’s own version of this same ‘impossibility of changing nature’ is supplied by Burton, in his ‘Wit and Wisdom of West Africa.’ In the Oji tongue they say, ‘Every one who washes in lemon-juice becomes sweet-scented; so the Ahho (a foul red ant) said he would go on the lemon-tree and live there; but still he stinks.’‡

Another proverb of the Greeks, ‘To play the fox to another fox,’§ said of such as try to outwit people who are up to trap, appears to be referable to Babrius. The lion, having a hankering for venison, pretended to be sick, and sent the fox to offer the stag the reversion of his crown. The dying monarch nearly bites off his successor’s ear in the midst of his hints on good government. The stag profits by experience, and retorts, in answer to the renewed temptations of the emissary fox,—

‘Go play the fox to others yet untaught
In foxy wiles.’

To those who seek modern instances, parallels will occur in ‘Diamond cut diamond,’ and ‘I’se Yorkshire, too;’ and the ancient Carians and Cretans preserve a character for being ‘wide awake,’ from the proverbs *πρὸς Kāpa kapίzeis*, and *πρὸς Kρήτα κρητίζεις*. Akin to this is another Greek adage, from the same fable, ‘You won’t catch a fox a second time,’ which Erasmus preserves in ‘*Annosa vulpes haud capitur laqueo*,’ and the French reproduce in ‘*Un renard n’est pas pris deux fois à une piège*.’ Our proverb, ‘Set a thief to catch a thief,’ and Cato’s adage, ‘*Ars*

* Anthol. Palat. xi. 423. Ed. Tauchn.

† Collins, ‘Sp. Prov.’ p. 182, ‘Jurado ha el baño, de negro no hacer blanco.’

‡ Burton, p. 99.

§ *ἀλωπεκίζειν πρὸς ἑτέραν ἀλώπεκα*, Zenob., i. 70. Compare Babrius, i. Fab. 95, p. 86 Engl. translation.

deluditur arte,' tend to show that the fox proceeded on sound principles. Other Greek proverbs distinctly betray an origin from fables. Read 'lion' for 'bear,' and the proverb, 'When the bear is near, don't enquire about his track,'* is pretty much the same thing as 'The timid hunter,' in Babrius (i. Fab. 92, p. 80). 'A fine dress for a cat'† recalls the Æsopian fable of 'the cat and Venus,' to which the Spaniard seems indirectly to allude in his proverb that 'Though a monkey be drest in silk, she's still a monkey';‡ and the French more directly in their 'Qui naquit chat court après les souris.' Not to quote Juvenal and Horace, we may refer to our homely adage, 'What's born in the bone will never get out of the flesh,' and Bland's illustration of this proverb is too good to pass unnoticed. A rich miser lay a-dying. His father-confessor placed a silver crucifix before him, and proceeded to exhort him. Fixing his eyes upon the crucifix, the usurer faintly remarked, 'I cannot lend you much, sir, upon this.' One more proverb from the fables. The Greek original of 'God helps them that help themselves,' is 'Call Minerva to aid, but use your own exertions withal.'§ Annotators refer it to a fragment of Euripides,|| which may be Englished,—

'Call in self-help. Then ask the gods to aid.
For the gods aid the man who helps himself.'

but in Babrius¶ 'The Carter and Hercules' furnishes this closer parallel:—

'A carter from the village drove his wain,
And when it fell into a rugged lane,
Inactive stood, nor lent a helping hand,
But to that god whom of the heavenly band
He really honour'd most, Alcides, prayed:
"Push at your wheels," the god appearing said,
"And goad your team; but, when you pray again,
Help yourself likewise, or you'll pray in vain."

This last line is characterised by Sir G. C. Lewis as a 'sententia veteribus frequentata;'** and to show that the wholesome maxim reappears in modern adages, we may refer to the Spanish 'Praying to God, and working with the hammer,' and to the French 'Aide toi, et Dieu t'aidera.'

* ἀρκτον παρούσης ἵχνη μὴ ζητεῖ, Zenob., ii. 36.

† γαλῆ χιτῶνιον, Zenob., ii. 93. Compare Babrius, i. Fab. 32.

‡ 'Aunque la mona se veta de seda, mona se queda.'—Collins, p. 56. So we say, 'A hog in armour is still but a hog.'

§ Σὺν Ἀθηνᾷ καὶ χεῖρα κίλει, Zenob. v. 93.

|| Temenid. 3. ¶ i. Fab. 20.

** Compare the Latin 'Dii facientes adjuvant' and the Erasmusian proverb 'Cum Minervâ manum quoque move.' The Spanish proverb is, 'A dios rezando y con el mazo dando.'—Collins, p. 9.

But,

But, to quit the fable, the Greek myths and legends will be found to have furnished an infinity of proverbs. A mere allusion by name to some famous story, having a general likeness to a particular case, or course of action, serves often for a proverb, however much Erasmus may object to poetic tales usurping that title. Thus 'Adrastea Nemesis,' 'Bellerophon's Letter,' 'Amalthæa's Horn,' 'Endymion's Sleep,' 'To the Isles of the Blest,' 'The Lemnian Ill,' 'Works of Dædalus,' 'The Cask that never fills,' 'The Helmet of Hades,'—all these an ordinary Greek would apply from his rich mythology with a readiness that would put modern ignorance to the blush. Had a Greek seen our 'New-gate,' he would have quoted the proverb,* 'The door to Charon's ferry' of the way out to execution, whence there is no return. So also the Greeks could appreciate proverbs allusive to their national history, in a way which shows how superior was the cultivation of the gentle and simple amongst them to our own. When, in public accounts, round sums appeared under the vague head of 'sundries,' an Athenian would say with a wink, 'for the needful purpose,'† and recall the story how Pericles, under this item, slurred over the secret-service money he spent in bribing the Lacedæmonian Pleistoanax. To point the lesson of 'Fiat experimentum in corpore vili,' they would glance at the Greek custom of choosing the forlorn-hope from the mercenaries, who were in low account, and quote the proverb, 'Run the hazard with the Carian contingent.'‡ The agitation of some question fraught with uncertain issues was sure to call up the old saw, 'Don't move Camarina,'§ and this argument from historic associations would be more effectual than the longest oration to induce the wiser heads 'quieta non movere.' For utter indifference to consequences they had an apt proverb in the words, 'Hippoclidès don't care,' which recalled to any true Greek the nonchalance with which that worthy received the intimation that 'he had danced away his bride.'||

Modern readers, however, will best appreciate such Greek proverbs as are of a cosmopolitan interest. Here is one, repeated in some shape in almost every tongue: 'Some have laboured, others profited.'¶ This proverb is as ancient as Hesiod, who

* *Χαράνιος θύρα*. Zenob. vi. 41.

† *εἰς τὸ δέδν*. Zenob. iii. 91.

‡ *Ἐν Κάρῳ τὸν κίνδυνον*, Zenob., iii. 59. Eurip. Cycl. 654. Cicero, Pro Flacc. c. 27.

§ Zenob., v. 18, *μὴ κίνῃς Καμάριναν*. The men of Camarina would have been wiser to acquiesce in their bad drainage, and take the oracle's advice, than by draining their lake to weaken their north wall, and expose their city to capture.

|| Herodot., vi. 129. Bode's 'Ballads from Herodotus,' pp. 72-3. The parallel in our vernacular is, 'All's one to Jack.'

¶ *Ἄλλοι κάμουν ἄλλοι ὠνάντο*, Zenob. i. 65.

in his 'Theogony'* applies it to the 'drones and bees;' and Callimachus, the poet of Alexandria (circ. 200 B.C.) has a line in his 'Hymn to Ceres' (137):

'And those who ploughed the field shall reap the corn;'

which seems to shadow forth the rectification of the uneven law enunciated by a proverb which has descended to many nations in its simple form, while variations of it, to show that success does not always go by desert, occur in the French and Spanish: 'One man beats the bush, and another catches the bird,' and the Italian, 'One man starts the game, and another kills it.' This proverb appears in the New Testament, 'Herein is that saying true: one soweth and another reapeth,' and the Epistles to the Galatians and Corinthians contain other forms of the proverb. The Talmud has, 'One says grace, and another eats.' Nor must we lose the occasion to point out the difference between the lesson thus consecrated and rendered familiar to Christian ears, and the peevish reiteration of the poet's 'Sic vos non vobis.' If we were deprived of all that our fathers have left for us, what should we have to leave to our posterity? 'For whom are you planting those trees,' said a scoffing youth to an old man: 'For God, and the dear ones who come after me.' Thomas Fuller, an excellent quoter of and commentator on proverbs, better than any moralist we know, purveys an antidote to bitterness at seeing others reap what ourselves have sown, in his 'Holy State.' 'The preacher of the Word,' he says, 'is in some places like the planting of woods, where though no profit is received for twenty years together, it comes afterwards. And grant that God honoureth not *thee* to build His temple in *thy* parish, yet thou mayest with David provide metals and materials for Solomon thy successor to build it with.' (p. 77.) Having touched upon one ancient proverb used by Christ, we may be allowed to notice the similarity of the words, which, in St. John xiii. 18 (quoted from Psalm xli.), our Lord applies to the treachery of Judas, to the Greek proverb 'not to violate salt and board,† a proverb older than Euripides and Archilochus. When, moreover, in St. Luke's Gospel our Saviour says of the Pharisees, that they 'will not touch with one of their fingers' the burthens which they lay on others, it may be that His language takes the form of a proverb which we know Euripides to have used, and

* ἀλλότριον κάματος σφετέρην ἐς γαστέρ' ἀμῶνται, 599. Compare Gal. vi. 7; 2 Cor. ix. 6.

† Zenob., i. 62, ἅλας καὶ τράπεζαν μὴ παραβαίνειν. Cf. Archiloch., Fragm., 75. Schneidewin.

with which one may compare Cicero's phrase 'extremis, ut dicitur, digitis attingere,'* 'To touch, so to speak, with the finger-tips.'

Many Greek proverbs tell their own tale with extreme brevity, e. g., 'A piped-out life,'† where the metaphor is obviously from worn-out musical instruments; and 'In mind past piping,'‡ said of one who had lost mind, voice, and faculties. If a hapless invalid died in the hands of a Dr. Sangrado, the Greek would apply the proverb, 'Cured by Acesias;' 'cured by Dr. Heal-all,' as we might say. When a man was seen rushing upon some fascinating but certain ruin, his case was likened to 'the moth's fate;'§ and swift and sudden destruction was imaged by 'destruction's wing,'|| a phrase which ends a line in a striking passage of 'Marmion.' These, it may be objected, are not strictly proverbs: our answer is that the paroemiographers accounted them such, and a certain appositeness has helped them to take proverbial rank. Expressions of the like brevity are the sayings apropos of a hopelessly thin man, whom no augmented dietary availed to fatten, 'Drawn through a ring,' or 'It's as much use to try and fatten a whetstone.'¶ Of some very perplexing difficulty, Plato, in his 'Phædrus,' quotes a proverb, 'a sweet bend,'** where 'sweet' is used antiphrastically, or euphemistically, as an Irishman might say 'sweet bad luck.'†† The proverb originates in a reference to the bends and windings of the river Nile. A Greek in a quandary found an apt expression for his incertitude in another proverb, 'I'm at the cross-roads.'‡‡ This phrase, used by Theognis, Plato, and Oppian, leads us to 'Don Quixote,' from whom we learn the course to take in such an emergency. 'He now came to a cross-road which branched into four different directions, when immediately those cross-ways presented themselves to his imagination, where knights-errant generally stop to consider which of the roads they will take. Here then, following their example, he paused awhile, and after mature consideration let go the reins, submitting his own will to that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable.'§§ If a man took the wrong route, he might find that he had neglected the Latin proverb

* Iph. in Aul., 950-1. Cicero pro Cæl., c. xii.

† βίος ἐξηλημένος, Zenob. ii. 64.

‡ παρεξηλημένος τὸν νοῦν. Zenob. v. 65.

§ πυραύστου μόρος, Zenob. v. 79.

|| φόνου πτερὸν.

¶ διὰ δακτυλίου ἐλκυσθῆναι, Zenob., iii. 18. ἀκόνην σιτίζεις, Id., i. 58.

** γλυκὺς ἀγκών. P. 257, D.

†† Kelly quotes an Ulster proverb,—

'Of all the ould girls that ever I saw,
Sweet bad luck to my mother-in-law.'

‡‡ ἐν τριόδῳ εἶμι, Zenob. iii. 78.

§§ 'Don Quixote,' c. iv. p. 40.

with which Henry VIII. enforced his demand for the opinion of Oxford and Cambridge on his divorce, 'Irritabis crabrones,'—'you'll stir up a nest of hornets,'* while a Greek would have greeted him with the proverb, 'You've burst in upon the bees.'† For him who got into such a scrape the Greeks had a further word of proverbial wisdom, taking us to quite another metaphor, telling him that he had got 'the hot end of the spit,'‡ i. e., the worst of it.

But to turn to other proverbs, deriving interest from their family likeness to our own. Human experience may be regarded as the coiner of those many sayings about fairweather-friends, with which every language abounds. Our rhyming proverb,

'In time of prosperity friends will be plenty,
In time of adversity not one in twenty,'

is but an echo of older saws to the same import. Thus from Menander we glean the following,—'When a man's in trouble friends stand aloof,'§—and the same sentiment, a little varied, appears in the gnomic poems of Theognis, and in the 'Medea' of Euripides. Similar witness to the same truth is borne by the Greek proverb, 'Boil pot, boil friendship,'|| the 'ollæ amicitia' of Erasmus (p. 193), the 'cupboard-love' of our own adage, and of Juvenal's experience. Horace described the same weakness of human nature in lines well known,¶ and the Spanish proverb, 'Amigo del buen tiempo mudase con el viento,' comes very near that with which we started. The most novel proverb on this topic is that of the Oji language,** recorded by Burton, 'When a *poor* man makes a proverb it does not spread.'

A proverb often on the lips is, 'The burnt child dreads the fire.' Its Latin counterpart in the 'Adagia' of Erasmus†† is perhaps more known than its classical original,‡‡ which is found in a fragment of Sophocles preserved by a scholiast of Plato. The proverb sprung from the saying of a fisherman, who, in his over-anxiety to ascertain the contents of his net, got stung by a stray scorpion. 'Now that I'm stung I shall be wiser,' was his sage remark. Livy's saying, 'Eventus stultorum magister,'

* Plautus, *Amphit.* ii. 2. 75.

† εἰς μελισσας ἐκώμασας, Zenob. iii. 53.

‡ Zenob., vi. 19, τὸ θερμὸν τοῦ ὀβελοῦ. Soph. *Fragm.* 949.

§ ἀνδρὸς κακῶς πράσσοντος, ἐκποδὼν φίλοι, Sent. 32, p. 312.

|| ζεῖ χύτρα, ζεῖ φίλια, Zenob., iv. 12. Cf. Juvenal, v. 162, 'Captum te nidore suæ putat esse culinæ, Nec male conjectat.' Cf. Martial, v. 44.

¶ Carm. i. 35. 26, diffugiunt cadis Cum fæce siccatis amici, Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

** 'Wit and Wisdom of West Africa,' p. 99.

†† i. 29.

‡‡ ἀλγεὺς πληγὴς νοῦν οἶσεν. Zenob., ii. 14. Soph., *Amphiarus*, *Fragm.* 118, Dindorf.

is based on this, and out of Homer we may cull a parallel wise saw, fairly rendered by Chapman,—

‘A fool knows nought before ’tis done, and still too late is wise.’*

Spain contributes two proverbs akin to this: ‘A scalded cat dreads cold water,’ and ‘He who is bit by the scorpion is alarmed at its shadow,’ and the oft-quoted Ojís say: ‘He whom a serpent has bitten dreads a slow-worm,’ *i.e.* a harmless reptile.

Take another familiar proverb. Proverb-literature testifies to an universal abundance of that class of gifts which provoke a ‘thank you for nothing.’ ‘Coals to Newcastle’ is our national expression: but for such superfluous presents the Greeks had many a mocking adage. ‘Owls to Athens,’ ‘Box to Cytorus,’ ‘Fish to the Hellespont,’ ‘Apples to Alcinous,’ ‘The clod to the ploughed field,’ ‘A farthing to the millions of Cræsus,’ and last, though not least apt, ‘To act cup-bearer to the frogs;’ apropos of which Theocritus says:—

‘Happy the frog’s life! none his drink to pour
He looks for! He has plenty evermore.’

Idyll x. 52. 3. Chapman.

The Spanish expression is, ‘To carry wood to the mountain,’ or ‘To offer honey to one who owns bee-hives.’

But we must not allow this branch of the subject to usurp too much space under our hands. Suffice it, before passing on to the Latin, to gather up a few of the more striking ‘old saws’ which have modern likenesses. The ‘Bull in the china shop,’ of our proverbial literature, has its counterpart in the Greek proverb,† ‘An Ass’s peeping in,’ which Zenobius traces to Menander,‡ whose account is the same as that of Lucian. The story runs thus: A potter kept many birds in his shop. One day an ass which was being driven past by its master chanced to thrust its head in, and so frightened the birds that they played havoc with the crockery. The potter brought an action for damages against the ass-driver. Being asked on what precise charge he desired to proceed, he replied: ‘On an ass’s peeping in.’ Again, the adage ‘Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum’ is widely used, and easily found in Horace’s ‘Epistles’—but few trace it back to its Greek original,§ or

* Hom. II., XVII. 32; Hesiod, O et D., 216. For the Spanish parallels, see Collins, p. 157, ‘Gato escaldado, del agua fria ha miedo;’ and p. 302, ‘Quien del alacran está picado, la sombra le espanta.’

† *ἄνου παρακύψεως*. Zenob., v. 39.

‡ Menander, ed. Meineke, p. 86. Lucian, ‘Asin,’ c. 45.

§ Zenob., v. 37, οὐ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς εἰς Κόρινθον ἔσθ’ ὁ πλοῦς. Compare Hor., Ep. i. 17. 36. Sophocles, Philoctet., 304, οὐκ ἐνθάδ’ οἱ πολλοὶ τοῖσι σώφροσιν βροτῶν. Aulus Gellius, Att. N., i. 8. Müller, Dor., ii. 305-6.

remember its association with Lais and her lovers, one of whom, even the orator Demosthenes, conveyed to her the moral of the proverb, when he bade adieu to her in the words: 'I don't buy repentance at ten thousand drachmæ.' Corinth was a city for prudent men to keep clear of; and a line of the 'Philoctetes' of Sophocles indicates that the proverb is of an older date than that dramatist. Proverbs akin to it belong to all nations and ages. In our own country, one well known to Herefordshire men, 'Every one can't dwell at Rotherwas,' is as old as the proverb-collector Ray. Rotherwas is a handsome mansion near Hereford, requiring, no doubt, a handsome income to keep it warm. In a not dissimilar sense is framed the truthful adage of Ovid, '*Curia pauperibus clausa est*,' 'Senatorial honours are not for poor men.'^{*} We may observe, in passing, that the frequency with which the Greek saying is quoted, as expressive of a privilege rather than a warning, illustrates a common abuse of proverbs, arising from ignorance or forgetfulness of their origin. The extent to which pointed sayings of Scripture are thus misused, from the habit of assigning an equal authority to all texts, would probably astonish persons from whose lips such maxims flow most glibly. It has been well observed that a divorce of a passage from its context, not greater than is thus every day perpetrated, would make the Bible declare, 'There is no God.'

The vividness of meaning which a proverb derives, on the other hand, from a regard to its first association, is not impaired by the mythical origin of the story. For instance, the English adage of 'Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' is but a modern form of a very ancient Greek verse, which points the legend of the Samian King Ancaeus. He had planted a vineyard; but a seer had warned him that he would not live to taste its fruit. The wine was made, and the King was raising the first cup of it to his head with a mocking laugh at the prophet, who contented himself with saying 'There is much between the edge of the cup and the lip,'[†] when word was brought that a wild boar was ravaging the royal fields. Ancaeus set down the untasted goblet; seized his boar-spear; rushed out, and was killed by the animal. It matters little whether precedence belongs to the legend or the proverb. The same story was re-enacted on the famous Ides of March, and is repeated a thousand times in human life. The Latin form of the proverb is preserved by Gellius (xiii. 17) '*Inter calicem et os multa cadunt*,' and it reappears almost word for word in the French and Spanish.[‡] The adage anent 'gift horses' has its

^{*} Ovid. *Am.*, iii. 8. 55.

[†] Πολλὰ μεταξύ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χεῖλεος ἄκρου.

[‡] Entre la bouche et le verre, le vin souvent tombe à terre.

De la mano à la boca, se pierda la sopa. Collins, p. 101.

classical parallel in 'Praise the gift that any one bestows; '* advice given by the Oracle to a fastidious questioner, who turned up his nose at Croton, but had a fancy for Sybaris. The Greek original of 'One swallow does not make spring,' † which is as old as Aristotle, and seems to be the basis of an allusion in Aristophanes, ought to have weight in the question which has found its way into 'Notes and Queries,' whether for 'spring' we ought not to read 'summer.' Mrs. Ward, in her 'National Proverbs in five Languages,' does not decide the question, though she proves the wide acceptance of the proverb. The difference seems to resolve itself into one of climate: of the Greek form, another evidence is preserved in a painted vase, representing some ladies looking up at a bird, while from the mouth of one of them proceeds a scroll bearing the words, 'See! the swallow! it is already spring.' ‡ Apropos of 'wide awake' folks, or Bristol men, who are currently reported to 'sleep with one eye open,' we may quote a Greek adage, 'The hare asleep,' explained by Pliny's statement that the hare, when asleep, does not close either eye. § This may be compared with our saying, 'You won't catch a weasel asleep.' But parallels are 'as plentiful as blackberries.' 'Teaching one's grandmother' is but the English of the Greek, 'Teach an eagle to fly,' or 'the dolphin to swim; ||' and when in modern parlance a person unwontedly animated is told he looks as if 'he had eaten live birds,' it is but a reproduction of the Greek proverb, 'You've eaten a wild beast,' which applied to the open-mouthed Athenians quizzed by Aristophanes. ¶ 'A cat may look at a king' is but a modern way of putting the Greek adage, 'You're nothing sacred'; ** an expression referring to Hercules's scorn, when he found Adonis worshipped at Dium in Macedonia. About the same Hercules we quote from Plato another Greek proverb, 'Not even Hercules is a match for two,' if only to set it beside its West-African parallel, 'Though strong, you won't do the work of two.' ††

In excuse for having tarried so long over Greek proverbs, we can only urge that as much again might be written without exhausting a single compartment of the wide treasure-house they

* δῶρον δ' ὅτι δῶ τις, ἐπαίνει, Zenob., iii. 42.

† μία χελιδὼν ἔαρ οὐ ποιεῖ. Zenob., v. 12. Aristot. Eth. Nic., i. 7. 16. Aristoph. Av., 1417, δεῖσθαι δ' ἔοικεν οὐκ ὀλίγων χελιδόνων.

‡ Ἴδού, χελιδὼν ἔαρ ἤδη.

§ λαγὼς καθεύδων. Zenob. iv. 84. Pliny, N. H., xi. 37.

|| Zenob., ii. 49; iii. 30. Cf. 'Sus Minervam docet,' Cic. de Or., ii. 57, Acad. i. 4. § 18; Theocrit., v. 23.

¶ ἀγρίου βέβρωκας. Aristoph. Eq., 824. Zenob. i. 8.

** οὐδὲν ἱερὸν ἐπάρχεις. Apostol., xiii. 34.

†† Plat. Euthyd., 297, B; Phædo, 89, C. Jacob's Anthol., iii. 104. 23.

form,

form, and that acquaintance with this is essential to the enjoyment of Latin and European parcmiology. With Latin proverbs, all more or less characterized by a practical spirit, briefer work must suffice, and a sample or two from each chief store-house. Pre-eminent among these are the remains of the comic poet Plautus. Vague as are the materials for his biography, it is clear that he sprang from and wrote for a class, which, if not caring greatly for literature as such, has always taken kindly to the proverb and the adage. His plays were perhaps written rather to be acted than read, and, like Shakespeare, he looked no further than present pay and contemporary applause. Both have retained their high place in literature through their thorough hold on the sympathies of mankind. Both urge their claim to our favour on much the same footing as the proverb, namely, that they appeal to the experience of every-day home life. Without following out the parallel, suffice it to say that the adage, the people's heritage, is constantly cited in each, and more constantly introduced in slightly varied language, so as to give the audience the delight of welcoming old friends with new faces. Of Plautus it is certain that he was a thorough Greek scholar, and, like the chief Latin poets and prose writers, indebted to Greek literature in a degree which we can hardly estimate in full. Where he uses a proverb, it is mostly distinctly traceable to the Greek: in doubtful cases, it is probably our scent only which is at fault. Of sudden rises in rank and their usual fruits, he has a proverb in the 'Aulularia,'* 'Ab asinis ad boves transcendere,' very much akin to a Greek proverb above quoted. His 'Agninis lactibus alligare canem'†—'Tying a dog up with chitterlings'—said of putting temptation in people's way, savours very much of the Theocritean proverb,‡ 'Tis bad to let a dog taste entrails.' The Greek proverb about disturbing bees we have already shown to have its counterpart in Plautus; and many like parallels might be added. In the 'Bacchides'§ he lays the Greek mythological proverbs under contribution, making one of his characters describe himself as carrying 'Bellerophon's Letters.' The proverbial phrase in the 'Menæchmei,'|| 'Depugnato prælio venire'—'The day after the fight' (not as we say, 'the fair')—has also a Greek look about it. But to say how much or how little of Plautus has its origin in the Greek is impossible until the day, which some dream of, that shall restore to light one or two precious comedies of Menander. Anyhow Plautus teems with

* ii. 2. 58.

† Psend. i. iii. 85.

‡ χαλεπὸν χορίου κόνα γεῦσαι. x. 15.

§ iv. 6. 12.

|| v. 6. 30.

proverbs. To him we owe the Latin parallel to 'sucking blood out of a stone;*' to him the hard hit at stepmothers and stony hearts—'Complain to your stepmother.'† To Plautus, or a pseudo-Plautus, we owe the wise saw, 'Feliciter sapit qui alieno periculo sapit;‡ or, as the Scot has it, 'Better learn frae your neebor's scathe than frae your ain;' and the Latin double of our adage, 'Where there is smoke, there's a fire'—'Flamma fumus est proxima.'§ The constant use of this proverb, as a justification of common rumour, illustrates one of the most frequent abuses made of proverbs. It needs no argument to prove that proverbial philosophy is, from its very nature, generally one-sided. Pointed brevity excludes those limitations and exceptions which are needed for the expression of the whole truth, to obtain which two proverbs are often placed in what seems direct opposition. Thus, 'Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit,' and, 'Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like him,' are two modes of action, each wise in its own time and place, but neither teaching how always to deal with folly. But there are proverbs for, as well as against, not only folly, but malignity; and what is so popular must needs contain, really or by perversion, elements suited to the worse side of human nature. False generalisations, and assumptions of the converse, are favourite fallacies in popular morals; and, in the case before us, our lovers of scandal might learn something from the Spanish form of the proverb—'Where fire is made, smoke arises.'|| Plautus varies the 'whitened blackamoor' proverb in his 'ebur atramento candefacere,'¶ 'to whiten ivory with ink'—applying it to those whose design is good, but marred in the execution. By another adage** of his the advertising houses of our day might justify their tactics—

'Necesse est facere sumptum, qui quærit lucrum,'

'To get gain, you must spend money.'

Terence, the other comic poet of Rome, is as fond as Plautus of quoting and coining proverbs. 'A hanging matter' has its Latin co-efficient in 'Ad restim res rediit;†† and 'Catching a Tartar,' in the 'Auribus lupum teneo' (I've got a wolf by the ears) of the same play,‡‡ a saying memorable for its use by Tiberius to express the relation of a despot to his subjects. 'To harp on the same string' is with Terence §§ 'Cantilenam

* 'Aquam a pumice postulare' (Persa, i. 1. 43.)

† 'Apud novercam querere' (Pseud. i. iii. 95).

‡ 'Mercator,' iv. 7. 40.

§ 'Curculio,' i. 1. 53.

|| 'Donde fuego se hace, humo sale.' Collins, p. 114.

¶ 'Most,' i. iii. 102.

** 'Asin,' i. 3. 65.

†† Phorm. iv. 4. 5.

‡‡ Ibid. iii. 2. 21.

§§ Ibid. iii. 2. 10.

eandem canere,' while Horace gives our form in his 'Art of Poetry.'* His cheering adage about the healing work of time,† 'Diem adimere ægritudinem hominibus,' may be traced to the Greek comic poet Diphilus;‡ while his half-Christian maxim, 'Communia esse amicorum inter se omnia,'§ which Cicero styles a Pythagorean expression, is distinctly brought home to Menander.|| His, too, is that excellent proverb, 'Facile omnes, cum valemus, recta consilia ægrotis damus,'¶ on the fertile topic, that it is easier 'to preach than to practise.'

But we must pass on to a later Latin proverb-monger; like Terence, a play-wright—like Terence, too, originally a slave, who had availed himself at Rome of the means of intellectual development peculiarly open to his class. Part of the adages of Publius Syrus, a mimographer, who was flourishing a year before Cæsar's assassination, have descended to us in the collection, entitled 'Publii Syri Sententiæ.' These may doubtless include the moral sayings of many writers, and of various dates; but of the thousand and odd proverbs printed by Bothe and Orellius, many are probably the legacy of Publius and his contemporaries. These are 'adagia' in the strict sense of the word, according to its supposed derivation; many of them instilling some moral, or laying down some prudential maxim. There is truth and beauty in this: 'Amici vitia noveris, non oderis,' (30), or as the Spaniard has it, 'Your friend and his vice;' and not much less in that, of incurring an obligation: 'Beneficium accipere, libertatem est vendere' ('Accept a favour and you sell your freedom') (71). His is that sound maxim: 'Bonis nocet, qui pepercit malis' (99); his, those considerate ones, 'Bis dat qui celeriter dat,' and 'Bis est gratum, quod ultro offeras.' Reflection and experience of life, with its ups and downs, dictated his 'Discipulus est prioris posterior dies' (168); while a more comic humour prompted 'Anus cum ludit, morti delicias facit': 'When the old crone frolics, she flirts with death.'

The Latin fabulist, Phædrus, is like Babrius in tagging adages to the end of his fables; but these are not, to our thinking, so forcible as the fables themselves, or as the proverbial references to them common in other writers. Thus, 'Homo doctus in se semper divitias habet' ('The learned man has always riches in himself,')** is a grave truth, doubtless, and so is 'Cautis prodesse pericula

* 'Chorda qui semper oberrat eadem,' 356.

† Heaut. iii. 1. 13.

‡ Diphilus, Fragm., λήπης δὲ πάσης γίγνεται ἰατρὸς χρόνος.

§ Ad. v. 3. 18.

|| Menander, ap. Suidam, τὰ τῶν φίλων κοῖν', οὐ μόνον τὰ χρήματα. Cf. Meineke, 'Menandri et Philemonis Fragmenta,' p. 8.

¶ Andr. ii. 1. 9.

** Phædr. iv. 21. 1.

aliorum solent.* But livelier proverbial philosophy is found in Seneca's extracted essence of a familiar Æsopian fable, 'Gallus in suo sterquilinio plurimum potest' ('Every cock on his own dunghill'),†—and in the saying, which Suetonius attributes to Tiberius, 'Boni pastoris esse tondere pecus, non deglubere,' 'A good shepherd should shear, not flay his flock'; but which is plainly derived from the 'Widow and the sheep' of Æsop or Babrius.‡

Latin poets affect the proverb. It crops out in the satirists, in the genial Horace, and the severer Juvenal. Frenchmen and Germans still characterize a favourite of fortune by phrases which translate the 'White hen's chicken'§ of the latter, who for an unlucky brood has the counter proverb, 'Nati infelicibus ovis' ('Hatched from unlucky eggs'). How familiar, too, is that adage from the same source (x. 22): 'Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,' expressive of the light-heartedness accompanying light pockets. 'He who has nothing,' says the Spaniard, 'has nothing to fear.' So is this of the unequal measure of punishment to weak and strong: 'Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas' ('Judgment spares the raven, but hunts down the dove') (ii. 63); and this, of the arrogance and luxury of our gentlemen's gentlemen: 'Maxima quæque domus servis est plena superbis' (v. 66), which has a very close German parallel. To Horace we trace the origin of many of our own proverbs, and through him up to earlier sources that of many more. 'Well begun is half done;' 'To harp on the same string;' 'Money in purse will be always in fashion,' are well nigh exact reproductions from the trite sayings of the Venusian. His expressions, 'Ab ovo usque ad mala,' 'Ab ovo Ledæ ordiri,' 'Cereus in vitium flecti juvenis,' 'Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,' and such like, are either actual proverbs, or have taken rank as such. This light-handed critic of human nature was fond of justifying any keener shaft he might let fly, by the authority of the proverb.

Of Latin prose writers, none is fonder of the proverb than Cicero. From his conservative sympathies we might be sure he

* Phædr. App. 30, 8.

† Seneca, Apocol., 402. This proverb reappears almost verbatim in German, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch.

‡ Sueton. Tiber., c. 32, fin. Babrius, I. 51, which concludes,—

'Nay, mistress, nay, my flesh if you require,
To kill me quick a practised butcher hire.
But if the fleece and wool, not flesh, you need,
Shearers will shear me, yet not make me bleed.'

The French say, 'Il faut tondre les brebis, et non les écorcher.'

§ 'Gallinæ filius albæ,' Juv. xiii. 141. 'Le fils de la poule blanche.' 'Hijo de la gallina blanca,' Collins, p. 173.

would

would often appeal to that argument from antiquity, the 'tritum vetustate proverbium.' And so it is. His letters teem with amusing proverbs. His philosophical treatises yield many a telling adage. His orations appeal not seldom to this time-honoured wisdom. Amidst his correspondence occur Latin parallels to our 'Saddling the wrong horse,' 'Clitellæ bovi sunt impositæ;'^{*} to our 'Killing two birds with one stone,' 'Duos parietes de eâdem fideliâ dealbare;'[†] i.e. 'To whitewash two walls from one pot;'[†] and to our 'While there is life there is hope,' 'Ægroto dum anima, spes esse dicitur.'[‡] The precise Latin for 'Of two evils choose the least,' is found in the third book of the 'Offices,' while the second contains a good proverb from Ennius, that 'Misplaced good deeds are ill deeds,' 'Benefacta male locata malefacta arbitrator.'[§] In his 'De Legibus,'^{||} occurs that happy proverb apropos of Gratius's attempt to introduce the ballot into Arpinum, 'Fluctus excitare in simpulo,'[¶] 'To raise a tempest in a tea-cup,' an adage which the great Lord Chatham is said to have translated with more force than elegance on the occasion of certain riots, of which he did not think so seriously as the municipal authorities.

We have noted down many proverbs from the other Latin writers; but we may refer the curious reader to Binder, and the laborious to Erasmus. Of this latter and his gigantic labours one must speak with profoundest reverence. To the erudition, industry, acquirements, exhibited in his 'Adagia,' a just and able testimony is given in the 106th volume of this Review (p. 31, &c.). Without Erasmus no student of proverb literature can move a step. The student and editor of Greek proverbs find his work no mean commentary; compilers, like Dr. Bland, and most modern proverb-mongers, have literally rifled it. Nay, more, it has probably exercised a material influence on the international acceptance of many proverbs in Europe. The similarity between the proverbs of England, Germany, Holland, Italy, France, and Spain, is less of a marvel, if we reflect that each had a common medium in the Latin of Erasmus. The drawbacks to his work, if one may speak of such, are the absence of references to authors cited, and the fact that many of his proverbs do not so much represent the Latin proverbs of classical authors as his own Latin forms of Greek proverbs. Thus, enquiry sometimes comes to a standstill, until by accident or divination some clue enables one to trace home a passage.

^{*} Ad. Att. v. 15.

[†] Ad. Fam. vii. 29, fin.

[‡] Ad. Att. ix. 10.

[§] Cic. de Off. ii. 18.

^{||} iii. 16.

[¶] See Mr. Forsyth's 'Life of Cicero,' vol. i. p. 3.

But it is easy to suggest improvements. Whoso would fling a stone at Erasmus should first try the experiment of supplying references to one chiliad or century of his proverbs. When the quotations, even of one page, have been verified, we will undertake, from some experience, that respect and reverence for so profound a scholar will have been greatly enhanced. The range of authors, of whom he displays an intimate knowledge, may shame our modern scholarship. And out of his vast stores Erasmus never draws irrelevant matter. Dip where you will into the 'Adagia,' and the result is always amazement. Around the adage you chance upon, are clustered every one of the 'loci classici' you can connect with it. But beyond these, there turns up some quaint story, some gossiping illustration, some happy retort, some thoughtful application, which proves to you that Erasmus was no dreary Encyclopædist, but a shrewd man of the world, and gifted with much humour, apart from being a deeply read and painstaking writer and commentator. But it is time to pass on to other proverbs, chiefly of modern date.

Before, however, quitting these antique realms, we cannot but allude to those classical proverbs from the 'Talmud,' which have lately appeared in these pages.* Their wisdom and their tenderness do indeed speak louder than any other argument for the exceptionally high state of culture among those who used them as their household words. Anxious to produce some specimens, and yet not wishing to repeat what has already become familiar to our readers, we have obtained from the author of the article on the 'Talmud' the following new budget, which he has translated from Talmudical sources. Those who wish for further information must consult certain portions of the 'Mishnah,' together with the labours of Buxtorf, Drusius, Landau, Dukes, &c.

'Between the wolf and the shepherd the lamb has come to grief. One thing acquired with pain, is better than a hundred with ease. Let the grapes pray for the welfare of the branches; without branches there would be no grapes. Silence is beautiful in a wise man; but how much more in a fool. More than the calf wishes to drink, the cow wishes to give it suck. If they tell you that your friend is dead—believe it: that he has come into a fortune, doubt it. An ass feels chilly in July. He who lends money to the poor is often better than he who gives them alms. Here is a table, and meat, and knives; but we have no mouths to eat. Be prudent and be silent. The world is like the wheel of the well, with its two buckets: the full one is ever emptied, and the empty one is ever filled. A quarrel is like a squirt of water issuing from a cleft; wider and wider gets the cleft, more and more powerful the squirt. Here is the sack, the corn, and the money; now you go and measure. He who has been legally

* October, 1867.

deprived of his ill-gotten garment should go his way rejoicing. He who has learnt and does not teach is like a myrtle in the desert. There is threefold death in the slanderer's tongue: it kills him who slanders, him who is slandered, and him who receives the slander. Some people's judgment is that of a blind man at a window. You cannot touch a fool: a dead man's body does not feel the knife.* For a man who has been ruined by woman, there is no law and no judge. Many an arrow-smith is shot by his own arrows. Greater is he who causes good deeds than he who does them. Great is peace: it is to the land what leaven is to the dough. He who struts about the market in the philosopher's toga, will not come into the dwelling-place of God. Where song (joy of life) is dead, a hundred geese may be had for a brass farthing, and a hundred bushels of wheat for the asking; but no one asks. Woman spins her little web, while she talks. Throw no stones into the well whence you have drunk. A small allowance at home is much better than a large one abroad. He is a bookcase, not a scholar. Cut off his head but mind you don't kill him. It is the hole that makes the thief. When the camel kicks the scorpion away with its heel, the scorpion swears that the camel shall perceive it in its head. In his own house the weaver is king. The salt of money is almsgiving. A hundred shillings invested in trade will give a man meat and wine; in acres, it will give him cabbage and salt. To move from one house into another costs a garment; from one country into another, a life. When the axe already touches thy neck, still hope in God's saving grace. Flight is the beginning of defeat. Hang the sweetest grass round a pig's neck, it will still go and wallow in its native mire. The lives of three are no lives: that of the too compassionate, of the man with a temper, and the misanthrope. Three men are beloved by God: he who is of a sweet temper, he who is moderate in his habits, and he who does not always obstinately adhere to his first resolves. Poor is only he who lacks common sense. If the old people tell you to pull down, and the young ones to build up: pull down. You must not drink out of one cup, and look at another. He who cannot moderate his grief will soon have a new grief to weep over. Where Satan cannot go himself, he takes wine as his messenger. Whoever has been bitten by a serpent is afraid of a rope. He who has bread in his basket should not be compared to him who has not: (though neither be hungry at the time). When the jackal has his day, make him a bow. Would you carry sorcery to Egypt? Pharaoh said to Moses. The way man wishes to go, thither his feet will carry him. An old man in the house is a sorrow to the house; an old woman in the house is a blessing to it. Seven years lasted the famine, but no workman starved. Seven years lasted the plague, but no one died before his time. He who rents one garden, may eat birds; who rents many, the birds will eat him. If you hired yourself out to him, you must beat out his wool. Honour your wives; they will enrich you. Eat below your means, dwell according to your means; but spend upon your wife and children above your means. First understand, then argue. Heart and eye are the twin go-

* σμίλη.

between. You must not refute a lion after his death. Much have I learnt from my masters, more from my colleagues, most from my disciples. In a quarrel it is always the well-born who will first give way. Do not stand in a place of danger, trusting in miracles. Iron sharpens iron; scholar, the scholar. Man has been created on the last day; even the gnat is of a more ancient lineage. The thought of the sin is worse than the sin. Eat quickly, drink quickly: this world is but a brief wedding-feast. The older the wise man gets, the wiser he grows: the fool, when he ages, becomes but an old fool. He who studies for a good purpose, to him his study becomes a blessing: to him who does not, it grows into a poison. Why is the lobe of the ear soft? that you may close up your ear when you hear aught improper. A bad wife is like a hailstorm. Do not dwell too long upon your friend's praises: you will end by saying things against him. Do much or little—so that you do it for a good purpose. Refined music is liked by refined people—weavers do not much care for it. Three cry out but get no pity: he who lends out his money without witnesses, the hen-pecked husband, and he who cannot get on in one place and does not try another. Even the common talk of the wise should be pondered over. One goose generally follows another. Bad servants first ask only when they have already committed the blunder. The load is laid upon the camel according to its strength. If a word is worth a pound, silence is worth two. A pig is the richest animal: everything is a piece of goods to him. Whoever does too much, does too little. The greater a man, the greater his passions. He who presses the hour, the hour will press him. May our future reward be like that of him who remains silent under a false imputation. One peppercorn is better than a hundred gourds. A learned man whose deeds are evil is like a man who has a door but no house. He who prays for his neighbour, will be heard first for himself. He who marries his daughter to an uneducated man, throws her before a wild beast. He who throws out suspicions, should at once be suspected himself. Three keep good fellowship, strangers, slaves, and ravens. A fool always rushes to the fore. Do not cry out before the calamity has really happened. The hatred the unlearned bear toward the learned is even greater than that of the heathens against Israel. The righteous is greater after his death than during his life. If a great man says something strange, beware to mock at it wantonly. Passion is at first like a thin thread, by-and-by it becomes like a cable. Woe is me when I speak, woe is me when I keep silence.'

Turning to modern proverbs, we notice first of all how large a proportion of them, as they dot the surface of European literature, are clearly traceable to the Latin; *e. g.* the French proverb '*Les rois ont les mains longues*,' which the Spaniards and Italians re-echo, may be traced to the line of Ovid, '*An nescis longas regibus esse manus*;' and the Latin '*Epistolæ non erubescunt*' is the original of the French '*Le papier souffre tout*' and the Italian '*La carta non diventa rossa*' ('Paper

(‘Paper does not blush’). Of such it must be owned the antiquity is no less respectable than the capacity for acclimatisation. Nor is it much less interesting, though here we lack the zest of tracking descent and pedigree, to compare continental proverbs with English. The nature of the case renders the first ownership difficult to decide. Enough if of some we can establish our regular parentage, whilst our adopted children are allowed so closely to resemble those born in the house, that they commonly pass muster as our own. In truth, it needs skill to engraft a proverb. Not all proverbs from foreign soils could take kindly to an English stock, or be kindly received by it. Unamiable features and characteristics often stamp the proverbs of particular nations, and such we are shy of reproducing. Thus the Italian makes a merit of revenge, and his proverbs teem with justifications of deceit and guile, to accomplish the gratification of that passion. Archbishop Trench gives us this instance, ‘Wait time and place to take your revenge, for ’tis never well to be in a hurry;’ and it may be paralleled by handfuls of such as these, ‘He who cannot revenge himself is weak, he who will not, is contemptible;’ and ‘Who offends, writes on sand, who is offended, on marble.’ Perhaps, too, in these which follow, ‘Thank you, pretty pussy, was the death of my cat,’ and ‘He laughs well who laughs last,’ there lurks a justification of glozing words and of ‘biding one’s time,’ for the evil purpose of compassing the most unchristian of triumphs.* In Spanish proverbs the worst feature seems to be a tendency to sneer at womankind, the gallantries of his countrymen having rendered the Spaniard sceptical as to female worth and virtue. ‘A woman and a mule,’ he says, ‘must be made handsome by the mouth,’ *i. e.* ‘with good keeping.’ ‘For whom,’ he asks, ‘does the blind man’s wife paint herself?’ Apropos of the birth of a daughter, he has a proverbial expression, ‘Alas! father, another daughter is born to you’—‘daughter’ being apparently a synonym for ‘misfortune.’ But he out-herods Herod when he cherishes a saw like this on the same topic: ‘Three daughters and a mother are four devils for the father.’† It is, perhaps, just as well for the men of Spain that women in general seem to have had little hand or interest in proverb-coining. We do not illustrate their antipathy to mothers-in-law, because there is not

* ‘Aspetta tempo e loco à far la tua vendetta, che la non si fa mai ben in fretta.’—Trench, p. 56; Bohn, 77. ‘Chi non può far la sua vendetta è debbole, chi non vuole è vile.’—Bohn, p. 84. ‘Chi offende scrive nella rena, chi è offeso nel marmo.’

† ‘A la muger y à la mula, por el pico la hermosa.’—Collins, p. 19. ‘La muger del ciego, para quien se afeita?’—*Ibid.*, 187. ‘Guays padre, que otra hija os nace.’—*Ibid.*, 161. ‘Tres hijas y una madre, quatro diablos para el padre.’—*Ibid.*, 373.

a country in Europe which does not own its discourteous proverbs touching this well-abused class. German and Welsh proverbs do not strike us as possessing any very marked feature, nor indeed very much originality.* Herein, as in other points, these nations are characterised rather by industry than invention.

The Frenchman's worst characteristic is, as one might expect, his conceit and gasconading propensity. He evidently believes in his adage, 'Dites toujours fanfare, vous ne mourrez jamais.'† And he, too, always enjoys a sneer at woman's mission, spitefully averring that 'A deaf husband and a blind wife make always a happy couple.' Yet he makes some amends in affirming the common testimony of civilised nations to one excellence of our helpmates, when he says, 'Prends le premier conseil d'une femme, et non le second;'‡ and, of the eternal spring of motherly love, 'Tendresse maternelle toujours se renouvelle.' Though, however, French proverbs have mostly a superficial, if not a flippant tone, some few of them touch deeper chords of feeling, as that sad sweet adage of the transient nature of things bright and fair, 'Belle chose est tôt ravie.'§ Shrewd home-truth comes out in others, *e. g.* 'Evêque d'or, crosse de bois; crosse d'or, évêque de bois,'—a distinction that might be confirmed by a survey of the lives of their ecclesiastics, according as pride or piety predominated in them. 'La fête passée, adieu le saint' is an over-true satire on human nature; and 'La petite aumône est la bonne' looks like another version of the widow's mite. Many will endorse the principle enunciated in the proverb, 'L'hôte et le poisson en trois jours sont poison,' which belongs also to the Spanish, and is akin to the Scotch, 'Leave welcome ahint you.' A needful and effectual lesson to wall-scribblers lies in the saw, 'Muraille blanche, papier de fou' ('A white wall is the fool's writing-paper.') Overwork and its contrary are forcibly deprecated in these two respectively: 'La lame use le fourreau' ('The blade wears out the sheath'), and 'La rouille use plus que

* A specimen of the depth of Welsh proverbial wisdom is this saw of 'Cadgyfro the aged,' reading the book of Cato (!.—'He is not a good man who is not a Welshman.' This sage's wisdom must have consisted in knowing how to play upon his countrymen's veneration for the learning of which they were ignorant.

† Bohn, 'Polyglot,' p. 16. Cf. p. 38.

‡ Bohn, p. 46.

§ In the 'Child's Christian Year' (18th Sunday after Trinity), the burden of this proverb is spiritualized as follows:—

'They come as types of heavenly bliss,
They fade again and die,
Lest we should rest in them, and miss
The good they typify.
All lovely things of earth depart,
Yet praise Him who hath given
Their forms to raise the loving heart,
Its stepping-stones to Heaven.'

le travail' ('Rust wastes more than use'); while the secret of organisation in daily work is found in this excellent adage, 'Un jour en vaut deux, pour qui fait chaque chose en son lieu.'

Turning to Italian proverbs, we find condensed wisdom and discretion in such as these:—'Don't go a fishing to a famous stream.' 'Who builds on the mob, builds in the sand.' 'If you'd have your work done ill, pay beforehand.' 'The Devil tempts all, but the idle man tempts the Devil.'* We may arrive at an estimate of what 'infallibility' counts for, in the very fatherland of the doctrine, from this candid proverb, 'Better is one living pope than ten dead ones.'† There is more religion, if not more truth, in their adage 'Chi ben vive, ben predica,' 'He preaches well who lives well.' The subtle self-seeking of the race lurks in this, 'At a dangerous passage yield precedence' ('A mal passo, l'onore'); but it was an instinct of sound diplomacy which dictated, 'A golden bridge for a flying enemy.'‡ In his 'Philip Van Artevelde' Mr. Henry Taylor seems to have had in his eye the Italian proverb, 'He that hath swallowed the Devil may swallow his horns,' when he puts into the mouth of Van Kortz (Act. III., scene i. part 2) the words—

'Hast courage but for half a sin? *As good
To eat the devil as the broth he's boil'd in.*

And these, as well as many others, have their counterparts in our own language: 'Never heed the colour of a gift horse' (Bohn, p. 66), 'Never was a mewling cat a good mouser' (ibid. 113), and 'God gives a cursed cow short horns' (ibid. 65).§ This last, implying that Providence disproportions the will and the power to hurt, is shown in 'Notes and Queries' (II. Ser. vol. xii. 394) to be as old as the reign of Henry VIII. in the English form, 'God sendeth a shrewd cow short horns.' With a quaint Italian proverb, the last we shall quote, most people will in some measure sympathise: it is 'Non si vorria esser solo in Paradiso,' ('One would not be alone in Paradise.') This testimony to the innate dread of solitude recalls the story of a young soldier, who, dying near some large town, was the first to be interred in its new cemetery. His mother, an Irishwoman, was taken by one

* 'A fiume famoso non andar a pesca.'—Bohn's 'Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs,' p. 68. 'Chi fonda in sul popolo, fonda in sulla rena.'—Ibid., p. 81. 'Chi vuol il lavoro mal fatto, paghi innanzi tratto.'—Ibid., p. 87. 'Il diavolo tenta tutti, ma l'ozioso tenta il diavolo.'—Ibid., p. 102.

† 'E meglio un papa vivo, che dieci morti.'—Ibid., p. 97.

‡ 'Al nimico che fugge il ponte d'oro.' Compare the Spanish 'Al enemigo que huye, la puente de plata.' Bohn, p. 70. Collins, p. 25.

§ 'A caval donato, non si mira il pelo.' 'Non fu mai cacciator gatte che miagola.' 'A cattiva vacca Dio dà corte corna.'

of the officers of the regiment to see his grave, and her bitterest grief was expressed in the exclamation, 'Och, but he'll be so lonely.' A mine of Italian proverbs, second only to that of Spanish saws in 'Don Quixote,' is to be found in the talk of Riccabocca and Jachimo up and down 'My Novel.'

The richness of Spanish proverbiality is like 'good wine that needs no bush!' For which of our aptest proverbs has not its parallel (we should be unjust if we said 'copy') in the 'refran,' which, to use the appreciative language of Mr. Ford, 'gives the Spaniard his sententious dogmatical admixture of humour, truism, twaddle, and common sense?' 'A proverb well introduced,' he adds, '"magnas secat res;" it is as decisive of an argument in Spain as a bet is in England. This shooting a discourse is always greeted with a smile from high and low: it is essential, national, peculiar, like the pitched skin "borracha" to Spanish wines, and garlic in their stews.'* To give an idea of the extent of their parallelism, where we apply to the juvenile-antique spinster the proverb 'An old ewe dressed lamb-fashion,' they cap us with 'An old ox with new bells.' Our 'Every Jack must have his Jill' is with them 'Every large pot its large lid.' They match our 'One man's meat is another man's poison' with, 'What cures Sancho makes Martha sick.' (Collins, p. 88), and our 'Light come, light go' with the expressive adage, 'The sacristan's money singing comes, and singing goes' (Ibid. p. 124). Where we say 'By hook or by crook,' they are not a whit behind us in their, 'It must come out of the sleeves or the skirt' (p. 166), and 'Out of the frying pan into the fire' has its Spanish set-off in 'Escaping the bull, he fell into the brook.' For our 'Too many cooks, &c.,' they would say 'Many dressers disorder the bride's dress;' and where we should call a man 'as stiff as a poker,' or say 'You've swallowed the poker,' their expression would be, 'He appears as if he had eaten roasting-spits' (Ibid. p. 251). Their proverb, 'A hog's tail never makes a good arrow,' will pair off with our 'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' Like the French, too, they have some proverbs that touch on history. For example, there is curious witness borne in one or two to the hate and jealousy with which, from the days of the Visigoth kings, Spain generally treated the race of Israel, which she could ill do without. One proverb says of them, 'Give a Jew a span and he'll take four,' thereby indicating his greed of gain; and another refers to the shifts by which, in persecuting times, he was fain to hide his non-conformity to the national faith,—'As ailing as a Jew on

* 'Handbook for Spain,' Part I. p. 242.

Saturday.* It may be seen too, in this mirror of national manners, how the orthodox Spaniard kept the faith with lips rather than life, if we reflect on such proverbs as 'Tis good to hear mass and to keep house,' a hit at making churchgoing an excuse for gallantry and gadding-out; and 'To steal a pig and give the pettitoes to God,' *i. e.* to compound for big sins by trifling good actions, which somewhat recalls St. Crispinus, who stole leather and made shoes for the poor.

The stateliness of the old hidalgo explains this Spanish saw apropos of vulgar familiarity and practical joking, 'Sport with the hands is the sport of peasants' (see Collins, p. 181), and real nobility of soul must have coined this admirable proverb: 'The cap and the helmet make houses strong,' *i. e.*, literature and arms ennoble families. 'To draw the snake out of a hole with another's hand' is their expressive equivalent to our 'catpaw.' And this short adage 'costumbre hace ley,' 'custom makes law' looks as if it suggested, or was suggested by, the motto of the Mosley family, 'Mos legem regit.' In 'Don Quixote' we meet with a very expressive proverb, on the topic of working for nothing (Part I., c. 48). 'To be like the tailor in the crossways who sewed for nothing and found the thread himself.' In 'Collins's Proverbs' it comes out as 'The tailor of Campillo sews for nothing and finds thread.' Campillo is said to be a small town of Valencia. But Sancho is the great quoter of Proverbs. Harken to his theology, 'A good liver is the best preacher, and that is all the divinity I know' (Part II., ch. xxi.). The Don gives him good advice, when he is about to depart to his island government, on avoiding corruption and avarice and such like temptations. He is not to keep 'a friar's hood to receive alms in,' a palpable hit at the disguised avarice of the mendicant friars. Albeit Sancho has his own chapter and verse for every emergency. To meet the theory that he must govern as one that will have to render an account, he unctuously adduces the adage: 'He whose father is mayor goes safe to his trial:—à fortiori, then, the mayor himself! And to prove that there is no fear of his not being surrounded with admiring satellites, he quotes, 'Let the clown daub himself with honey, and he will never want flies.' Indeed we might go on quoting his wise saws for ever, but that readers might feel what Don Quixote was constrained to express, 'Heaven confound thee; sixty thousand devils take thee and thy proverbs!'

We should be dealing scant justice to the claims of our own

* 'Al Judio dádle un palmo, y tomarà quatro.'—Collins, p. 29. 'Aechàoso como Judio en Sabado.'—*Ibid.*, p. 6.

proverbial literature, were we to glance even at the supply of proverbs which the remaining nations of Europe afford. As education-commissioners select specimen-counties, it may be permitted to us to have put forward France, Italy, and Spain, as specimen proverb-repertoires. But no notice of proverb-lore can venture to ignore that remoter field which was opened to Europeans by one of the most remarkable of travellers, the Egyptian and Arabic proverbs collected by John Lewis Burckhardt. Most of these appear to be original, and, until put forth by him, strange to European paræmiography; though some are doubtless of European parentage, some repeat the maxims of Scripture, and some again those of heathen sages of antiquity.

The Arabic adage, 'Narrower than the *ear* of a needle,' said of an unsurmountable difficulty, takes us to the Koran. We need not quit Europe for the Arabic saw (340), 'The cat that is always crying catches nothing;' and 'A storm in the shop of a glass-dealer' looks like a version of the Greek proverb we noted above, about the ass peeping into the crockery-shop. Yet not in those, nor in such parallelisms as 'He fled from the rain, and sat down under the waterspout,' 'The young of the duck are all swimmers,' or 'The hasty and the tardy meet at the ferry'—severally answering to 'Out of the frying-pan,' &c., 'Like father, like son,' and 'Extremes meet'—lies to our thinking the chief charm of these Arabic proverbs: but rather in such novel and pungent satires in brief as this, for instance, on ridiculous pretensions, 'They came to shoe the horses of the Pasha, the beetle then stretched out its leg' (183); or this, on the soft face and skin of the idler and milksop: 'The hunting dogs have scratched faces.' How well too is the lesson of mutual interdependence of rich and poor taught by these pithy saws: 'The gold wants bran (to clean it)' (747), and 'A small date-stone props up the waterjar,' which was in shape like the Roman amphora (683). Many give internal evidence of their birthplace. 'Rather hear the flatulencies of camels than the prayers of the fishes' bespeaks the Egyptian's dislike to a sea voyage, which made him prefer the tedious land-pilgrimage to Mecca (381). 'The riders have carried it with them' is another phrase for 'News spread far and wide,' the riders being the Bedouins who spread it at every place on their route. 'None got the cow but the Kádhy' speaks ill for Eastern arbitration. 'He who eats the hen of the Sultan will return her to him a cow' points to the heavy reprisals which the high and mighty took, when robbed or cheated. How they dealt with equals comes out from another proverb, 'The dogs became satiated, and then made presents to each other' (of their leavings!) A striking and amusing parallel to 'fiat experimentum in corpore vili'

vili' is found in the Arabic: 'He learns cupping on the heads of orphans;' but perhaps this, on 'men professing long pedigree,' is more satirical than original, 'He was born with Noah in the ark.' On the whole the distinctive feature of this race, as seen in its proverbs, is *selfishness*. 'Save thyself,' says their adage, 'at the expense of thy nearest kindred or friends.' According to Moslem tradition, 'when the deluge came, and the rebel sons of Noah felt the water approach their ankles, they took their little children in their arms; when the water rose higher they placed them upon their shoulders, then upon their heads; but at last when the flood reached to their own mouths, they put the children under their feet, endeavouring to keep their own heads above the water.'

Reference has been already made to Captain Burton's 'Wit and Wisdom from West Africa,' and ample thanks are due to him for so fruitful an occupation of 'the dreary solitude of a rainy season in the tropics.' The Oji tongue provides us with some capital equivalents for our own household words. Instead, for instance, of 'The grapes are sour,' they say 'If you can't dance, you will say the drum is not agreeable,' and for 'Love me, love my dog,' 'If a person hates you, he will beat your animals.' Another West African tribe has perhaps as telling a variation of our oft-illustrated 'frying-pan and fire' proverb as could be cited, viz., 'He fled from the sword, and hid in the scabbard.' Yet this same proverb-coining race treasure up the truth which the lovers of affected brevity have much need to learn, 'Contraction of words conceals the sense.' It is to be hoped that Captain Burton did not approach the territory of the Oji-speakers unaccompanied, seeing that in their wise saw, 'He who travels alone tells lies,' there lurks a parallel to our own misgiving as to 'travellers' tales.' Howbeit other of their adages are anything but respectful to 'home-keeping youths,' and one counsels us not to 'make friends by the way, lest you lose your knife.' Striking examples, these, of the co-ordination of proverbs often needed to express all that is meant. No one who examines this valuable addition to proverbial literature will doubt that a fair sprinkling of its contents betrays a Moslem origin, while many other wise sayings of the Oji, Accra, and Yoruba tongues are simply native renderings of texts taught by the missionaries. For instance, could the following, which might put the vengeful Italian to the blush, 'He that forgives gains the victory in dispute,' by any possibility have other than a Christian origin? But on the great mass of this interesting collection is stamped a sort of private mark, which shows its distinctive character; and the curious in proverb-lore may do worse than explore the

riches

riches of the volume to which we refer, in connection with the 'Adagia' of civilised nations.

In turning, with the fondness of travellers nearing home and the end of a journey, to the paræmiology of our own country, in which we include Scotland and Ireland for the express purpose of sharing the prestige which attaches to the shrewd proverbs of the one, and the racy Ulsterisms and Munsterisms of the other, we are quite conscious that our speciality, in the proverb, is rather strong practical sense than fine wit or sharp-edged piquancy. But perhaps in this, as in other matters, we may fairly lay claim to some adaptive power, and to considerable readiness in turning to account all that is of worth in what we see or hear elsewhere. Proverb-mongers we have been since very early days. Proverb-collecting is as old in England as old John Heywood, whose 'Dialogue, containing the number in effecte of all the Proverbes in the English Tunge' bears the date of A.D. 1561, and as Tusser, who published his 'Five-hundred points of good husbandrie' in 1580. In later times (to club professed compilers of proverb-lore with other writers who make constant use of the proverb) the names of Camden, George Herbert, James Howell, Thomas Fuller, and Jeremy Taylor, to whom we may add Ray, are among the foremost of those entitled to rank as paræmiographers. But indeed it would be hard to say when the proverb was not in fashion with us, as perhaps might not unnaturally be expected in the case of a grave and sententious people. Not that we are unaware of the weighty dictum pronounced against the use of popular saws in good society by Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son. 'A man of fashion,' he wrote, 'never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms.' A fit saying for one who seems to have set manners above morals, and to have voted 'all that comes from the heart' indescribably low and vulgar. It is conceivable that his antipathy to proverbs arose from their homeliness, with which fashion has nothing in common. Doubtless a Sancho Panza would grow tedious in genteel society. Our renowned dramatist teaches their legitimate use in pages which are dear where Chesterfield's 'Letters to his Son' would be consigned to the topmost shelves. Take up any one of his plays, Hamlet, for example, and you light on such adages as 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all,' or 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' itself a justification of the use of proverbs. When Hotspur says to Lady Percy (Henry IV., Part I, Act II. sc. iii.),—

‘No lady closer—for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far I will trust thee, gentle Kate,’

he

he is but endorsing the Scottish saw, 'Women an' bairns lein (conceal) what they kenna.' Lady Macbeth, when she would shame her husband out of his irresolution, calls up the adage, 'The cat loves fish, but is loth to wet her feet':—

'Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage.'

Macbeth, I. vii. 44.

From the Merchant of Venice comes 'The Devil can cite scripture for his purpose,' and in the same play, Shylock, quoting the proverb 'Fast bind, fast find,' characterises it as 'a proverb never stale to thrifty minds' (II. v. 53-4.). But such as have been diligent conners of proverbial lore will constantly detect proverbs inlaid, so to speak, in the Shakespearian dialogue. Our old and beautiful adage, 'The grace of God is gear enough,' peeps out in Launcelot Gobbo's words to Bassanio: 'The old proverb is very well parted between my master, Shylock, and you, Sir;—you have the grace of God, Sir, and he has enough.'—(M. of Venice, II. ii.) Gonzago, in the Tempest, comforts himself that the ship will be saved because the boatswain's 'complexion is perfect gallows,' and runs on with a string of facetiæ based on the adage, 'He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned.' And we almost scruple to set on paper the truism that such titles of plays as 'All's well that ends well,' 'Love's labour's lost,' &c., are all proverbial expressions.

Passing from the Elizabethan drama to our humourists, what works have had greater popularity in their day than Sterne's? The Shandean humour, which found a welcome in fashionable circles, did not despise proverbs. 'All is not gain that is got into the purse' commences a chapter of Tristram Shandy, apropos of Mr. Shandy's odd reading involving him in odd distresses. 'Great wits jump' is applied to Dr. Slop on a memorable occasion; and it is pretty well established that our touching proverb, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' though it may be traced in French up to a collection by Henry Stephens, published in 1594, occurs first in English guise in the mouth of Maria, in the Sentimental Journey. Dean Swift, too, is a dear lover of proverbs. With him they run into rhyme without effort. To his prose belongs the saying that 'Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few;' and, opening his poems haphazard, the first couplet we have lit upon (see Poem on the death of Dean Swift) is—

'He shows, *as sure as God's in Gloster,*
That Moses was a grand impostor.'

The words in italics are a local proverb, said by Ray to have arisen

arisen from the number and wealth of religious houses in Gloucestershire.

Again, we might appeal to the fastidious Pope for his verdict as regards proverbs. He coins them. He quotes them. From his 'Essay on Man' come numberless pithy lines and half lines, which were either proverbs before they found their way there, or have since taken rank as such. Witness the couplets associated in our minds with the 'Blood of the Howards,' and with 'leather and prunella.' 'Whatever is, is right,' 'Man never is, but always to be blest,' and the like, are samples merely of a rich abundance. Nor would it be hard, save in point of space, to prove that nine out of ten of our greatest writers have recognised, by use, the proverb's honourable connexion with the literature of our fatherland.

But unowned proverbs are often most characteristic and noticeable. Of these a rare modern collection has been made by Mr. W. B. Kelly, much to be recommended to such as would study the subject coherently and continuously. To it and to 'Notes and Queries' we are indebted for most of the specimens that follow. Allusion has been made to the shrewdness innate in Scotch adages. 'They are aye gude that are far awa' is an instance. The Spanish express the same thing in their 'Dine with your aunt, but not every day.' 'Measure twice, cut but once,' conveying a hint that 'what's done can't be undone,' and therefore should be done after due deliberation, is also Scotch, though claimed by the Russians. So is that border proverb of the Douglas, 'Better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep,' a shrewd saying, whether in its primary sense of woods and hills forming the best defences for border chiefs, or in the applied sense that high and dry sites are better than damp and low. From Ulster comes the rough and racy dissuasive against forecasting ills, 'Never yowl till you're hit,' and 'Don't throw out your dirty wather till you've got in your clane,' in other words, don't lose the substance while grasping at a shadow. In these the point is obvious. But many of our proverbs cling to the memory rather on account of their meaning being somewhat farther to seek. This common one, 'When you go to Rome, do as Rome does,' bespeaks some tale hanging by it. And inquiry brings us to the Latin of St. Augustin, for whose mother, Monica, St. Ambrose solved the case of conscience involved in holding the Sabbath a feast day in Milan, whereas it was a fast at their native place, Tagasta, by laying down a rule in corresponding Latin words to those of our proverb. Kelly tells a capital story of a captain's wife, whose husband the Kaffirs had killed and eaten, being consoled by her waiting-maid, 'Mais, Madame, que voulez-vous? chaque peuple a ses usages.' Again, 'Good wine needs no bush,' at first obscure of

of meaning, acquires point by reference to the Roman custom of hanging out a branch of ivy, the emblem of Bacchus, at the doors of taverns. To this Kelly traces the slang word 'bosky,' *i.q.* drunk. It would be curious to be able to trace the sign of the 'Ivy-bush,' a noted hostelry at Caermarthen (the Roman 'Mardunum'), to this ancient custom. It is not hard to fathom the meaning of 'Between two stools somewhat comes to the ground,' as the proverb stands in a State paper of A.D. 1602,* or 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' though this last may well be consigned to oblivion, now that the state of things does not exist. Since the publication of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' 'nous avons changé tout cela!' Another English proverb, 'The shoemaker's wife goes unshod,' applies admirably to any of the possible cases comparable to that of Tantalus. As a modern illustration of this, gentlefolks living on the banks of the Severn may see salmon caught and packed and sent off by mail or train, yet fail of being able to secure one for love or money to feast a friend. 'Great barkers are little biters' has an obvious application; but it is not every one who knows what precious comfort for his countrymen Horace Walpole drew from it, when, in 1792, he used it of English democrats 'who say everything and do nothing,' whereas the French revolutionist 'said nothing and did everything.' But most often a partial ambiguity enhances the impression. Thus we say a thing must be done 'by hook or by crook,' and say it from habit, without thinking much what the words mean. They are clearly referable to the immemorial right of 'firewood,' the hook being used to cut the green wood, and the crooked pole for breaking off the dry. The story of the rival lawyers, Hooke and Crooke, is a 'post hoc, non propter hoc.' 'A Roland for an Oliver' is said of 'giving as good as you get.' The names, it is said, belonged to two paladins of Charlemagne; and some see in Charles the Second's nickname, Old Rowley, an allusion to the proverb, he being the Rowland who was in his way a match for the vaunted Oliver. When a man is said to 'show the white feather,' it does not always strike us that the phrase arises from the fact that white feathers in gamecocks indicate impurity of breed. 'Raining cats and dogs' is a common expression for an uncommon phenomenon. Some of Livy's portents distance it in strangeness, even if taken literally. It is ingeniously traced to the French 'catadoupe,' a waterfall, in 'Notes and Queries.' The phrase 'not worth an old song' has, like the above instances, been largely discussed in 'Notes and Queries,' but nothing has come out to give it a more

* See 'Notes and Queries,' Ser. II. xi. 27.

definite signification than 'something cast by, as out of date.' Any observer of street melodies must have noted that what is in vogue for nine days is forgotten at the end of twenty-one. 'Letting the cat out of the bag' comes probably from the old 'Cat and the bag' of Æsop (Prose Fables, 16; James, 102).

The English are rich in local, and in what, to embrace weather and calendar in one, we may term Almanack proverbs. To touch on the latter first, what hop-grower doubts the truth of the saw,

'Till St. James's day is past and gone,
There may be hops, or there may be none?'

Or what bee-master, that

'A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay,
But a swarm in July is not worth a fly?'

Or what epicure would act in contravention of the adage that 'Oysters are not good in the month that has not an R in it?' More questionable is the adage of 'A green Christmas making a fat churchyard,' if we may trust the Registrar-General, and the 'Times' obituary, both pointing to greater frequency of death in cold, keen weather. The legend,

'When our Lady falls in our Lord's lap,
Then let England beware of a sad mishap;'

i. e., when Lady-Day (March 25) coincides with Easter-Day—is a rod in pickle held over us by the Pope for discarding the worship of the Virgin, who, it is supposed, will wait for such happy conjunction to avenge herself on her slights. 'Credat Judæus!'

Those who study diligently the 'hatches, matches, and dispatches' column of the 'Times' will see that the 25th of January (the festival of the Conversion of St. Paul) was a great day for weddings this year. 'Wherefore?' it may be asked: As reasonable an answer as can be suggested lies in the words of the old rhyming adage,—

'If the day of St. Paul be clear,
Then shall betide a happy year.'

*See N. and Q., Feb. 10th, 1866, p. 118.**

Local proverbs are as curious as they are numerous. These short ones, 'Bristol milk,' *i. e.* sherry; 'Essex lions,' *i. e.* calves; to say nothing of 'Lancashire witches,' and 'Wiltshire moon-rakers,' are sufficiently amusing; and other illustrations of this kind are given above. The local rhyme,

* Our acknowledgments to 'Notes and Queries' for help in these researches cannot be too hearty or too frequently reiterated.

‘Blessed is the eye
Between Severn and Wye,’

preserved by Ray, is not referable to the pleasant prospect, if, as is reasonable, we adopt Sir G. C. Lewis’s suggestion that ‘eye’ is the first syllable of ‘iland,’ ‘eiland’ (German), whence comes ‘eyot,’ an islet. Howell chronicles a Herefordshire proverb ‘Weobly ale, Medley bells, and Lemster ore.’ The ‘ore’ stands for ‘wool,’ then and now a staple of the borough of Leominster. Weobly ale may have been more famous when the town returned its two members, or it may have been a facetious synonym for ‘cider.’ Medley or Madley bells Howell may have often heard in his rambles when he was a pupil at Hereford Cathedral School. Such local proverbs, it will be seen, add a trifle now and then to the too scanty materials for county history. Another local proverb, in vain inquired into in ‘Notes and Queries,’ is ‘As round as a Pontypool waiter.’ We had half a mind to take Pontypool in a long-vacation excursion, and ascertain whether at its hotels the waiters were exceptionally rotund and obese. But our labour would have been lost. We have lately learnt that the town was famous ‘for its manufacture of japped goods.’ Dirty Dick’s shop in Leadenhall Street was

‘Of things in general full,
Hardware from Birmingham and Pontypool.’

Professional proverbs, too, if we had time to go into them, would prove very interesting. There is much truth in this, that ‘A surgeon must have an eagle’s eye, a lion’s heart, and a lady’s hand;’ and strong testimony to the superiority of letters to arms, or to the danger of law, in this other, ‘A goose quill is more dangerous than a lion’s claw.’ Householders and house-builders, a large class, may thank us for one other adage:

‘Better one’s house too little one day, than too large all the year.’

In his gossip on the ‘Philosophy of Proverbs,’ Isaac Disraeli quotes a speech against double payment of book debts by a blunt M.P. of the Elizabethan House of Commons. It was an honest telling speech, commendable for its briefness, and wholly composed of proverbs. Without urging unqualified imitation of it, we may conceive how much gain would ensue if modern speakers would but clench by an adage arguments which, through lack of compression, they now launch in a sea of words. The days of the clepsydra are desiderated at many a public meeting, especially perhaps in the case of post-prandial orations. O that the ambition to win the palm of oratory could be diverted into
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the channel which quotation of proverbs offers! 'A stitch in time saves nine' is a homely thesis, but its seasonable use might serve a thorough economist better than all his figures and statistics. Those many county and borough members, one of whose recess-duties is to address diocesan societies on the benefits of National education, might do worse than confine their remarks to a short exposition of the adage,

'The best horse needs breeching,
And the aptest child needs teaching.'

And in the proverb 'Nimble ninepence is better than a slow shilling,' though it consists but of eight words, lies a more useful lesson for 'paterfamilias' to instil into his son, and illustrate in his own practice with his tradesmen, than any that can be found in the code of my Lord Chesterfield. Many more saws might be cited, which, spoken in season, would be far more telling than set speeches, far more convincing to hearers, far better husbandry of power to the speaker.

Not that there should be no limit to the use of proverbs. A man, whose every other utterance was an adage, would be as great a bore as the indiscriminate punster or the everlasting anecdotist. But, given a clear head and a sound discretion as to times and occasions, the proverb will come in as one of the most cogent witnesses that can be cited. It is the voice of experience; and it could not be what it is, but for the fiat of the wise and prudent. Yet to its use, as to that of other accessories of conversation and style, must always apply the maxim, 'Enough is as good as a feast.'

But this last proverb, with a second edge as it were, admonishes us that enough has been said for the reader's patience, although the topic is inexhaustible. In so wide a field one will prefer this particular spot, and another that. To some the wisdom of our own countrymen in this kind may seem to have been scantily illustrated in comparison with that of the ancients. Be it remembered, however, that from the nature of the case the former is 'as household words' to us, while the latter has been too little studied, and too generally neglected. The deeper the inquiry, the larger will be the amount of proof that to Greek and Roman paræmiology is due a vast proportion of the proverblore of modern Europe. And such inquiry will repay those who make it, by re-impressing adagial truths that have hitherto sat lightly on the memory, by helping 'a knowledge of the minds of several nations' (a brave thing, in the judgment of Selden and Bishop Andrews), and by throwing a light not only on philosophy
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and history, but also on the study of human life and manners. A nation's proverbs are as precious as its ballads, as useful, and perhaps more instructive.* 'Centuries,' says Isaac Disraeli, 'have not worm-eaten the solidity of this ancient furniture of the mind.'

ART. IX.—*Journals, Conversations, &c., relating to Ireland.*
By the late Nassau W. Senior. 2 vols. London, 1868.

NO apology is needed for so soon recurring to the subject of Ireland. It is, and we fear must long continue, the question of the day; the question which statesmanship and patriotism alike yearn to settle; the question which honest prejudices and bad passions, sad legacies of the past and wild dreams of the future, conspire to keep for ever in dispute. Other matters may be left in abeyance,—this cannot. Other difficulties may be solved by degrees, or may often trust to time, and happy accidents, and calculable contingencies for their solution. Irish difficulties, it would appear, must be grappled with at once; for *their* solution few seem inclined to wait with any patience, to inquire with any thoroughness, to think or reason with any calmness.

If apology had been needed, an ample one might be found, first, in the new phase which Parliamentary action on Irish policy has entered since we last addressed our readers; and, secondly, in the appearance of the remarkable volumes which we have placed at the head of this article. Opinions ripen fast in these days; they ripen often suddenly and from unexpected causes and in unexpected quarters; and the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, which a few months ago seemed an immeasurably remote and improbable event—a distant consummation scarcely hoped by one party and faintly dreaded by the other—has, by some quick and unexplained impulse, been adopted as the immediate object and the avowed policy of the whole Liberal party; and has been resolved in the House of Commons by a larger majority than has for a long period voted upon any question. The various wild schemes which had been so boldly propounded for dealing with Irish tenure and the laws of property may be held to have been utterly discredited and exploded after three or four nights' discussion, and the Land question fell at once into the background; but Lord Mayo's exposition of the views of the Government in relation to Ireland, at the opening of the session, was suddenly seized upon by the

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxxiii., p. 459, 'The Talmud.'

leader of the Opposition as an opportunity for the announcement of a startling and decisive line of action, in which—rather, we think, to the surprise of the country—he has been followed by nearly the whole body of his usual supporters with a unanimity rarely displayed by them of late. What may be the true explanation of this hasty move in such unforeseen strength—whether the experience of the last two sessions has taught the party the necessity of stricter discipline, more serried ranks, and a more compact organization—it is scarcely worth while to inquire. Two things only seem certain in the matter: first, that the time chosen for this onslaught on one of the most deeply-rooted institutions of the land is singularly inappropriate; and secondly, that neither the body of the Liberals nor their impetuous chief, when they resolved on their decisive step, had at all realised either the complication, the difficulty, or the full scope and consequences of the task they have undertaken.

Now, whatever views on the question we may entertain, every true friend to his country, irrespective of the political party to which he may belong, must desire that so great a step should not be taken either as a mere strategical operation; or under circumstances open to suspicion or reproach; or in ignorance or miscalculation of probable results; or under the influence of fallacious hopes; or in any way on erroneous grounds or in deference to unsound arguments, and on the assumption of premises which more accurate knowledge will scatter to the winds; or before the country has fully and deliberately resolved on the measure, and is therefore safe from the danger of reaction and bitter disappointment. It is because we are satisfied that very few of the strong phalanx led to the assault by Mr. Gladstone are quite aware of what they are doing, and that the great majority—including even their chief himself—are under the strangest delusions or the most singular blindness as to the real issue and range of his proposals, that we venture once more to call attention to a few considerations which in the heat of combat have been too much overlooked.

First, then, it can scarcely be denied—and we know that it is felt by many staunch Whigs—that the time chosen has been unfortunate, and that some of the reasons alleged for choosing this time have been more unfortunate still. The subject has been opened with startling suddenness in the midst of a crowded session, the last of a dying and superseded Parliament, with two Reform Bills, a Boundary Bill, and a Bribery Bill to dispose of, in addition to its ordinary business; a Parliament, besides, in consequence of its peculiar position, scarcely to be credited with that mental and moral freedom from all disturbing influences
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which it would be well to bring to the discussion of so vital and difficult a question. We can understand that to men who think solely or paramountly of party tactics, because actively engaged in a strife of which we are mere spectators, the temptation of finding a strong ground on which to assail a weak Ministry, enfeebled by the secession of some of its ablest members and embarrassed by divisions of opinion in its own camp, might appear nearly irresistible. We can understand, too, the probable gain to an Opposition, not hitherto remarkable for the unbroken harmony or unity of purpose pervading its several sections, of raising a standard under which they could all rally, and of thus presenting themselves before the country on the eve of a general election in the attitude of statesmen who had a *principle* to guide them, in contradistinction to a Government which offered only a tentative and temporising *policy*. We conceive, however, that it would have been wiser and more righteous to resist both temptations, and to leave the question to a future Parliament and a calmer and more leisure time,—a delay of at most only a twelvemonth. There are two weighty reasons, it appears to us, which pleaded strongly in favour of that course. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, once adopted—nay, once even propounded as the creed and standard of the Liberals—are a step that cannot be *untaken*. Once the doctrine embodied in these resolutions has been dangled before the eyes of the Celtic Irish as a concession to which, in the opinion of one of the great governing parties, they are entitled, the position of the Church Establishment in Ireland becomes increasingly difficult. It cannot be maintained without a struggle prolonged, bitter, and incessantly renewed. Now, it is conceivable at least—some think it even probable—that the new constituencies (whose character and views, it cannot be too often repeated, no one can predict with confidence) may wish to maintain that institution. Yet we shall have done our best to take the matter out of their hands; we shall have prejudged one of the greatest questions which can be submitted to that new electoral body, which we have just declared ought to have the decision of all great questions; we shall have withdrawn it virtually from the jurisdiction of those enlarged constituencies which, by the bare act of calling them into existence, we have assumed will represent the feelings and wishes of the nation more fully and faithfully than the present ones; and we shall have done this either because we secretly mistrust their action, or are too impatient and impetuous to wait for it. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, therefore, give Mr. Disraeli the opportunity—of which he is far too astute not to avail himself—of standing forth as the protector of the invaded rights of the constituencies

constituencies we have just created, yet are proposing to pledge, to cripple, and to fetter in their cradle.

But this is not the only nor the weightiest consideration. There can scarcely be a greater calamity, even, we should have fancied, in the eyes of truly Liberal politicians, than that the first general election, under a new order of things, should take place under the influence of a strong religious excitement, or a blind sectarian cry. It will confuse, vitiate, and pervert the proper *political* operation of the late measure of franchise reform; it will call forth some of the most angry and least intelligent passions of the populace; it will be about the worst conceivable education of the untrained voters for the new and responsible duties we are summoning them to discharge. Yet the great issue which the Liberals have chosen this moment for trying, and the line of argument and action by which it is nearly certain their opponents will meet them, can scarcely fail by their joint operation to produce an outburst of bigotry and sectarian animosity during the ensuing appeal to the country, such as we have not witnessed for many a long year, and such as we hoped never to see again. Scenes which have lately occurred at Birmingham, Ashton, and elsewhere have forewarned us how ferocious and easily aroused is still the no-Popery sentiment among large bodies of the town population; no one knows what the slower but scarcely less obstinate religious passions of the rural classes may be and do under the guidance of a clergy beloved and respected through all ranks of the community, and now menaced, as they sincerely believe, in their most cherished possessions and their last stronghold; but all this will prove trivial in comparison with the fury with which the flames of religious discord may be expected to rage in the north of Ireland, where they are always ready to burst forth, and where the virulence of hostile sects is something almost unconceived in England.

There is one point in the ordinary mode of discussing this question in reference to which Liberals who love their country, and Liberals who love their Church, both appear to us to have been curiously unforeseeing and incautious. There is no argument urged for the abolition of the Established Church in Ireland, which does not logically involve *either* the surrender of the English Establishment also, *or* the concession of Repeal,—to say nothing of still more sweeping corollaries. If Irish wishes are the plea, at least ten times as many Irishmen thirst for a dissolution of the Union as for the disestablishment of the Protestant Church. If disendowment be the object, the real grievance felt and resented by the mass of the people, as we all know, is not that Protestant clergymen

obtain all the tithes, but that Protestant landlords hold four-fifths or eight-ninths of the soil. Every argument against the *principle* of a State Church applies, of course, just as strongly to England as to Ireland; and it is arguments of this character that weigh most with the middle classes of our towns. The only argument that can be effectually urged against the Established Church in Ireland that does not tell equally against the Established Church in England is, that in the former case it is the Church of the minority of the people. But it seems to be forgotten that this allegation is only true on the assumption, which the Act of Union denies and was intended to destroy, that Ireland is a separate nation. If Ireland is an integral portion of the United Kingdom, as we all, nominally at least, hold, then the Protestant Church is *not* the Church of the minority, but of the large majority of the aggregate people. If the Establishment in Ireland is to be condemned as the Church of only a small section of the inhabitants of the country, then the union of the two countries is imperfect, and the demand for repeal, if put forward with sufficient unanimity and strength, would seem to be logically irresistible. If the majority of the Irish have a right to object to the Established united Church, it will be difficult to show that on the same ground they have not a right to object to the Established united Legislature.

Again, while doing ample justice to the steady and strong convictions which most of the Radicals, and many even among the old Whigs, have long entertained and avowed upon this question, it is not easy to explain the sudden conversion of the whole party, among whom are numbers of conscientious and even zealous Churchmen, to so bold a measure as the abolition of the Irish establishment, on any grounds which do not lay their proceedings open to the charge both of impolicy and faction. 'Acts of Parliament for Ireland,' says one of the shrewdest of Mr. Senior's interlocutors, in the volumes before us, 'are among the most approved weapons in English political warfare.' The public cannot fail to remember that the Liberals, during eighteen years of power, have suffered the Irish Church to sleep undisturbed among its possessions, but will not allow it one hour longer of secure existence as soon as they are relegated to the Opposition benches. The facts of the case have in no degree been changed or aggravated of late. The abuse, the grievance, the impolicy, now painted in such glowing colours, have been as palpable and as gross each year since Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as they are now; yet the very men who have waited for a whole generation refuse now to wait a single session. There is no assignable reason for haste to-day that does not carry with

with it the sternest condemnation of past procrastination; no reason which sober and conscientious politicians, worthy of the name of statesmen, must not blush to allege. Public opinion, we are told, has ripened at St. Stephen's with unexampled rapidity of late, and an achievement has thus become feasible now which it would have been simple lunacy to attempt two years ago. True enough: but what has been the stimulating climate and the ripening force if not the 'cold shade' of Opposition? Those are suspicious fruits which mature fastest and surest when screened from the sunshine of office and responsibility. Fenianism, some inconsiderate persons say, has come up to startle us from our apathy and rouse us to our duty; but surely, of all disreputable pleas this is the most undignified and mischievous, as well as the most irrelevant. Fenianism, as far as it is indigenous, and either springs out of or derives its strength from Irish discontent, is no fresh or renovated phenomenon; it has long been chronic, notorious, and noisy. Fenianism, as an imported and organised movement, it is clear has nothing whatever to do with the Protestant Church; that Establishment does not even come within the purview of its seditious manifestoes. Fenianism is boldly denounced by the official rivals of that Church; and summarily to condemn, surrender, and abolish one of the most rooted, and by many cherished, institutions of the kingdom, because a feeble and reckless outbreak has frightened Parliament into reflection, cleared their vision, and invigorated and purified their patriotism, is to encourage, sanction, and justify Irish violence and disaffection as they have never been warranted before. If we do this great thing now at once, in hot haste, and ostensibly at the bidding of sedition, which for generations we have pertinaciously refused to do at the bidding of justice and respect for the feelings of our fellow citizens, it is scarcely possible to conceive a more unseemly spectacle, a more fatal lesson, a more dangerous, impolitic, and illogical immorality. The phenomenon of Fenianism, rightly estimated, ought not to weigh in the controversy to the extent of a single vote; yet Fenianism is the only new feature imported into the controversy which was not there five, ten, twenty years ago.

And we are urged to resolve upon and inaugurate this significant and prolific measure—prolific, inasmuch as it will assuredly bear fruits little dreamed of now—with the object of contenting and loyalising the Irish people. Do it if you will—we would say to the miscellaneous mass which now constitutes the Opposition;—do it if you must; but do it under the influence of no such delusive hopes; do it from motives that will better bear the scrutiny of reason, and on a more sagacious calculation

of probable results. Do it, if you please, for the liberation of your own consciences, so grievously burdened with the manifold oppressions of the past; do it as a tardy and imperfect atonement for a long series of undeniable blunders, mismanagement, and neglect in times now happily gone by; but do not do it in the idle expectation that you can thereby win over a reconciled and satisfied population to your side. We doubt whether any one who really knows Ireland anticipates any tranquillising consequences from the measure; on the contrary, at first, at least, it may be expected to produce rather a recandescence and exacerbation of disturbance. It will irritate the North far more than it will pacify the South. It will exasperate and alarm the Protestants greatly, but will scarcely touch the mass of the Catholics at all. The main body of the peasantry, except where influenced for special purposes by their priests, think little of religious differences.* The Protestant clergyman is their friend, and often their banker and adviser. He never interferes in their arrangements; they pay him no dues or marriage fees; since the great healing measure, a generation ago, by which tithes were converted into a rent-charge—*eight-ninths* of which, by the way, it must be remembered, is paid by Protestant proprietors—the tenants and occupiers of the soil are wholly unconscious of the Establishment as an institution affecting or burdening themselves. They never ask or consider the religion of their landlord; they know and care greatly whether he be an ‘improver,’ or an easy and indulgent man; they know and care a little whether he is an Englishman, or one of the old Milesian stock; they neither know nor care at all whether he be a Roman or an Anglican in faith. When the project of the Liberal party is consummated—if its consummation is ever to be reached—by the surrender and disendowment of the State Establishment, the adherents of the two Churches, which have too often stood towards one another in the attitude of foes

* Mr. Senior asked his guide at Killarney what was his religion:—

‘I am a Roman,’ he answered. ‘I do not think that there is sufficient difference between the religions to require me to quit the faith that I have been brought up in; but when there is not a chapel at hand, I join in the prayers of the Protestants, or of the Presbyterians.

‘Does the priest,’ I said, ‘allow that?’

‘I think,’ he answered, ‘that at my age I have a right to an opinion of my own. There are no religious dissensions here,’ he added; ‘no one asks whether a man is a Roman or a Protestant. We have been at peace ever since tithes were commuted, and church-cess abolished.’
—*Journal of 1852.*

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rather than of rivals, will be brought face to face under new conditions,—one body under the excitement of a triumph won, the other under the irritating mortifications of defeat and spoliation. Nor is this all: the spirit of proselytism, whenever it breaks out, has always proved the surest enemy to peace and goodwill in Ireland;* and proselytism, in its more zealous and aggressive

* ‘The missionaries,’ said Captain H., ‘are violent and indiscreet. They treat the Virgin with disrespect, call the cross an idolatrous emblem, and accuse the priests of brutal ignorance. A year ago a Roman Catholic station was held at Dhu Lough. The missionaries distributed, over all the roads leading to it, printed papers abusing and insulting all that Roman Catholics love or respect. I asked one of my people what the Roman Catholics did with them. “Trode them under foot,” he answered; “your Honour does not suppose we would demane ourselves to read such things.” But the priests read them; and the result was to injure seriously the national school, and indeed our Roman Catholic children, who were all withdrawn. I went to our priest to expostulate, “You know (I said) that there is no other school, and that if you take the children away they will grow up in perfect ignorance. You know, too, that we do not proselytise, and that I disapprove of the conduct of the missionaries as much as you can do. I think it intolerant, illiberal, and stupid. But why, merely to spite them, punish the poor children?”

‘I cannot help it (he answered). I have supported your schools for a couple of years against the orders of my bishop. But this is too bad; I should be disgraced before my flock if I were not to resent it; and how can I show my resentment except by taking the children from a school under a Protestant patron?’—*Journal of 1862.*

The following is a specimen of the way in which the proselyting attempts of indiscreet missionaries are met by less temperate Roman Catholic priests. It is an extract from a printed address to the jurors of Ruthkeale, in the county of Limerick, by Mr. Fitzgerald, the Roman Catholic Archdeacon:—

‘There are for trial at the Quarter Sessions this week some persons charged with breaking the peace towards the spiritual traders who have lately made Pallas Kenry the scene of their attempt at religious ruin—I may say spiritual murder; for every sincere Catholic must and does hold that without faith it is impossible to please God, and this “saving” faith, the *sine quâ non* of escape from eternal fire, he believes to be that true Catholic faith without which no one can be saved. In the eyes of every Catholic these Pallas Kenry mountebanks are persons who seek to poison to death (the second death in the lake of fire) the souls of all whom they can induce to swallow their doses. If a person were indicted for an assault on a spiritual poisoner, if I were a juryman I would, without leaving the box, acquit the prisoner.

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aggressive form, is always more rife among voluntary than among established churches, and will experience a singular revival from the proposed measure; nor shall we be in a position fully to recognise the moderating influence which has hitherto been exercised—half unconsciously perhaps, but as it were through instinct and temperament—by the State connexion and the good sense of the Protestant hierarchy, over its more fiery and militant votaries, till that influence has been withdrawn.

But this is by no means the whole case. The Roman Catholic hierarchy, there are abundant indications, has its own schemes and hopes—schemes and hopes reaching further and deeper than we know or think—schemes and hopes which the disendowment of the Protestant Establishment may possibly facilitate, but assuredly will not induce them to forego, or to pause for one moment in pursuing. There are subjects and occasions which make it advisable to speak without periphrases and without disguise, even at the risk of giving offence and incurring misconstruction; and this is one of them. We should be grieved to say one word to swell or to revive the 'No Popery' sentiment, which in past times, and even recently, has led to such discreditable and deplorable manifestations. We express no objection to Roman

If an intruder had come for the purpose of robbery, no jury would condemn his slayer; and in the eyes of every Catholic, life ought to be of less value than the eternal salvation of his soul, and the faith without which that salvation is impossible to be obtained.'—*Journal*, 1862.

See also '*Journal of 1858*' *passim*, for corroboration of the sad effects of proselytism:—

'It poisons all our social relations,' said more than one interlocutor. 'The misery of this country' (said another), 'is the proselytising system. If the different sects would let one another alone, or if each would look rather at what is good than at what is bad in other denominations, they would find that Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists, may all be good men, good subjects, and good friends. But in Ireland, every sect is polemical; every sect attaches more importance to the doctrines in which it differs from the others, than to those in which it agrees. Every sect does all that it can to oppose, to insult, and to revile the opinions and the members of every other sect. The united education of the national schools tends to soften these mutual asperities, but unfortunately it is given only to a small minority, and only to the lower classes. The middle and higher classes do not frequent the national schools; the priests always receive a separate education, and now we have a Roman Catholic university, which I fear will withdraw the higher Roman Catholics from Trinity College.'

Catholicism

Catholicism as a creed or faith ; it is the form of Christian doctrine still most widely spread over the earth ; it has been the form cherished by many of the noblest and purest of men ; it has proved the solace, and support, and inspiration of countless thousands in all ages. But nothing can be more indisputable or notorious than that Roman Catholicism, whether we consider it as a creed or an organisation, assumes very different forms and aspects, according to the people among whom, and the political conditions under which it lives. It is one thing among cultivated Englishmen, and a totally alien and irreconisable thing among ignorant Spaniards or Neapolitans. It is wholly different, again, in France and Prussia, where it is more or less under State control, and in Belgium, where, under a Parliamentary Government, it is striving for the mastery, and in the United States, where it is one of many sects, and where ascendancy is hopeless, from the guise in which it appears in Rome or the Peninsula, where it is rampant and supreme. It differs, too, enormously, according as the National or the Ultramontane spirit prevails among its prelates. Now, we fear it must be said—and the book we are reviewing contains many remarkable confirmations of this view—that scarcely in any country does it assume a more degraded, unenlightened, unelevating type than that it now shows in Ireland ; nowhere is its teaching more systematically hostile to social improvement, to national prosperity, to law, order, or the established government.* It is this fact—which moderate and peace-loving men are loath to recognise and unwilling to declare—that constitutes one of our greatest difficulties in dealing with Ireland. The religion of the mass of the people is, in its actual form and character, distinctly inimical to the best interests of the people, as well as to our rule over them.†

* Our readers cannot have forgotten the deliberate manifesto of 'the calm men of Limerick,'—*i.e.*, the dean and his brethren—declaring that the repeal of the Union, and the re-establishment of a native Parliament, are the absolutely needful and indispensable conditions of peace and justice in Ireland.

† The population is about equally divided into Roman Catholic and Protestant. The Protestants are far the more cleanly and comfortable. This my brother attributes to the influence of their respective clergy. "The Anglican and Presbyterian ministers," he said "enforce the virtues which produce prosperity in this world—thrift, diligence, and carefulness. The Roman Catholic priest, an ascetic by his faith, and still more by his profession, preaches contempt of worldly goods and worldly pleasures, and dwells on the austerities, the observances, and the contributions which are to be rewarded by happiness hereafter."—*Senior's Journal*, 1858.

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And yet it sounds almost like bigotry to say this, and will no doubt bring the charge of bigotry upon us. We would only ask our readers, before they endorse the accusation, to read Mr. Senior's revelations, especially a passage or two which we intend to quote. The whole case may be stated in a few words. The Imperial Government and the Roman Catholic hierarchy, or Church in Ireland, are aiming at diametrically opposite goals. It is not their views, their measures, or their *means* that are opposed and irreconcilable, but their ultimate desires and *ends*. We wish to blend and fuse the discordant elements of the population, to sink religious differences or throw them into the background, to bring up all sects and races together, so as to accustom and train them to live in peace and harmony like brethren. The priesthood dread this operation and result as likely to impair their influence over their flocks, to *Anglicise* them, to make them less violent against heresy as they become more friendly and familiar with heretics, possibly even to pave the way towards occasional or wholesale apostasy. We wish really to educate the masses into something like enlightenment and worldly sagacity at least. The priests deprecate and resist an education not exclusively under their control,* and the general enlightenment which we desire is in their eyes the supremest of dangers:—hence the vehement opposition of the hierarchy to the national and mixed system of instruction, which, on the other hand, all statesmen who really know Ireland cling to so earnestly as the main civilising and elevating influence in the country.† Yet who can say that the Roman Catholic

* See Mr. Butt's pamphlet, *passim*.

† The following is an extract from the letter of a high-placed but singularly fair-minded ecclesiastic, published (but without his name) in Mr. Senior's journal:—

‘One good result has been, that it has, without my seeking it, thrown me into free and unreserved communication with some of the Roman Catholic laity here, and given me an opportunity, that few Protestants have, of seeing to the bottom of their thoughts. I am convinced that there is nothing which they really regard with more horror and disgust than the prospect of separate grants for educational purposes. They feel that *they* cannot control, or even check, their own clergy; and that the effect of such grants would be the rearing of *their* children in (as one of them said to me), “intolerance, bigotry, and treason.”

‘Their earnest wish is that the Liberal Protestants, and the Queen's Government, would stand between them and their Ultramontane tyrants. They know that, in the way of open resistance, they are very weak, and the dread of appearing to co-operate with “Soupers”
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Catholic authorities are wrong *from their point of view*; since they believe that mixed education, under the control or inspection of the State, is fraught with danger to the Catholic faith; that to fall away from that faith is to forfeit salvation; and that the enlightenment and culture which leads at once to social prosperity and the loss of a man's soul is far too dearly bought.

Again, the chief cause of the wretchedness and degradation of the Irish peasantry has been, as we all know, over-population; the growth of numbers beyond what the generally poor soil could support; and the passionate attachment with which the cottiers clung to their squalid cabins and their scanty holdings. The indispensable and only remedies clearly are emigration and abstinence from marriage till a wife and children can be maintained in decency and health. Now, against both these remedies the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland set their faces with a dogged determination, from a combination of motives, all powerful and not all evil. In the first place, numbers of them are nearly as ignorant and unreasoning as the people whom they lead; to a great extent they spring from the peasant families, and share their prejudices and passions; they shrink from the idea of expatriation for their flocks as for themselves, and denounce all who urge it or promote it by the purchase or consolidation of small farms as oppressors and exterminators. The mischief they do, and the

and "Proselytisers," and also real, and not unnatural, suspicions of the ultimate designs of Protestants, have great influence over them.

'Numbers of them have signed a declaration in favour of Mixed Education, which you will see in the paper which I send to you; yet I should be surprised if their courage does not "ooze out at their fingers' ends."

'The great objects of the ceaseless dread and hostility of the Ultramontane party are the vested schools, and the Queen's Colleges. These it should be the aim of an enlightened Government to extend, enlarge, and support by every possible means. The non-vested schools should rather be checked than increased. The Commissioners should not wait for an "harmonious call," but establish model schools in every city and large town in Ireland. It is a disgrace that there is not one in this place (Cork). I could promise them some hundred Protestant children to begin with.

'The least vacillation now, in the way of concession to either of the extreme parties, will be ruinous. The end of such a concession must be, sooner or later (and better soon than late, after a weary battle) a system of separate grants for all schools, whether of primary or of secondary instruction; and then the country will be divided into two great hostile camps, with clerical sentinels pacing between them, to prevent any friendly intercourse between Protestants and Roman Catholics.'

crimes

crimes they suggest or extenuate by this opposition to the great cure for Ireland's wretchedness, can scarcely be exaggerated.* Yet they have a religious as well as a merely personal ground for their opposition. Emigration not only decimates their congregations and therefore their incomes, but it removes their flocks to strange lands, where heresy is in the ascendant, where truly or falsely it is reported that the ministrations of the Church are often inaccessible, and where the souls of the faithful are exposed to unknown dangers. Early marriages, too, the priests promote systematically and on principle, also under the influence of a double motive. A considerable portion of a
curate's

* 'The following is from a *printed* exhortation from a Catholic priest in the west of Ireland (already quoted in part), addressed to the jurors of his parish, to prevent them from convicting some prisoners who had been guilty of riot and violence:—"Some years ago I happened, on climbing an ascent near Coolness, to come upon a party employed in crowbar fashion in demolishing the house of a man named Patrick Lacy. That house was built by that man; it was ruthlessly levelled before his eyes, without of course a shilling of compensation. If that man, or his next door neighbour, had at that moment with the weapon next to hand, a pebble from the brook, or rather from the road, slain the demolisher of his dwelling, he would no doubt have violated the laws. But I would ask in what respect would that man's act have differed from that of Moses four thousand years ago? Moses smote one he saw oppressing an Israelite. Does the Scripture condemn him? Does not St. Paul praise Moses, and by implication praise the very deed which caused him to fly from Egypt? Can what was worthy of commendation by the Spirit of God then, be the very extreme of guilt at the present day? Pharaoh was a lawful monarch, he had made laws with all due formality and deliberation: yet Moses laughs at the law and smites the oppressor, and is praised, not by St. Paul, but by the Spirit of God, who spoke by the mouth of St. Paul. I say in conclusion that, no matter what laws or lawyers may say, no matter what old gouty judges with great horse-hair wigs may have said on breaches of the peace, and all that sort of thing;—no honest juryman will ever say 'Guilty' on his oath, unless he believes that the man on trial violated the law of God, and incurred guilt in the sight of heaven by the act charged against him. If the juryman act on any other principle he will break his oath, and bear false witness against his neighbour. He will obey man rather than God.—Signed, MICHAEL FITZGERALD, P.P." The Government of the day, though strongly urged to prosecute, decided to wink at the offence, and the Roman Catholic Bishop was satisfied with requiring the offender to recant from the altar,—*which he did in so low a voice, that scarcely any one knew what he was mumbling.*'—*Journal of 1862.*

'You do not (I asked) connect the priests with the recent outrages?'

'Only

curate's income is derived from wedding fees and presents,* and early marriages diminish profligacy and avoid temptations for the young; and Roman Catholicism logically enough argues that it is far better to multiply like rabbits upon no prospect and no possessions than to live in sin.† What

‘Only so far (he replied) as they preach disaffection and hostility to the existing Government, to the connexion with England, and to the law which England is supposed to uphold. They tell the peasantry they are oppressed. The persons with whom the peasantry come most in contact are the landlords; they infer, therefore, that the landlords are their oppressors; and the transition from that inference to shooting them, or at least to sheltering those who do, is easy.’—*Journal of 1862.*

* ‘The priests have raised exorbitantly the fee on marriage. In this diocese the minimum, where either bride or bridegroom has any money, is 20*l.*; the maximum is the utmost that can be extorted. My gardener was married three weeks ago. His capital was about 130*l.*; he was forced to pay 20*l.*’ ‘How forced (I asked)? By the canons of your Church marriage, being a sacrament, is to be administered without charge.’ ‘Such (he answered) is the canon; but when a man wishes to be married, the priest tells him that his Church, robbed of her property, is dependent on the bounty of the flock; that this, the most important act of his whole life, is an opportunity of showing his piety, zeal, and generosity; that if he does not use it, he cannot expect the blessing of God or the respect of men. He offers, perhaps, 5*l.*: the priest asks 30*l.* A long haggling follows; sometimes recourse is had to the Protestant clergyman, but this is open war. In nine times out of ten the bridegroom submits, and pays a sum which may embarrass him for years. This is the explanation of the great rise in the incomes of the priests. The priest of this parish has 500*l.* a year, the Protestant clergyman, 250*l.*’—*Journal of 1858.*

‘What (I asked) does the priest do with his money? Does he give away much?’—‘Not much (answered De Vere) in his lifetime, except to his relations: to them he is usually very kind. He saves, and bequeaths his savings to public purposes connected with his religion. Parish priests often die worth 3000*l.* or 4000*l.*’—*Journal of 1858.*

‘How did the priests act (I asked)?’ ‘Opposed me to the uttermost (he answered), as they do every improvement and every improver. They have no sympathy for comfort, for cleanliness, or for prudence. *All they desire is population; christenings, marriages, dues, and fees.*’—*Journal of 1858.*

† Son of land-agent *loquitur*.—‘One of my father's great difficulties at — is his determination that, if a son or daughter marries, the new couple shall quit the parent cabin. He knows that if they remain, the consequence would be the subdivision of the farm and the misery of its occupants. This they will not admit; and they accuse him—and above all the priests accuse him—of forbidding marriage and encouraging profligacy.’—*Journal of 1862.*

‘While

What statesmen deprecate, therefore, the priests urge, what statesmen urge the priests deprecate; and when we realise (as we seldom do) how vast, compared with anything we know in Protestant countries, is the influence of a sacerdotal order who can not only advise but command in all the relations and actions of life, who can denounce recalcitrants to public execration, who can refuse the sacraments and menace everlasting doom,—and who can do all this among an ignorant and superstitious population,—we may be able to form some faint idea of the degree to which that influence is able, and is systematically directed, to thwart the best endeavours of the wisest and most patriotic friends of Ireland for her redemption.

But even this does not present the whole truth, nor exemplify the whole difficulty and danger of the case. There is too much reason to believe in the correctness of the diagnosis which affirms

‘While the priests retain their present feelings, their present character, and their present influence, no great improvement of the Irish is practicable, unless Providence should again interfere. and thin their numbers by famine, pestilence, and emigration. While the priest remains the enemy of improvement, the enemy of education, the enemy of emigration, the enemy of law; and the promoter of early marriages, the multiplication of families, and the subdivision of tenancies, which keep the people idle, ignorant, and miserable; the best thing I can hope for the Irish is that they will not fall back into their state in 1845.’—*Journal of 1862.*

Election speech of a Catholic priest, in King’s County, denouncing assassination against the promoters of emigration:—‘The Irish are the most hard-working people in the world, and they must not and shall not be exterminated from the soil. They must not be hunted off like vermin. The exterminators, it is said, are banded together; but I tell you there must be an end of the system. I tell you (pointing to the opposite party) *there is danger in it.* I have before now been threatened to have a shot in my head for endeavouring to save the blood of the landlords. I will not be so active hereafter. You have for your protection the army, the police, and the law; but these are now insufficient to sustain you. It has occurred that in my own parish a murder has taken place with a policeman before, behind, and at the side of the victim. The ablest man of the day designated such occurrences as “*wild justice.*” *I now tell you, the people, to assert your rights,* and that it is not in the power of the oligarchy to crush you: they must leave you in your land: they must not assail your title to it. It must not be given up to black cattle and sheep.’—*Journal of 1852.*

‘The priest protects the agrarian conspirators, stifles the evidence against them, palliates their crimes, and, I fear, often rewards them by absolution.’—*Journal of 1858.*

that

that the systematically and extravagantly ultramontane character which Catholicism has assumed both in England and in Ireland, but more especially in the latter country, is the result and the indication of a deliberate and settled resolution on the part of the central authorities of that Church to render the Government of Ireland impossible to Great Britain, and to do this partly from motives of ambition, and partly in a spirit of revenge. The Pope deeply irritated by the futile and vexatious Ecclesiastical Titles Bill,* one of the most mischievous blunders of a minister whose blunders have been legion, and further exasperated by the avowed sympathy of England, and peculiarly of English Liberals, with the liberation and unity of Italy, and with their direct and eager encouragement of all attacks upon his temporal power and territorial possessions, determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, and found in Cardinal Cullen and Archbishop Manning cordial co-operators in the work. The former in particular we can only regard as one of the most mischievous and unscrupulous priests ever set to do a work of evil. He was specially selected for the task; the Pope in appointing him departed from the usual etiquette and custom of adopting the implied recommendation of the Irish prelates, and from the first hour of his instalment he

* 'The Papal influence in Ireland never was lower than on the day when Lord John Russell published his letter to the Bishop of Durham. Pio Nono had disgusted all the friends of liberty by the narrow-minded despotism and cruelty of his restoration, all the friends of knowledge by his repudiation of secular instruction, and all the remainder of the Roman Catholic party—those who cared neither for civil liberty or knowledge—by his usurpation of the episcopal patronage. . . . When the Irish Bishops, according to usage, presented to the Pope their three candidates [for the primacy, on Archbishop Murray's death] as *dignus*, *dignior*, *dignissimus*, they relied on the selection of the *dignissimus*; and it was with indignation that they saw Cullen, an Italian-bred priest, unacquainted with Ireland, promoted to the primacy. The priests, too, had been tamed by the famine and by emigration. Their incomes were diminishing, and they began to speculate again on the possibility of a *regium donum*.'—Lord Monteagle in *Journal* of 1852.

Resident nobleman and statesman, *loquitur*.—'Lord Palmerston said that he considered the Eglinton proviso in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill an improvement—that it was a step towards a most desirable object, an object which he trusted to see obtained—the secularisation of the Papal administration. This Pio Nono will never forget or forgive. He considers all who propose the substitution of laymen for priests as Republicans, Atheists, and Mazzinists; and hence all his aggressions, his nomination of Cullen, his denunciation of the Queen's Colleges.'—*Journal* of 1852.

has been indefatigable in justifying the selection of the Vatican. His predecessor, Archbishop Murray, co-operated earnestly and genially in the efforts so sincerely made by the Protestant episcopacy and the Government, to pour oil upon the troubled waters, and introduce harmony among the hostile and divided sections of the people. Cardinal Cullen has been the reverse of a peace-maker. As long as the Archbishop lived, the national system of education worked with increasing smoothness and beneficence every year; since Cardinal Cullen's accession no pains have been spared to thwart and paralyze that system, and to poison the minds of the Roman Catholic population against it; and so grave have been the difficulties created by these attempts, that considerable modifications and even its complete surrender, in favour of a denominational scheme, are said to have been seriously contemplated by the Governments of the day. Authoritative denunciations of British oppression, vague but vehement, have not been wanting on every tempting occasion, and on all matters the priests throughout the country have followed but too faithfully the impulse given them from head-quarters.*

Slowly,

* Lord Monteagle, *loquitur*.—"The Papal question is a new element of discord. With the common exaggeration of English activity and English influence, many Catholics attribute the loss of Umbria and of the Marches to our intrigues, and encourage the priests to attack this Government with every weapon."

Bishop of —, *loquitur*.—"Ever since 1849, when our sympathy with Piedmont and our hostility to Rome first showed themselves strongly, the order to oppose the British Government every where and by every means came from Rome. You may bribe the priests, not into loyalty, but into submission; but you have no hold on the friars. Nor would you get much by bribing the priest, unless you could also bribe the bishops. There is no country in the world in which the parish priest is so utterly dependent on his bishop. . . . Now the bishops are generally men of note and standing, selected by the Pope for their ultramontane opinions. The real person to conciliate is the Cardinal Secretary of State, and I see no possibility of doing that, while the Pope remains in Rome, and England tries to drive him out. I remonstrated the other day with a priest who was withdrawing the Roman Catholic children from the National School. "There is no other school," I said; "do you wish the children to be brought up in ignorance?" "I shall be grieved (he answered) if such be the result; but what can I do? I am ordered to oppose the Government by every means in my power, and this is my only means."—*Journal of 1862.*

'Dialogue between a priest and a professor at a Queen's College:—*Priest.* "How are you going on at —?" *Professor.* "What is that
to

Slowly, but steadily, ever since the inauguration of this ultra-montane policy and the installation of its skilful manager, the disaffection of Ireland has been spreading, and swelling, and growing more daring under his insidious manipulation; the demands of the Catholic body have been increasingly bolder and more pressing; and the quiet but nearly irresistible oppression exercised by the hierarchy over the more educated and patriotic laity of the ancient Church, has yearly become more exacting and remorseless. And all this has been effected, if we may trust the confirmation which the volume before us brings to many other independent indications, in pursuance of direct and systematic orders from Rome, where the complete restoration of Ireland as a Roman Catholic country under a Roman Catholic Government, is not only aimed at as a policy, but seriously contemplated as a not distant triumph. The knowledge of this ultimate design may give us some clue to what otherwise would seem a purely disinterested line of action—namely, the avowed resolution of the Irish prelates to receive no stipends, and accept no endowments out of the spoils of the Established Church.* They wish to keep their hands free for any course it may seem desirable to adopt, to enter into no concordat, to be burdened by no obligation, to be fettered by no agreement and no State influence or control, however slight or indirect. These ideas and hopes, wild and visionary as they may seem to us, are, we cannot doubt, really entertained by the spiritual chiefs of Roman Catholicism in Ireland, and we have no right to find fault with them for indulging the dream, or for whatever policy they may deem it right to pursue for the realization of it. Only it is desirable we should thoroughly recognise the truth that their aims are not our aims, that their ideal is the very opposite of ours, and that, therefore, we can scarcely, or only for a short distance, with safety be co-operators. If public men, or patriotic parties, seeking wholly irreconcilable objects, concur in the same measures, proclaim the same doctrines, and tread in the same path, it can hardly be but that in the end some must be deceivers and others must be dupes.

to you? You denounce us as a godless college, and threaten our people with purgatory or worse." *Priest* (looking round to see that they were not overheard). "Of course we do; our lives would not be safe if we held any other language. But in our hearts we are thoroughly with you; and we rely on the good sense of the Catholic laity to protect you against the sincere bigotry of the lower orders, and the assumed bigotry of the clergy."—*Journal of 1852.*

* The feelings of the parish priests and the Catholic laity on this head, however, there is every reason to believe are very different. See *Journals*, vol. ii., p. 78, *et seq.*

The

The principle of perfect religious equality among all sects and churches has been proclaimed by Tories as well as by Liberals in both Houses of Parliament during the present session, and may be regarded as virtually adopted by the nation. Disestablishment is a comparatively easy matter, involving few and simple practical details. But when disendowment is linked with it, we find ourselves engaged in a multiplicity of difficulties, complicated in the extreme, which will task to the utmost all our statesmanship; of embarrassing secondary consequences which have scarcely even been conjectured; and of subtle questions of right which the keenest and fairest intellect may be perplexed to solve; questions, difficulties, and consequences which it becomes daily clearer that perhaps not a single man who voted for Mr. Gladstone's resolutions last April had the faintest conception of when he took that momentous and irrevocable step. We will just glance at a few of these, not in the hope of deterring Liberal politicians from the task they have so rashly undertaken, but to give them some faint conception how entangled and troublesome that work will prove.

First of all—what is to be done with the liberated funds, or with the surplus and residue when these funds are liberated, when it has been ascertained what the surplus is, and when the residue has been realised? The revenues of the Irish Church, if taken from the present possessors, who have at least the title of long prescription, cannot be declared to be the property of any other claimant. They may be best defined as *funds vested in the State for the spiritual purposes of the nation*. Well, the Church of the majority of the people distinctly and solemnly repudiate the idea of accepting a single farthing of them in any shape whatever. The Church of the minority, now in possession, it is determined shall resign them. You cannot simply cease to collect them, for that would be to make a present of them to the landowners, who have no claim to them whatever, and eight-ninths of whom, moreover, are said to be Protestants. You cannot give them back in the form of remitted rent to the peasant cultivators, for it would be clearly impossible to secure that the remission should ever reach them. You can scarcely apply them to the relief of the poor, for that would only be exonerating landlords and farmers from that burden of rates which was deliberately laid upon them a generation ago, in conformity with English practice. You cannot devote them to general national education and hand them over to the Commissioners, for that would merely relieve the Consolidated Fund to a proportional amount.

Further, in confiscating these revenues—which amount per-
haps

haps to half a million yearly or more—you are imposing upon the Protestant population, said to be not much more than half a million (Episcopalians, that is, distinct from Presbyterians), the necessity of taxing themselves to a nearly equivalent amount, for they must provide for the services of their religion in the districts where they are few and scattered as well as in those where they are numerous and concentrated; and it is probable that when this was done the supposed excess of the actual provision would be found far smaller than is generally believed. In what way, if any, can they be compensated for this new burden? A new tax it certainly is, and a heavy one, and one laid on a special section of our fellow citizens; and all Protestant purchasers of an Irish estate—those who have recently purchased from the Landed Estates' Court, as well as earlier ones—paid much more for their property, because the religious services of their Church were provided for, than they would otherwise have done. That provision was a portion of the value of the estate they were buying—a portion calculated when they made the purchase—a portion now to be taken away, and taken (contrary to precedent) without compensation. Again, much is said of the respect and generous consideration which all parties are prepared to pay to 'vested interests' in the strong measure they are proposing to enact; the vested interests of patrons of livings are to be purchased; the vested interests of present incumbents are to be secured; the vested interests of curates and expecting rectors, and possibly even of divinity students about to take orders, are not to be forgotten. But not a word is said of the vested interest which the Protestant laity have in the ministrations of their Church, which have hitherto for long generations been gratuitously provided for them, but which in future they must provide and pay for themselves. Moreover, how will the new arrangements be made to work without strange confusion and at least apparent inequity? In one parish the actual incumbent dies the day after the passing of the Disendowment Act; in the next parish he lives for thirty years. Are the Protestants in the first case to begin at once to pay pew rents and subscriptions to the new incumbent, and in the second case to be relieved (under the 'vested interest' clause) from this burden for an entire generation?

Another set of most puzzling questions, too, will arise the moment we begin to put our plans and resolutions into actual operation. On what *principle* are we to proceed in determining what to take and what to leave? What degree of *recency* (to coin a needed expression) is to render an endowment or an edifice too sacred to be included in the scheme of confiscation or re-

sumption—according to the respective phraseology of advocates and opponents. It is admitted on all hands that where last year, or the year before, or in very late years, or in the lifetime of the existing generation, or perhaps even further back still when the facts of the case are clear and undisputed, a church has been built and endowed by Protestants and undeniably for the maintenance of Protestant services and doctrines, it would be monstrous to take either the endowment or the edifice away—just as monstrous as to rob Wesleyan or Unitarian congregations of their accumulated or bequeathed or ‘entrusted’ funds. That there are many such instances is notorious; *how* many no one knows, but it is obvious that if justice is to be done, and if public feeling is not to be outraged, a careful investigation must be made into these cases, and a distinct principle must be laid down to guide the investigators. But still more involved and complicated cases will spring up under our path by scores—cases where, though the original church and endowment date from before the Reformation, the edifice has been so enlarged, so altered and repaired, so virtually rebuilt by indisputably Protestant funds subscribed or bequeathed *ad hoc*, that scarcely a stone of the primitive structure remains; or where the tithes and glebes have been so supplemented by the later benefactions of Protestant piety, carried down even to yesterday, that the fresh aggregations have entirely overlaid the old nucleus.* What is to be done in instances of this nature? Is it not obvious that the matter grows strangely and bewilderingly more entangled as we proceed?

A series of yet wider and graver questions lies behind—questions of vaster magnitude and of more novel interest—questions which will give rise to even fiercer controversy, and which may entail even more startling consequences—questions, however, which here we can do no more than indicate. When the Irish Church is disestablished, disendowed, *disembodied* as it were, it is now seen that a new organisation must be improvised—some commission, some corporation, some body of trustees, in whom can be vested both the property that is spared, that which may be given or bequeathed, and that which is the proceeds of yearly subscriptions and pew-rents; some organisation, too, to which can be transferred—either by consent of the Protestant laity and congregations as well as clergy, or by the Parliament acting for them and with their tacit delegation—the future management

* We have reason to believe that the Report of the Ecclesiastical Inquiry Commission, now sitting, will show not only numerous instances where this has been the case, but comparatively a small minority of instances where it has not been the case.

and government of the henceforward voluntary Church or religious corporation. Well, what is to be this body, what the terms of their trust-deed, what the relation in which they will stand to the English Establishment and Hierarchy, and to the Queen's Privy Council, which is now the supreme authority in all ecclesiastical matters? Are the congregations to appoint their own ministers, as Independents and Methodists now do? or who else? Who is to fix and secure the stipends of the clergymen? How is uniformity of discipline and doctrine to be maintained? What authority will exist to control or sequestrate heretical or defaulting incumbents, or incumbents who are out of all harmony with their flocks? Are congregations to be able to get rid of an obnoxious minister, as in the case of some other free churches? If the new Church is to be like Dissenters in its deprivation of State protection, ought it not also to be like Dissenters in its independence of State control? Is it to be, by the terms of its trust, in perpetual communion with the Church of England, using its liturgy, observing its ritual, bound by its laws? But few now believe that liturgy, that ritual, that law, to be perfect. Thousands will hail with gladness this opportunity of remedying what is faulty, of removing what is obsolete or inappropriate to the age, of supplying what is notoriously defective,—of 'reforming' the Anglican Church in a word, all in their own sense, and according to their own perception of its defects and wants. Few enlightened Churchmen will deny that the opportunity is a golden one, which it would be a pity and a sin to pass by. What a noble field (will think the Broad Church) for the creation of a perfect ecclesiastical organisation, at once liberal, comprehensive, rational; brought to a level with the requirements and the spirit of the age! What a splendid occasion (will think the extreme High Church) for purifying a temple which has so fallen away from its original idea, for purging it of latitudinarians and heretics, and, more than all, for emancipating it from State and lay control! Here we open at once upon two pregnant probabilities—a new reformation and an open schism. And there is another issue still in the background. With a reformed Anglican Church in the sister country, how long will the old Anglican Church hold its ground unreformed in this country? Ireland has already preceded and surpassed us in the establishment of a sound system of national education; is she to be our herald also in the introduction of a provision for the spiritual needs of the people wiser and better suited to the times than ours, and are we not to follow her? How little have these almost inevitable consequences been foreseen or estimated by those who have so recklessly stirred up
this

this mighty congeries of questions, and hoped to dispose of them in a single session!

In conclusion, we say once more, Let us do, and do boldly and thoroughly, whatever, after full discussion and careful reflection and inquiry, justice and policy shall be seen to demand; but let us do it with our eyes open, with a clear perception of probable results, and with a settled foresight that those results will neither be trifling, nor altogether as beneficent, as rewarding, as pacifying, or as civilising, as the more confiding and impetuous assailants of the Irish Church Establishment represent to themselves, and would fain persuade us to believe. There is much reason to think that the Roman Catholic leaders have looked more deeply into the matter, and have formed a juster estimate of the bearing and issues of disestablishment and disendowment than nine-tenths of the Liberals who have endorsed their demands, and are now so eagerly aiding their exertions. Regarding the subject calmly, and carefully guarding ourselves against the least disposition to exaggeration, it can we think scarcely be doubted that, when the proposed measure shall be fully carried out, it will be very difficult to provide adequately for the spiritual wants of the Protestant population in those districts where it is 'scattered and scanty'; that the effect of this difficulty will be twofold; first, to discourage residence on the part of those to whom the ministrations of their Church are an imperious need, and then to leave the poorer people, who cannot remove or become absentees, at the mercy—that is, to the influence and solicitations—of the Roman Catholic priests, who are everywhere; that the *tendency*, therefore, will be to discourage and gradually reduce those centres of loyalty, social improvement, and general civilisation, which are now found up and down the country wherever a Protestant landlord, a Protestant clergyman, and a small Protestant colony exist; and that by this means the field will be left in many districts more open and more uncounteracted than at present to the Roman Catholic priests, to their political and social, as well as their religious influence;—and this influence, as we have already shown, is now systematically and actively inimical to the constituted authorities, to the British connexion, and to those measures which we hold to be especially conducive and indispensable to the progress and prosperity of Ireland. How far the 'tendency' we speak of may be checked and modified, or how speedily and powerfully it may on the other hand operate, are of course mere matters of conjecture; but that the tendency will exist, and that the consequences we have sketched are fully anticipated and earnestly desired by the Roman Catholic authorities is, we apprehend, undeniable. Those authorities fear the opposition which

which the strong organisation of an established and endowed Church can offer to their influence and their plans, and they fear little else. Nor, in estimating this danger, ought we to leave out of sight the significant warnings afforded us by the singular change of *tone*, as well as of principles and professions, which of late has come over the hierarchy of the Roman Church in Ireland. Before 1829 they solemnly, and apparently with sincerity, *disclaimed* all they now *demand*. An instance or two will suffice; but these instances should be noted with care. At the earlier date Lord Plunket, speaking authoritatively for those whose most popular organ and mouth-piece he was, says:—

‘My Lords, I say, sure I am, that if the alternative were put to him, the Roman Catholic would prefer the Protestant Establishment in Church and State under which security is afforded to his property, his family, and his life, to the wild and bad and chimerical attempt to uproot the Protestant Establishment, which could only be done by shaking the foundation of the empire.’

In 1826—

‘Dr. Doyle, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, in his “Essay on the Catholic Claims,” p. 302, in order to prove the sincerity of the Romish bishops in disclaiming all interference with the Established Church in Ireland, gives the following *oaths* signed by the Roman Catholic Archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, and Tuam, and twenty-seven other Irish bishops, numbering thirty in all.

‘The Catholics of Ireland, far from claiming any right or title to forfeited lands, resulting from any right, title, or interest which their ancestors may have had therein, declare *upon oath*, “That they will defend to the utmost of their power the settlement and arrangement of property in this country, as established by the laws now in being.” They also “disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment for the purpose of substituting a Catholic Establishment in its stead. And further, *THEY SWEAR that they will not exercise any privilege to which they are or may be entitled to disturb and weaken the Protestant religion and Protestant Government in Ireland.*”’

In 1824, Mr. Blake, a Roman Catholic layman, said before a Parliamentary Committee,—

‘The Protestant Church is rooted in the constitution: it is established by the fundamental laws of the realm; it is rendered, as far as the most solemn acts of the legislature can render any institution, fundamental and perpetual; it is so declared by the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland. I think it could not now be disturbed without danger to the general securities we possess for liberty, property, and order—without danger to all the blessings we derive from being under a lawful government and a free constitution. Feeling thus, the very conscience which dictates to me a determined adherence
to

to the Roman Catholic religion would dictate to me a determined resistance to any attempt to subvert the Protestant Establishment, or wresting from the Church the possessions which the law has given it.'

And Dr. Slevin, Roman Catholic Professor at Maynooth, declared before the Commissioners of Education in 1826—

'I consider that the present possessors of Church property in Ireland, of whatever description they may be, have a just title to it. They have been *bonâ fide* possessors of it for all the time required by any law for prescription: even according to the pretensions of the Church of Rome, which require 100 years.'

On the other hand, at a meeting held December 29, 1864, at which Dr. Cullen and seven Roman Catholic bishops were present, it was resolved first, that

'This singular institution (the Established Church) was originally established, and has always been maintained by force, in opposition to reason and justice, and in defiance of the will of the great majority of the Irish people. That we therefore *resent it* as a badge of national servitude, offensive and degrading alike to all Irishmen, Protestant as well as Catholic.'

And secondly—

'That we DEMAND the disendowment of the Established Church in Ireland as a condition without which social peace and stability, general respect for the laws, and *unity of sentiment and of action for national objects*, can never prevail in Ireland.'

And finally, so moderate and sensible a prelate as Bishop Moriarty, who is far from being anti-English or Ultramontane, thinks it right to proclaim that—

'The (Roman) Catholic Church as a spiritual corporation is the rightful owner of the Ecclesiastical property of Ireland, and that no prescription or statute of limitation can bar her claim.'

But it is time we should say a word or two about these volumes, which the representatives of the late Mr. Senior have so opportunely put forth. They consist of two portions: the earlier is a reprint of several articles which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' from the year 1844 and onward, and which now have chiefly an historical value, as showing the position of Irish questions a generation since and the views then entertained by the Liberal party as to the wisest mode of dealing with them, and as recording the social and economical condition of the country and the people about the time of the introduction of the Poor Law and before the famine. Though not the most interesting part of the book, they are well worth reading, as affording
a measure

a measure of the remarkable and rapid improvement that has taken place within living memory, and reminding us of what both orators and writers are apt to forget, and what *frondeur* patriots steadily endeavour to disguise or deny, viz., the real state of affairs when the cottier system was in full prevalence and vigour; when Irish turbulence was driving away Irish trade; when 2,300,000 persons were more or less destitute of wages or regular means of support during a large portion of the year; when emigration had scarcely begun its beneficent and indispensable operation; when there was no legal or compulsory provision for the poor, and the Commissioners of National Education had not yet been called into being. Perhaps the most certain fact relating to Ireland is precisely that which those who know her only as she is find it hardest to believe, namely, that *no country in Europe has improved so much, not only during the last generation, but during the last century.* Fully to realise this truth we ought to read Spencer and Sir William Temple, and Swift and Arthur Young, to compare the accounts given by such intelligent French visitors as Gustave de Beaumont in 1832, and Léonce de Lavergne in 1863, or to put side by side Miss Edgeworth's pictures in 1782 with Mr. Senior's in 1858 and 1862. Miss Edgeworth somewhere describes vividly the change for the better between Ireland when she first knew it and Ireland in her later years, and mentions how the various indications of improvement had delighted her father when she visited their Irish estates in his company, at a time when she could see only the very depth of squalid wretchedness. The present writer can recall a precisely similar impression. He travelled for the first time in Ireland in 1831, with his father, who had left that country in his youth, and who was everywhere struck with proofs of progress in scenes which to his son, fresh from the prosperous districts of Lancashire and Cheshire, conveyed feelings of the saddest pity and almost despair. The same writer traversed the whole country thirty years later, and could scarcely recognise the places or the people of his earlier experience, so great was the change for the better. The state of things is bad enough still in many parts and in many respects; but a recollection of the past should make us sanguine and almost contented—content, that is, not to rest from our exertions, but to wait with some degree of patience for ripening results.*

The

* Conversation between Mr. Senior and Lord Rosse:—

‘All your proposed measures (I said) are measures for the prevention or punishment of crime. You would disarm the people, improve the stipendiary magistrates and the police, diminish trial by jury

The second, and far the most interesting half, of the book is filled with the record of conversations held with and information afforded by different residents with whom the writer sojourned during his successive visits in 1852, 1858, and 1862. The interlocutors were persons of every rank and position, noblemen, country gentlemen, and magistrates, land agents and clergymen, both Roman Catholic and Protestant; parties who, whatever might be their prejudices and differences of view, agreed in this—that they were all singularly qualified to speak on Irish questions with the authority of intimate knowledge and long experience. Nearly all of them, moreover, were Irish by birth, and had taken an active part in political or social life. In most cases the names are given; in others, where the consent of the parties could not be obtained, or there was some reason for withholding their names, the initials only are mentioned; but in every instance the record may be taken as a faithful and usually a carefully-revised account of conversations actually held. The result is a mass of most curious information, going behind the scenes and revealing the inner history of Irish questions and Irish difficulties with a vividness and to a depth belonging to no other work on Ireland we have ever read. From these records we propose to extract a few of the more instructive passages, interspersed with but scanty comments of our own. They should be read, in fact, as illustrations and *pièces justificatives* bearing on the views we laid before our readers so fully in two previous numbers.

The following bear on Irish ideas in relation to agrarian

jury where you could, and require juries to decide by a majority. You propose, in fact, merely to improve the administration of the penal law.' 'The prevention and punishment of crime (answered Lord Rosse) are all we want. Emigration will restore the proportion between population and subsistence; under the National School system, education is rapidly spreading; and the physical resources of Ireland are vast and almost untouched. But we are under two different and repugnant systems of law. One is enacted by Parliament, and enforced by the Courts: the other is concocted in the whisky-shop, and executed by the people. And the law of the people is far more strictly enforced than that of the Government. Those who break it are generally sure to be detected, for their offences are usually public; the punishment is as severe as any that man can inflict, and the chances of escaping it are few. The popular law is therefore obeyed, and the Government law is disregarded. Give us merely security, let the proprietor be made master of his land, the manufacturer of his capital, the labourer of his strength and skill;—and the virtues which we now seem to want, industry, frugality, and providence will spring up as soon as they can depend on their reward.'—*Journal of 1852.*

crime,

crime. The first is from the mouth of an extensive and experienced land agent in the west and centre of the country, and himself a large proprietor:—

‘For the last twenty years (said Mr. Trench) there have been numerous occasions on which I have been the object of some deadly conspiracy, and yet I deny that the Irish are a sanguinary people. There are five times as many murders committed in England as in Ireland, and their motives are more hateful. The English ruffian murders for money. He sees a man get change for half-a-crown at a public house, follows him and beats out his brains, in order to rifle his pockets of two shillings and threepence. The Irishman murders patriotically. He murders to assert and enforce a principle—that the land which the peasant has reclaimed from the bog, the cabin he has built, and the trees that he has planted, are his own: subject to the landlord’s right by law to exact a rent for the result of another man’s labour. In general he pays that rent: generally he exerts himself to pay it, even when payment is difficult. But he resolves not to be dispossessed; he joins a Ribbon Lodge, and opposes to the combination of the rich the combination of the poor. He goes further: he asserts the right not merely to occupy the land, but to deal with it as he thinks fit. He marries at eighteen a girl of seventeen, and subdivides his ten acres among ten children. He refuses to allow farms to be thrown together, though both parties may desire it. He refuses to allow them to be squared. He refuses to allow land unfit for tillage to be turned into sheep-walks. In short, he forbids improvement and enforces as far as he can a system productive of general misery, famine, and pestilence. But he does all this, firmly believing that he is defending the rights and interests of the poor against the tyranny and avarice of the rich.

‘There is nothing political or religious in the Ribbon code. It is simply agrarian. It recognises the obligation on the part of the tenant to pay rent, but no other obligation. It resists all interference by the landlord in the use of the land. To throw farms together is an offence: to prevent sub-letting is an offence: to forbid the admission of lodgers is an offence. In fact, every act of ownership—and consequently every improvement—is an offence. And it treats all accomplices as principals.’—*Journal of 1862.*

These two stories speak for themselves:—

‘An acquaintance of mine, a Judge, for he was a Coroner, had a nephew who was convicted of horse-stealing. “He was a thorough scoundrel (said the Coroner); and if it had been for any decent crime,—for sending a threatening notice, or for robbing arms, or even for shooting an agent—I should have been glad to be rid of him. But horse-stealing is a disgrace to the family.”’—*Journal of 1862.*

‘Not long ago in King’s County a fugitive took shelter in a Ribbon Lodge. “It’s for murder (he cried out) that I’m in hiding.” So they gave him a seat by the fire and his whiskey. Presently another man came in, and looked suspiciously at the stranger. “He’s in hiding

hiding for murder," they whispered. "For murder!" exclaimed the new comer, "sure it's for pig-stealing—the dirty blackguard!" On which he was at once seized and given up to the police.—*Journal of 1862.*

The following is very instructive as to some of the most serious difficulties of dealing with Irish occupiers for their good:—

'Mr. Otway drank tea with us. He has property in Tipperary consisting of about 900 acres of fine land, which when I was with him in 1848 gave no rent. I asked after its present (1852) condition. "It is better (he said) than I ever recollect it. I have reduced the number of tenants from sixty-four to twenty-two; the average extent of the farms is about twenty acres. I have one tenant who holds sixty, and my rents are well paid; for the two last years there has not been an arrear of sixpence."

"And what," I asked, "enabled you to make such a reform?"

"The famine," he answered, "or (what is the same) the failure of the potato. The Tipperary people are not pure Celts: there is an infusion of Teutonic blood. They will not lie down under the hardships endured by my Donegal neighbours. When they found that without the potato they could not live, they came to me, and offered to surrender their farms if I would remit the arrears. Of course I was happy to do so, and even to contribute to the expense of their emigration. Two-thirds of them are gone; I have effected what I have been desiring for twenty years, and never hoped to accomplish."

"When I was a lad," he continued, "I saw a good deal of a squireen, half farmer and half agent, who used to go out with me shooting and fishing. He was a man of strong sense and will, but hard character, and, both as landlord and as agent, did things which seemed to me harsh, and even oppressive."

"When he was dying he sent for me, and said, 'I have long been connected with your family, I have received much kindness from them, and before I die I wish to tell you the means by which I have passed a long life engaged in the management of property in a disturbed district, without having ever been attacked, or even threatened. It was by knowing what I could do, and what I could not do, and that knowledge I will now give to you. You may let your land at its utmost value—you may require your rents to be paid—you may refuse to make any deduction for bad seasons—you may refuse to give to your tenants any assistance—you may distrain the cattle and seize the crops of those who do not pay—you may even evict them. These things the people are accustomed to—these things they will bear. But there is one thing which you must not do. You must not be what is called an improving landlord—you must not throw farms together—you must not add to your demesne; in short, you must not diminish the number or the extent of the holdings on your estate; there must be as much land left for tenants, and for as many tenants as there are now.'

"In

"In my neighbourhood this feeling exists no longer ; there is more land than they want."

"Does it still prevail," I asked, "in any other part of Ireland?"

"Certainly," answered Otway. "In many parts of the North, from whence there has been but little emigration, it is undiminished. Poor Bateson was beaten to death in Monaghan last summer, for having turned into a model farm two or three farms the tenants of which he had ejected."

Here is a graphic illustration of the practical obstacles interposed to any acts of ownership on the part of landlords, even if exercised in the most considerate manner:—

"Mr. M. has a property in Tipperary. He wished to enlarge his demesne by taking into it half a dozen acres near his gate. They were occupied by a tenant-at-will whose family had long held under him. Mr. M. told his tenant what he wanted to do, and offered him 5*l.* an acre. The man was delighted. "Sure (he said) it is your own, and we should have been happy to accommodate you without the good will." Some months afterwards a farm fell in. It was much better than the one in question. Mr. M. offered it to his tenant, who was all gratitude. "Sure (he said) I never thought to have had such a fine farm." Mr. M. therefore made his arrangements, pulled down his wall—(every Irish park is surrounded by a wall, partly for security, and partly because paling would be stolen)—and began to build it again so as to include the proposed addition. But the tenant showed no indications of removing. M. sent for him and complained that the workmen were delayed. "Why, in truth (said the tenant) it's the old woman ; she cannot bear to leave the old place." "Nonsense (said M.) ; you should have told me this before ; she will be much better off in the new place. You are a man of sense, and must manage your wife. If you can't, I think I can. I shall go and talk to her, and tell her she must be off in a week." The tenant looked round to see that no one could overhear them. "In truth (he said) it's not the old woman, and it's not me:—*it's the Boys.*" "What Boys?" asked Mr. M. "Why, the Boys all round, your Honour. They won't let me go ; they say the demesne shan't be made larger, and the tenants' lands smaller." M. is irritable and firm. "You must go" (he said). "I can't (said the man), it's as much as my life is worth." "Then I'll turn you out" (said M.) "Pray don't do it (said the tenant) ; I and mine have long lived under you and yours ; don't let me be the cause of mischief. You don't know what you are about."

"Mr. M. however persevered. He evicted the tenant and inclosed the land in his park. A little while afterwards, while walking in his plantations, he was shot at and wounded, but not mortally. The assassin has never been detected."—*Journal of 1852.*

With one more extract we will conclude our quotations. The following is a summary by a gentleman long resident in Ireland,
of

of the motives which deter and the difficulties which beset all improvers and benefactors of the country :—

“ You would not then (I asked) fear to buy more land in Ireland ? ”
 “ Mere political fears (he answered) would not deter me, if I thought the investment sufficiently profitable. But the profit must be very great, for profit is the only motive for buying land here. In England one may wish to live among one’s tenants, to be useful to them, to enjoy the rank and position of a proprietor. These motives do not exist in Ireland, except in the case of a purchase on a very large scale. If I were to buy an estate of 500*l.* or 600*l.* a-year in Ireland, I could not reside on it. I should find no society; I should be hated by my tenants, calumniated by the priest, and perhaps expose my wife and children to danger if ever I went out with them. Such at least would be my fate, unless I consented to let my tenants have their own way, mismanage and subdivide the land, and multiply into a swarm of wretched *prolétaires*.

“ There are three ways (he continued) of dealing with land in Ireland. One is the *laissez aller* system: to take to the old rents, submit to the old arrears, and leave the tenants to themselves; it ruins the property, and it degrades the people, but it is the only popular system. Another is to exact as large rents as you can, and require them to be punctually paid; but, subject thereto, to allow the people to treat the land as they like. This conduct is not popular; but it is tolerated. In fact, it is expedient. The third course is to stimulate the tenants by exacting the full value of the land, but to return to the soil a large portion of those rents in the form of road-making, main-drainage, lime-burning, consolidation of farms, introduction of good breeding-stock; in short, to be an *improver*.

“ This is *not* tolerated. It may be done by an active agent, well acquainted with the country and the people, who knows how far he can go in each particular case, and what are the precautions to be taken. Even to him it is a service of danger; but it is a danger which he foresaw when he adopted that profession, and he runs the risk. I do not think that a stranger to the country, still less an Englishman, could do it; and I am sure that the profit would not be worth the risk. If I were a purchaser, therefore, I should be an absentee. And then the question would arise, whether the profit or the investment was such as to tempt me to become the owner of an estate in which I must perform the duties of a landlord by deputy.”
 —*Journal of 1858.*

Mr. Senior and his interlocutors treat of several other subjects, which want of space compels us to omit,—of the absolute necessity of equality before the law of the two religions and their adherents as a condition of harmony and a dictate of justice; of the interior working of the national system of education, and the systematic attempts made to overthrow it; of the Lord Lieutenancy, which all agree in wishing to abolish; of the constabulary,

stabulary, which nearly all join in condemning as utterly inefficient for the detection or prevention of crime, though excellent for suppressing riot and rebellion; of agrarian assassination, the mode of guarding against it, and the trivial motives for which, and the levity of temper in which, it is undertaken.* The work as a whole will enable England to understand Ireland as she has never done before, and will show us how much hitherto we have been alike legislating, sympathising, and declaiming in the dark. The general impressions and conclusions that can scarcely fail to be left by the perusal are indisputably the correct ones; that the Irish are 'a peculiar people, *not* zealous of good works,' and that it is idle to speak of them or deal with them as a mere collection of ordinary or abstract human beings; that they are not only a singular race, widely different from ourselves, and endowed with curious characteristics of marked saliency and persistence, but in an utterly distinct phase and grade of civilisation; that in consequence it is a mistake, and a fatal one, to fancy that they can be governed in the same way, or by quite the same motives, or under quite the same laws and institutions as the Scotch or English; that they are full of qualities and capacities which it is deplorable to see so misunderstood, wasted and mismanaged as they have been, and yet that, till both their admirers and their detractors study and comprehend them more fully than they have hitherto done, waste and mismanagement will go on; and, finally, that the worst remedy that could be applied to Irish wants and woes is that which is the favourite one just now, viz., to let the Irish have their way, simply because it is their way.

* "I was standing one day on the paddle-box of a steamer, near Melbourne, and was struck by the voice of a man near me. 'You are a Clare man?' I said.—'Sure I am,' he answered.—'Do you know the hill of Kilmadee?'—'I ought to know it,' he replied, 'for I spent the coldest night that I ever passed on its side.'—'Sheep-stealing?' I asked.—'Guess again,' he answered.—'How can I guess,' I said, 'what such a vagabond as you were about? Perhaps it was poaching?'—'No,' he said, 'at least not for birds. I was watching to shoot Colonel N——.'—'What had he done to you?' I asked.—'Nothing whatever,' he answered, 'nor do I justly know what he had done to anybody else; but there was a talk of his having emigrated some people, and drowned them on their passage. I never heard the rights of it, but we drew lots who should shoot him, and the lot fell on me. But he did not come that night, and he did not come another night when we expected him; so I fancied that somebody must have split, and got out of the country.'—'You must be very glad,' I said, 'to have escaped such a sin?'—'Faith,' he answered, 'It was not the sin that I cared for, but the fear of being split upon.'"—*Journal*, 1862.

Ireland,

Ireland, though so passionately wedded to the past, has no golden age there to look back upon; the things that her sons most cherish because they belong to the old times, are just the things most fatal to progress and to peace; her hopes lie in that gradual change of ideas which comes with instruction, with guidance, and with intercourse, under the beneficent control of just but inflexible and cogent laws; her golden age lies in the future. But that there are elements in the Irish character and resources in the Irish soil which, if dealt with in a spirit of intelligence, sagacity, and firmness, might render Ireland the gem of our dominions we cannot doubt, any more than that hitherto English philanthropists and Irish patriots have by their rival wrong-headedness combined indefinitely to retard the advent of that happier day.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Royal Commission on Railways. Report of the Commissioners, with Minutes of Evidence taken before the Commissioners.* 1867.
2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inspect the Accounts and examine the Works of Railways in Ireland, made by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury.* 1868.
3. *Railway Traffic Returns, 1866. Parliamentary Paper, No. 516. Session 1867.*

WITHIN the life of a generation railways have become adopted as the principal means of internal communication in all civilised countries. Not quite forty years have elapsed since the first locomotive line was opened for the conveyance of goods and passengers between Liverpool and Manchester; and since then an amount of capital has been expended on the construction of railways in Great Britain alone, amounting to more than half the National Debt.

When the committee of Liverpool merchants first went to Parliament in 1825, and 'asked permission to make a railroad for the purpose of procuring a more expeditious mode of conveyance between the towns of Liverpool and Manchester,'* the principal object contemplated by them was the carriage of merchandise, more particularly of corn, cotton, and timber. The conveyance of passengers by railway was as yet scarcely dreamt of. It was thought too hazardous to travel in the wake of an 'explosive machine,' as the locomotive was then described to be; and the carriage of passengers, therefore, formed no part of the parliamentary case.

Forty years ago, the canals furnished the principal means for the conveyance of heavy merchandise inland. Though there were three of such water routes between Liverpool and Manchester, and they were sometimes so overcrowded with traffic that it took a month to get the cotton forwarded from the seaport to the manufacturing towns in the interior, yet the

* Case of the promoters of the Bill, Session 1825.

whole amount of merchandise passing between Liverpool and Manchester did not amount to more than about 1200 tons a day. The carriage, also, was dear, averaging about 18s. a ton; though it was not on the ground of expense that the merchants and manufacturers complained, but of the obstructions to trade occasioned by delays in the transit of the raw material on the one hand, and of manufactured commodities on the other.

The first application for the Bill failed, but the second succeeded; and permission was at length given to the Liverpool and Manchester men to expend about 820,000*l.* in constructing a railway between the two towns. It was opened in 1830, and the results of the working fully justified the anticipations of its projectors. During the first six months, 42,697 tons of merchandise were carried over the line, principally between Liverpool and Manchester, at an average cost of 10*s.* 3*d.* a ton, of which, however, only 2*s.* 8*d.* per ton was profit, the difference of 7*s.* 7*d.* being absorbed by working expenses. But with greater experience and increased traffic, the working of the line was gradually improved and economised.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway did not long remain a detached and independent line of communication. Its immediate and decisive success was followed by the extension of railways in all directions at home, and, shortly after, by their construction in Belgium and the United States. The original Liverpool and Manchester line of about thirty miles became connected by other railways with every town of importance in Britain, until now it forms part of a network of lines, the property of one company, nearly fourteen hundred miles in extent, representing a capital invested in railway works and plant of about fifty millions sterling.

The effects of the construction and working of railways on the population and industry of the district in which they were first tried, have been of a very remarkable character. They have been followed by the most extraordinary development of trade and manufactures all over South Lancashire that has probably ever been known. The population of Liverpool has increased from 164,000 in 1824, to more than half-a-million in 1868, while that of Manchester has kept nearly equal pace. The tonnage of Liverpool inwards and outwards during the same time has been more than quadrupled. Its foreign merchandise traffic far surpasses that of every other British port, being nearly double that of London, and exceeding that of all the other ports of England combined.

The original Liverpool and Manchester Railway being found inadequate for the accommodation of the enormous traffic inland,
new

new railways were from time to time projected, until now four several companies have extensive termini in the place. With the Romans, *Terminus* was a god usually represented without arms and legs to show that he was immoveable; but the modern terminus, though fixed, stretches out its arms along railway lines to all parts of the empire. Of the gigantic magnitude of the station accommodation of Liverpool, some idea may be formed from the fact that the London and North-Western Company, the present proprietors of the original Liverpool and Manchester line, have more than twenty-one miles of station sidings in the town; while the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company occupy not less than eighty-two acres of goods and passenger stations in six different places.

When the Liverpool and Manchester Bill was before Parliament, Mr. Adams, the counsel for the company, endeavoured to shew that the proposed new method of conveyance would be 'as speedy, as cheap, and as safe and certain as the other in all respects.' This was, however, strongly disputed by the canal companies, who brought forward witnesses to prove that the proposed speed of eight or nine miles an hour was impracticable and impossible; that the railway trains could only be worked by horses, and would be beaten by the canal boats; and—to use the words of Mr. Harrison, one of the counsel for the opposition—that 'any gale of wind which would affect the traffic on the Mersey would render it impossible to set off a locomotive engine, either by poking of the fire or keeping up the pressure of the steam till the boiler was ready to burst.' It is not necessary to point out how completely these prophecies of failure have been falsified; and how greatly the performances of railways have exceeded even the most sanguine anticipations of their promoters.

It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance, that notwithstanding Liverpool is now served by three systems of railway north of the Mersey and one on the south, each carrying an immense amount of merchandise, the water carriers between Liverpool and Manchester are as fully employed as before the railways were made, and the proprietors of the Bridgewater Canal receive even a larger income from their property than they did before the first Railway Act received the sanction of Parliament. Not only are the water carriers employing more vessels, but those vessels are so constructed as to carry double the weight they did in 1826; while the railway companies, notwithstanding their large station accommodation and means of transit, have fully as much traffic as they can conveniently accommodate. Indeed Liverpool, growing by what it feeds on, is already calling out for

even larger station accommodation and better means of transit for its merchandise; and Mr. Clarke, Chairman of the Railway Committee of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, appeared before the Railway Commissioners in 1865, just as the Liverpool merchants appeared before the Committee on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill in 1825, to prefer precisely the same complaint: that the existing means of conveyance were inadequate for the proper accommodation of the traffic of Liverpool.

'Is it not the fact,' asked Mr. Horsfall, M.P., 'that the traffic to and from Liverpool has become so enormous as to be in excess of the accommodation provided by the whole of the railway companies?' To which Mr. Clarke replied, 'It is so, and especially at times when there is a large import of grain coincident with a large import of cotton. Whenever we have large importations of food into Liverpool, and large importations of cotton, the amount of traffic passing from Liverpool into the interior is so great that the railway companies find the utmost possible difficulty, with their present means of conveyance, in conveying it, and the consequence is that it imposes on the traders in Liverpool very considerable loss and inconvenience.'

Considerable reductions in the rate of carriage followed the opening of the railway between Liverpool and Manchester. The year after the opening of the line, the reduction in the carriage of cotton alone was equal to 20,000*l.*; the saving to some single firms being over 500*l.* a year. But this advantage was small compared with the certainty and celerity with which the transit of the merchandise was conducted. Before the railway era, the usual rate of carriage by waggon was thirteenpence per ton per mile for goods of all kinds; but bale goods, on a long journey and with a full load, were contracted for at a lower rate. Thus the usual price charged for bale goods between Manchester and London was about 5*l.* a ton; but they were long in transit, and very liable to suffer damage. Now, the same articles are carried by rail at from 30*s.* to 40*s.* a ton, and with such certainty and despatch that the goods are frequently ordered from Manchester by telegraph on the evening of one day and delivered at the warehouse of the London merchant on the following morning.

A few years since, the French Government appointed a commission, presided over by M. Michel Chevalier, for the purpose of inquiring into the subject of railway working, and reporting as to the practice which prevailed in England and other countries compared with that of France. In the report presented by the Commissioners they entered at great detail into the working of
foreign

foreign lines, more particularly as regarded the transit of merchandise; and they particularly contrasted the speed of English goods trains with that of the French—of which the speed of a convalescent tortoise would in some cases seem to be about the standard. The instances of delay in the transit of goods in France, cited by the Commissioners, are almost incredible. Thus, it takes four days to transport goods by railway from Paris to Rheims (the head-quarters of the champagne-trade), a distance of 107 miles, or rather more time than used to be occupied by the old road carriers. In contrast to this and similar examples of slowness, they cited the despatch with which the merchandise traffic is conducted between Manchester or Liverpool and London,—only about twelve hours elapsing between the delivery of the goods to the railway company at the one end and their delivery to the consignee at the other, instead of seven days as would be the case in France. In like manner they cited the time occupied in the transit of goods from Aberdeen to London as forty hours, instead of forty-five days as in France; Edinburgh to London, thirty hours instead of nine days; Bristol to London, fourteen hours instead of six days; and so on. M. Auguste Chevalier described 'the loss of time in France to be enormous,' especially as regarded the *petite vitesse* service; and he urged the Government to take the matter in hand and compel the railway companies to use greater despatch in the conduct of their traffic.

Doubtless the principal cause of the greater speed of railway service in England is to be found in the competition, sometimes very severe, by which the English companies have been stimulated. There is scarcely a town of any importance in England which is not now served by more railways than one. Thus Liverpool, as we have seen, is served by four systems of railway communicating with London; Manchester is in like manner served by four companies; Leeds, Birmingham, Peterborough, and Reading, by three; while most of our other large towns have at least two alternative lines of communication with the metropolis.

The railway traffic of London, as might naturally be expected, is one of immense magnitude, arising from the circumstance that London is not only the great distributive centre of the traffic of England, and, it might be said, of the European world, but that it contains an aggregate of nearly four millions of people who are in a great measure dependent upon railways for their daily trade as well as their daily food. Goods from Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, and the other manufacturing towns, are poured into London, and from thence distributed not only to Europe, India, China, and America, but to the various towns

towns of Great Britain themselves. The surplus corn and produce of the world find their way first to the London markets, through which they filter out to the various markets at home, or are floated away to foreign ports. Raw materials from all countries—tea and silk from China and Japan, rice and indigo from India, sugar from the West Indies and the Brazils, wines from France, Portugal, and Spain, tobacco from Virginia and Cuba—are landed in London in vast quantities, and pass through our docks and warehouses, from which they are distributed by railway all over the country, passing through innumerable outlets until they reach in detail the great body of consumers. London, too, has become the great central market for the precious metals of the world, and gold and silver are as regular articles of import and export as butter or cheese.

The railway merchandise traffic of London is one of its most recent and most gigantic growths. Only thirty years have elapsed since the London and Birmingham line was opened, and now eighty thousand tons of goods per month pass through its London stations (now those of the London and North-Western Company), besides coal. Of the 32,439,891 tons of merchandise carried by railway in England in 1866, that company's lines carried 4,693,832 tons—or more than the whole tonnage of Scotland, and nearly three times that of all Ireland. Of this immense traffic, about one-fourth passes through the London goods stations of the Company, inwards and outwards.

The working of a London railway station is one of the busiest night sights of London; for all the outwards merchandise traffic is loaded and despatched to the country at night, and nearly all the inwards traffic arrives from the country in the early morning for delivery to the consignees before the usual hours of business begin. Fancy fifteen hundred men nightly occupied in loading and unloading goods in the goods sheds of a single company; vans arriving from all parts of the metropolis, beginning at 6.30 p.m. and ending at 9.30; a little army of men struggling with the bulky packages which they deposit on their respective platforms, from whence they are loaded into the railway waggons placed alongside, and despatched at once train by train to the remotest parts of the kingdom. The scene appears at first one of inextricable confusion—men battling with bales, barrels, crates, and hampers, amidst the noise of voices and clangour of machinery; yet the whole is proceeding with regularity and despatch, and in the course of a few hours the last train outwards has left and the station is wrapped in quiet until the time of the early morning arrivals.

The Camden station occupies about fourteen acres, and is provided

provided with nearly twenty miles of sidings, mostly converging on the great Shed, itself as large as a West-end square, being 400 feet long by 250 broad. This shed is fitted up throughout with stages and platforms, between which the waggons are ranged into which the goods are loaded; and every contrivance is adopted which mechanical skill can suggest for facilitating the despatch of business. As the vans come in the packages are hoisted out of them by hydraulic cranes, and wheeled direct to their respective stages—the names of the places of destination, 'Liverpool,' 'Glasgow,' 'Manchester,' &c., being conspicuously indicated alongside the waggons about to be loaded with the goods for those places, where they are 'trucked' at once, and packed, corded, and tarpaulined. The waggons, when complete, are then cleverly drawn out of the platform sidings by ropes worked round hydraulic capstans, when they are 'marshalled' on their respective sidings and despatched train by train almost with the regularity of clock-work. The number of waggons loaded and despatched from the Camden station nightly is about 670 in 27 trains, averaging about 25 waggons per train. Although there are about 10,000 packages despatched nightly, averaging from 90 to 100 lbs. per package, the quickness with which the work is got through is such that scarcely two hours elapse between the arrival of the goods in the station and their departure by railway to their respective destinations.

After midnight the goods trains begin to come in from the country. Now the bustle is in unloading and despatching by van to the London customers the articles which have come to hand. The same number of trains, carrying about an equal number of packages, have now to be disposed of. After 3 A.M. the station is again in full work, and the press of vans and carts is as great as on the previous evening, until about 6 A.M., when the business of the night is nearly got through, and the station again reposes in comparative quiet. Among the night arrivals we find the trains are of an altogether different character from those despatched outwards. The principal are those which bring food of various kinds for the London consumption. The most important are the two express meat trains from Scotland—trains which may be said to have revolutionised the cattle-trade of the Highlands. The first arrival is the daily meat express from Inverness, Aberdeen, and all Scotland north of the Tay, consisting of about forty-four waggons filled entirely with fresh beef and mutton. It performs the journey in about thirty hours, and arrives punctually at Camden at 11.5 P.M. The second Scotch meat express consists of fifty-five waggons, usually drawn by two powerful engines as far south as Rugby :
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it is principally filled with fresh butchers' meat from the West of Scotland, and arrives at Camden at 2.40 A.M. These valuable freights are despatched with all celerity to Newgate and Leadenhall markets, from whence they are distributed by noon all over London; so that the bullock that was grazing under the shadow of Ben Wyvis may within forty-eight hours be figuring as the principal *pièce de resistance* at a West-end dinner.

There are numerous other food trains which come in from the Midland Counties. The Aylesbury meat, butter, and milk train, averaging about twenty waggons, arrives nightly at 1.20 A.M.; the Bletchly train, similarly freighted, averaging twenty-five waggons, arrives at 1.55 A.M.; and the Northampton and Peterborough train, also averaging twenty-five waggons, at 3.5 A.M. About half-an-hour later a train comes in from Chester principally freighted with cheese. And thus the arrivals continue all the night through, and the food is rapidly forwarded by the carts and vans which are in waiting to the meat markets, provision shops, and milk and butter dealers, in all parts of London. But besides the dead meat, large quantities of live cattle are brought to town by train, the London and North-Western Company alone having, in 1867, brought up 49,513 cattle, 194,531 sheep, and 54,718 pigs, mostly Irish. The cattle traffic has however, of late, been seriously affected by the cattle plague, but at the same time that of dead meat has been proportionately increased. Indeed it is ascertained that the transit of the food as dead meat instead of living animal is attended with considerable economy. The cattle-dealer calculates that for every day a beast is travelling, whether on foot or by train, it loses a stone of 8 lbs., not to speak of the torture to which the poor brutes are often exposed in long journeys by road, or in being knocked about in shunting at stations. The railway-brought meat, wrapped in clean canvas and carefully packed, suffers little injury beyond that arising from the pressure of one piece upon another, and the best Aberdeen beef fetches as good a price in the market as that killed in the London butcher's slaughter-house but a few yards off.

The fish trains are of a more irregular character, the arrivals depending upon the season, and the takes of fish at different parts of the coast. When the mackerel fishing is at its height, special trains come in laden with the fish at the rate of 90 tons a day for a month. Then, when the herring season sets in, from ten to twelve waggons a day arrive with herrings from points as remote as Banff, Peterhead, and the north-east coast of Scotland; about a similar quantity coming in from the east of Scotland and the north of Ireland. The station is a busy scene on the
arrival

arrival of these fish trains. They are telegraphed in advance from Rugby, on which the fish-merchants at Billingsgate are at once advised, and by the time the trains run into the station from thirty to fifty carts are in waiting. The fish are at once transferred from the trucks to the carts, and in less than half an hour from their arrival in the station they are on their way to Billingsgate for sale.

But by far the largest portion of the food brought by railway to London is conveyed by the Great Eastern and the Great Northern lines. The Great Eastern exceeds all others in the quantity of live cattle which it brings into the London markets. During the twelve months ending the 30th of June last it brought 306,099 sheep from the Eastern Counties, 9145 from Antwerp, and 35,970 from Rotterdam; 64,452 beasts, 41,900 pigs, of which 9920 were from Rotterdam, and 3276 calves. The same line brought during the same period 610,330 sacks of flour, 266,740 quarters of wheat and other cereals, and 620,551 quarters of malt, besides 38,729 tons of beer. Of potatoes, it brought to London 21,531 tons, besides immense quantities of poultry, fruit, and vegetables. Its cargoes of fish amounted to 24,435 tons during the year; two loaded trains of herrings arriving daily from Yarmouth during the season.

All the other metropolitan lines add more or less to the food supply of London. In 1867 the total number of live beasts brought by railway was 172,300, and 1,147,609 sheep. Besides these, the dead meat brought by the same lines was equivalent to 112,000 more cattle, and 1,267,000 more sheep—a legion of live stock which, ranged in close columns of twelve deep, would extend from London to beyond Aberdeen. Of wheat and other cereals, the same railways brought to London, in 1867, half a million quarters, besides a million and a quarter sacks of flour, and 771,034 sacks of malt. Of the whole quantity of fish consumed in London last year, three-fifths, or over 60,000 tons, were brought by railway. Of milk, the railway companies delivered 6,309,000 gallons; of potatoes, fruit, and vegetables more than 155,000 tons, the Great Northern Company alone bringing 78,505 tons of potatoes, principally from the east of Scotland; while the Brighton and South-Western lines brought between them 14,819 tons of butter, principally from the farms of Normandy, and 11,259 tons of French eggs, these two companies delivering between them in London an average of more than three millions of eggs a week all the year round.

Much of this food, however, merely comes to London for distribution, and is sent out from it again by railway in all directions. Thus the Great Eastern line carries into the Eastern Counties

Counties about one-half the quantity of wheat and barley that it brings from them, and double the quantity of oats. The southern lines carry into the coast counties large quantities of grain, meat, and cattle, the population of those districts being in a great measure fed through London. Even fish caught off the south coast is nearly all bought up by contractors for the London market, from whence the local markets are afterwards supplied; so that the very fish caught off Hastings or Brighton, and sent up to London in the morning, may be returned to the same places for consumption in the afternoon. We have even heard of a West-end fishmonger who supplies salmon to customers in the north of Scotland, from whence the salmon principally comes. Then, large quantities of fruit and green-groceries pass from the southern counties and the Continent through London, on their way to Birmingham, Manchester, and the manufacturing districts of the North; Manchester alone taking from 10 to 15 tons of water-cresses, and 200 tons of new potatoes daily.

Such are a few of the more striking facts illustrative of the facilities which railways afford for the conveyance of commodities between town and country, and *vice versa*. Indeed, their convenience for that purpose was recognised from the very first, and the amount of merchandise conveyed over them has gone on steadily increasing, until, in 1866, we find 38,649,938 tons of goods carried by railway, the gross revenue derived from which was about thirteen millions sterling, or an average of 6s. 8d. per ton. In working this traffic, 242,947 vehicles, of the value of about 17,000,000*l.*, were employed, and 69,424,497 miles were run by goods trains, or an average of 30 miles per train. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the saving to the consumer in consequence of the reductions effected by railways in the carriage of all kinds of commodities must have been very great. In fact, as Mr. Hawkshaw stated before the Commissioners, there can be no doubt that the country at large has gained more than double the advantage in reduction of charges and facilities of transport than the proprietors of railways themselves have done, keeping out of sight altogether the increased value given to property in all the districts through which they have been constructed.

But this carriage of merchandise by rail, great though it be, has been far exceeded by that of passengers—a branch of traffic which, as we have already stated, was scarcely taken into consideration as a source of revenue when the Liverpool and Manchester line was first projected. Before its opening, twenty-two regular coaches ran between the two towns in four hours, carrying, when full, about 600 passengers both ways; the fares being

being 10s. inside and 5s. outside. The railway was no sooner opened than it carried an average of 1200 passengers a day, in an hour and three-quarters, at the fare of 5s. inside and 3s. 6d. outside. The number of passengers became so great that the traffic, originally framed on the old stage-coach system of booking each passenger and entering him on a way-bill, was completely remodelled. Outside passengers were discontinued, and first, second, and third-class coaches were introduced, sufficient to accommodate any number of passengers that might desire to be carried. The speed of the trains was gradually increased. The original rate of eight or nine miles an hour, which was thought so 'impracticable' when proposed, was increased to seventeen miles an hour, and afterwards to thirty; and, as further improvements were made in the locomotive, the speed went gradually up, until now the fast trains on first-class railways are run at from forty to fifty miles an hour, the pistons in the cylinders, at the latter rate, travelling at the inconceivable rapidity of about 800 feet per minute!

Wherever railways were made, the carriage of passengers was found to be one of the most remunerative sources of traffic. Almost suddenly the world became locomotive. About thirty years since, Mr. Porter, in his 'Progress of the Nation,' estimated that 82,000 persons travelled daily by coach, in Great Britain, a distance of about twelve miles each, at an average cost of 5s. a passenger, or about 5d. a mile. Whereas, in 1866, an average of 850,000 persons travelled daily by railway a distance of eight and a half miles each, at an average cost of 1s. 1½d. per passenger, or about three-halfpence a mile, in little more than one-third of the time.

The number of passengers carried by day tickets in Great Britain, in 1866, was 274,293,668; and if to these we add 39,405,600, the probable number of journeys made by the holders of 110,227 periodical tickets during the same time, it gives a grand total of 313,699,268 passengers, or an average of about ten journeys by rail yearly for every man, woman, and child in Great Britain. In carrying these passengers 19,228 vehicles were employed, which ran 73,383,356 miles in 3,741,086 trains. It has been computed that to carry such a traffic under the old system would require about fifty thousand coaches, and more than half a million of horses. In 1837 the number of licensed stage-coaches, including mails, was only 3026, of which about one-half were connected with London.

Indeed London was then, as it is now, the great centre of the passenger traffic of the kingdom. During last year, the Metropolitan Company alone carried about twenty-five millions
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of persons, of course mostly for very short distances. The lines south of the Thames carried upwards of fifty millions, mostly for longer distances. In fact, railway locomotion has become as much a necessity for the population of the metropolis as the supply of light, or air, or water. While London railways were as yet mere projects, it was argued that the facilities which they provided for enabling the inhabitants to get into the country would have the effect of diminishing the population of the metropolis. Instead of which, it has increased more rapidly since the introduction of railways than ever it did before, while at the same time the residential area of London has become enormously enlarged. The railway companies found it would be greatly to their interest to attract the public to live along their lines; and they held out the inducements of low fares, cheap season-tickets, and in some cases free tickets to such as would build houses of a certain value in the neighbourhood of their stations; for they knew that it was not the season-tickets that paid them, so much as the stream of traffic of all kinds that the residential passengers brought in their wake. These efforts succeeded. Millions of capital were expended by builders in providing convenient residences, especially along the southern lines. New towns arose as if by magic, until now every station near London has become the centre of a large population, the heads of families for the most part travelling to and from town daily for purposes of business. Thus the railways have enabled London to increase and to spread itself into the country, until now, to use the words of the Registrar-General in his report for 1867, 'the population within the registration limits is by estimate 2,993,513; but beyond this central mass there is a ring of life growing rapidly and extending along railway lines over a circle of fifteen miles from Charing Cross. The population within that circle, patrolled by the metropolitan police, is about 3,463,771!'

The number of persons travelling by railway in and out of London averages about 300,000 daily. Nearly 700 trains run over the Metropolitan line alone; as many pass the Clapham junction every twenty-four hours; and about 530 run in and out of Cannon-street station. The total number of local London trains per day is about 3600, besides 340 trains which arrive from and depart to distant stations. During the busy hours of railway traffic, morning and evening, as many as 2000 train-stoppages are made hourly for the purpose of taking up and setting down passengers, while about two miles of railway are covered by running trains.

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great army of men is employed. The most numerous corps of workmen are the labourers employed in re-laying and repairing the 'permanent way,' so called in contradistinction from the 'temporary way' laid down while the road is under construction. But nothing can be of a less permanent character than a railway, which, however strongly laid, is undergoing constant change and deterioration. The waste of iron rails, by grinding, oxidation, and loss, averages about half a pound per yard annually. Where the curves are sharp and the traffic heavy, the loss is much greater. On some lines of light traffic a rail may last twenty years; but on lines near London, which are under constant and heavy work, rails, unless of steel, are so ground, crushed, and laminated, that they sometimes require relaying in less than twelve months. Thus the annual loss of iron by tear and wear on the 13,854 miles of railway open for traffic in Great Britain amounts to above 20,000 tons a year, while about 250,000 tons require to be taken up, re-rolled, and re-laid. The wooden sleepers, on which the rails and chairs rest, also perish at the rate of about four millions per annum, to renew which about ten thousand acres of pine forest require to be cut down and sawn into sleepers. To maintain this 'permanent way' about 81,000 men are constantly employed, at the rate of five men per two miles of double way—the labourers being usually paid 2s. 9d. a day, and the leading man or 'ganger' 3s. 6d. Besides these workmen, there are 13,000 plate-layers employed in laying down and fixing new rails; 40,000 artificers, who construct and repair the rolling stock; 26,000 porters, signalmen, and pointsmen; 6000 guards and breaksmen; and 11,000 engine-drivers and firemen: or a total of about 177,000 railway workmen.

The heaviest item in the working expenses of railways is that for locomotive power, just as the charge for horsing the old stage-coaches exceeded all the others. There were 8125 locomotives at work in the United Kingdom in 1866, or about two engines for every three miles of railway open; and the work they performed during the year was the haulage of six millions of trains a distance of 143 millions of miles. As each engine exercises a draught-power equal to 450 horses, the locomotive engines of the kingdom may thus be said to have done the work in that year of more than three millions and a half of horses; with this difference, that the horse tires, while the engine does not. The average work of a locomotive is about 20,000 miles a year, or 80 miles a day, allowing for the time during which it is laid up in the 'hospital' or workshop for repairs, or about two months in each year; for, though the engine does not tire, it wears out, and, like the animal frame, is undergoing constant renewals of parts—in
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its tubes, tyres, cylinders, crank-axles, and boilers—indeed, in almost everything but its name-plate. The average working 'life' of a locomotive is about fifteen years, during which it will run about 300,000 miles, undergoing during that time many repairs and renewals, after which it may be considered used up, when it is sent to the scrap-heap. Thus, taking into account the tear and wear of the locomotives at work in the United Kingdom, about 500 engines have to be replaced yearly; and as a good locomotive costs from 2500*l.* to 3000*l.*, the expenditure on new engines amounts to about a million and a quarter sterling yearly.

The cost of working as well as maintaining the engine power is also very great, more particularly in fuel and men's wages. A passenger-engine will consume about thirty pounds weight of coke every mile that it runs, and a goods-engine forty-five pounds; and taking into account the respective mileage run by the two classes of engines in 1866, it will be found that the coal and coke used in that year would be equal to about two and a half million tons. The consumption of fuel by the locomotive has been greatly increased since it was first invented, owing to the greatly-increased speed as well as power that has been given to the engine. The first locomotives were of comparatively light weight and ran at low speeds. When the Liverpool and Manchester Directors offered a prize for the best engine, they stipulated that, if of six tons weight, it must be able to draw twenty tons at ten miles an hour, and the 'Rocket,' which won the prize, was only of four and a half tons weight when loaded with coke and water; whereas the engines now made weigh from thirty to forty tons each, and will readily haul from 300 to 400 tons at a speed of from thirty to forty miles an hour. Everything has been done—by steam-blast, extension of heating-surface, and boiler-enlargement—to increase the consumption of fuel usefully and without waste. Thus a small locomotive, with a high power of consuming fuel, and producing steam at great pressure, may be compared to a racer, and a large locomotive of slower consumption to a Flanders draught-horse. The fuel is to the locomotive what food is to the animal system; the tubes through which the air is urged by the steam-blast are its lungs; and the water raised rapidly into vapour, like the blood aerated by breathing, is as its vital force.

The average earnings of each locomotive amount to about 5000*l.* yearly, or equal to 5*s.* a train-mile. According to a recognised formula, the working expense per train-mile is 2*s.* 6*d.*, which may be thus divided: 1*s.* for maintenance of stock, 3*d.* for maintenance of way, 9*d.* for coaching and goods expenses, and 3*d.* for miscellaneous expenses. It is also generally agreed by railway men that the gross earnings of each railway are equal to the

the gross value of its rolling stock. The actual working expenses of the whole of the railways of the United Kingdom in 1866 averaged 48·49 per cent.

One of the most startling facts brought to light by the railway traffic returns annually published by the Board of Trade, is the comparatively small average number of passengers carried per train. In 1866 no fewer than 3,741,086 trains were run to accommodate the 274,293,668 passengers (exclusive of season-ticket holders) carried in that year, or an average of only 73 passengers for every train. But as the average journey of each train was nineteen miles, and the average distance travelled by each passenger was only eight and a half miles, we arrive at this remarkable result, that the average number of passengers carried per mile by all the trains run in the United Kingdom, in 1866, was only thirty-two! And this notwithstanding the heavy passenger-traffic in connexion with London and the large towns. The conclusion is obvious, that a large proportion of the train-mileage run throughout the kingdom is useless, being far in excess of the requirements of the public; that locomotives and carriages are being employed on many lines in merely dragging their own dead weight, sometimes with no greater number of passengers than would fill an omnibus, and often all but empty; and that a great deal of money is thus being wasted in the attempt to swell the weekly returns and to force a traffic that is not to be forced, especially when the fares are high.

'The accommodation of the public' is the excuse put forward by managers for running so many comparatively empty trains. But the only test of the public requiring the accommodation is that they make use of the trains provided for them. When they do not, the running is only so much waste. 'For the purpose of accommodating the public,' said Sir D. Gooch before the Commission, 'we now run a great many more trains than the public require, and the consequence is that our receipts per train-mile are much less than they ought to be.' The same witness admitted that the loading of the trains on the Great Western branches 'is not nearly one-third.' But why run 'a great many more trains than the public requires'? Why set a thirty-ton engine of several hundred horse power, and a train of carriages weighing thirty tons or more, to accommodate a number of passengers that might as easily, though not so speedily, be drawn along the line to their destination by a single horse? To do this is as absurd as it would be to set an elephant to drag a wheelbarrow.

But the same waste of power applies to the running of light goods-trains as well as half-empty passenger-trains. Mr. Bidder said before the Commissioners that 'not a single goods-train is loaded

loaded up to one-fourth of its capacity ;' and Mr. Hawkshaw, 'that even the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway does not average more than forty-eight tons of goods per train, and the London and North Western about fifty tons ; whilst an engine can easily haul 200 tons at little more expense.' How railway companies are 'eating their heads off' by this system of useless running was illustrated by Sir D. Gooch from the experience of the Great Western Railway. The gross receipts of that company from passengers have trebled in the last sixteen years, and the mileage run by passenger-trains has increased five-fold, whilst the receipts from passengers have dwindled from 9s. to 5s. per mile. So also in the case of goods, the gross receipts from which have increased eight-fold, while the mileage run has increased more than twenty-fold ; but the receipts per mile have dwindled from 14s. to 5s. 6d. What the result has been to the shareholders everybody knows.

The beau ideal of English railway management is frequent service and fast trains ; and in these respects it must be pronounced to have been completely successful. The passenger-trains, as we have seen, are, in the words of a railway chairman, 'a great many more than the public require ;' and they are run—especially the express trains—at a speed exceeding that of railway trains in every other country. Everything must give way to them. Coal and goods trains are shunted—parliamentary trains are drawn into sidings—and signals are manned to clear the road and signal it 'all clear' for the 'down' or 'up express.' The companies take a pride in their express trains, and chairmen are almost ready to weep when they hear of an accident befalling them.

One would suppose, from the pride taken in this traffic and the expenditure incurred in working it, that it was the express traffic that paid the dividend. Yet it does nothing of the sort. It is even doubtful whether, in many cases, it defrays the cost of working it, while the speed at which it is run increases all the elements of danger in travelling by railway. These fast trains—to use the words of Mr. Hawkshaw—'run the gauntlet through goods-trains, coal-trains, and cattle-trains.' To keep out of the way of the fast trains, the goods and coal-trains are run with light loads and at high speeds, thereby occasioning great wear and tear of road and rolling stock, and increase in the working expenses. Although the safety with which English express traffic is on the whole worked must be acknowledged to be remarkable, it nevertheless cannot be doubted that to excessive speed and to the overcrowding of railways by the running of half-empty trains, must be attributed the greater number of accidents which occur on English as compared with continental railways.

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The most profitable and increasing traffic in all railways is the lower-class passenger traffic, wherever opportunities are afforded for its development. It is the most profitable, because in third-class trains there is much less dead weight carried in proportion to the paying load than there is in the case of first-class express traffic, and also because of the vastly greater number of third-class customers there are to be served. First-class passengers not only expect to have a seat for themselves, but another for their feet. Some regularly fee the porters or guards—paying the tribute known at railway stations by the name of ‘fluff’—to reserve compartments for them where they may smoke during the journey. Other solitarily-disposed persons fill up vacant seats with their wrappers and carpet-bags; so that the first-class compartments are rarely more than half filled. As Mr. Sherrieff, formerly a railway manager, stated before the Commission, ‘You will find that, if there are half-a-dozen first-class compartments, half-a-dozen people will almost immediately take a single place in each, and there will be a great outcry if anything like five or six people are put in.’ ‘In point of fact,’ asked Lord Stanley of Mr. Harrison, another manager, ‘do not first-class passengers generally seem to consider that they have a right to two places instead of one?’ to which Mr. Harrison answered, ‘No doubt.’ Another source of waste in running light trains was described by Mr. Stewart, Secretary of the London and North-Western Company: ‘When there are only three or four passengers for a place, a through carriage must be provided for them. There must be a carriage put on for the Buckinghamshire line, another for the Bedford line, another for the Northampton line, another for Leamington, and so on; so that, apart altogether from the feeing of porters, there is a great waste.’ In illustration of this statement, Mr. Stewart stated that on two days selected as a fair average, whilst 4482 passengers were booked from Euston Square, the trains to accommodate them contained 13,512 seats; and that in the case of 15 up trains, carriages containing 1274 seats were put on to accommodate only 179 passengers.

Now, there is no such latitude permitted to third-class passengers. Indeed, this class does not at all object to close packing. No through carriages are put on for them, and they move about with very little luggage, and take their places in the branch trains without any sense of grievance because of having to change. So that every third-class carriage, if there be passengers enough, may be filled with its paying load. And what is a paying load? The late Robert Stephenson, in his address to the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1856, held that anything beyond five-eighths of a penny per mile per passenger may be

rendered profitable, even if the passenger-train be only half filled.

'Nothing,' said he, 'is so profitable, because nothing is so cheaply transported as passenger traffic. Goods traffic, of whatsoever description, must be more or less costly. Every article conveyed by railway requires handling and conveyance beyond the limit of the railway station; but passengers take care of themselves, and find their own way without cost from the terminus at which they are set down. It is true, passengers require carriages of somewhat more expensive construction than those prepared for goods; but this expense is compensated for by the circumstance that they are capable of running, and do run, a much greater number of miles—that the weight of passengers is small in proportion to the weight of goods—and that consequently the cost for locomotive power is less. It has been shown that 111,000,000 passengers, weighing 8,000,000 tons, have been conveyed during the past year [1854] over a distance of 12 miles, yielding a revenue of 9,000,000*l.* sterling. This gives, at the least 2*s.* per ton per mile for the weight of passengers conveyed. Coals are conveyed, in some instances, at a halfpenny per ton per mile. It is to be recollected that trains are usually capable of transporting at least two or three times the number of passengers ordinarily travelling by them, and that the weight of the passengers in all cases is in extremely small proportion to the gross weight of a train; as, on an average, there will be 14 passengers to every ton, and each train will readily convey 200 passengers. The cost of running a train may be assumed in most cases to be about 15*d.* per mile; therefore 100 passengers, at five-eighths of a penny per mile per passenger, would give us 5*s.* 2½*d.* per train per mile, which may be taken as about the average of train earnings throughout the year. It is obvious, therefore, that anything beyond five-eighths of a penny per mile per passenger may be rendered profitable, even if the passenger-train is only half-filled. Hence all Directorates should look to the maximum amount of gross revenue to be derived from large passenger traffic, which maximum amount is only to be obtained by affording enlarged public facilities and temptations to travel.'

Where railway companies have had the courage and the wisdom to adopt the policy of low fares, it has invariably proved successful, especially where there are large populations to be accommodated. But many of them have adopted it only in a half-hearted, perfunctory way, and been too prone to fall back on the stupid and indolent policy of raising fares by wholesale in the hope of thereby increasing dividends, though the more usual result has been only the increase of irritation and discontent amongst their customers. Directors have found it as hard to believe that a line can pay better by charging moderate fares, as the defenders of the old letter-carrying system did in the success of the penny post. Yet proofs of the wisdom of the low

low fare policy have never been wanting. Year by year the railway returns published by the Board of Trade show that it is not the high priced but the cheap traffic that increases most rapidly, and is capable of by far the largest development; for while the higher priced class remains nearly a fixed quantity, that of the lower class is almost unlimited, and there is nothing that will induce the multitude to travel but low fares.

In the early years of railway travelling the second class outnumbered all others, the first and third passengers being about equal. In 1842 the third class formed less than one-third of the whole; ten years later they were about one-half; whereas now they are more than three-fifths of the whole number of passengers. Of the 274,293,668 carried by day ticket in 1866, 162,725,160 were third class. But the increase in the receipts from this class of traffic has been in even greater proportion than the numbers carried. Thus, while the increase in the number of third-class passengers in ten years was at the rate of 56 per cent., the increase in the receipts from the same class was 75 per cent., whilst the increase in the receipts from first and second class was only 23 and 29 per cent. respectively.

Mr. Stewart gave evidence before the Commission to the same effect, as to the experience of the London and North-Western Company. He said that in ten years, with an addition of 420 miles, or 88 per cent., there had been an increase in the first-class receipts of only 71,000*l.*, or $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; in the second-class, of 202,000*l.*, or $46\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and in the third-class of 226,000*l.*, or $88\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., being, in fact, equal to the increase in the mileage; and that the same broad features had shown themselves year after year. The Midland Company also, which has been managed with great judgment, pursued a course of gradual lowering of fares all over their system, with the most successful results to the shareholders as well as to the public. The following is from the evidence of Mr. Allport, the general manager of that Company:—

‘For some years an opinion prevailed at the Midland Board that our passenger fares could not be reduced, though they were rather high. I was constantly urging upon the directors a reduction. We first abolished the express fares upon the entire line between Bristol and Birmingham, and after about five or six months we found we had recovered that loss. We then adopted the same reduction upon the whole line. Again, some twelve months ago, we reduced our fares between Derby and London and the whole of our southern system, by which, on paper, we appeared to lose about 20,000*l.* a year upon that single reduction. That loss recovered itself in about four or five months, or in six months at the outside. The reduction we then made was from $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per mile, first class, to $2d.$ To a certain limit, I believe,

low fares are very beneficial both to the companies and the public. We have fares as low as a halfpenny per mile on some parts of our line, and the returns are very satisfactory.*

In confirmation of the same view, it may be added that wherever railway companies have by force of circumstances—such as competition by river boats or sea-going ships—been compelled to run at low rates, there the traffic has eventually become the largest and most productive. Hence the immense railway traffic along the Thames and the Clyde, where the river-boats have forced the directors of railways to lower their rates so as to bring travelling by railway within reach of the multitudinous classes. Hence, also, the low rates and consequent large traffic in coal and goods run between the North and London.

The effect of low fares in inducing large numbers of persons to travel was curiously illustrated on the opening of the Glasgow and Greenock line. The river Clyde runs nearly parallel with that railway, and excellent steamboats performed the service between the two towns at 1s. and 2s. per passenger. When the railway was opened, the average fare was reduced to 10d., and the total number of passengers by all routes was increased 100 per cent. Open carriages were then put on, and a fare of 6d. was charged for the 23 miles, or at the rate of about a farthing a mile. The annual number of travellers was immediately increased by about a quarter of a million, or 32 per cent. on the whole; while the gross receipts were increased by 15 per cent., the working expenses remaining nearly the same. The third-class fares were then raised from 6d. to 1s., in the hope of increasing the revenue. The number of travellers at once fell off 18 per cent., and the gross receipts 10 per cent. The third-class carriages were next made more comfortable by covering them in; but this did not attract more third-class passengers. It only induced first and second-class passengers to transfer themselves to the third-class carriages, and there was a falling off of 16 per cent. in the numbers of those classes, occasioning a considerable further loss to the company. It was thus demonstrated that it was the low fare alone that induced so many additional persons to travel; and on ascertaining this, the fare was reduced to its former low standard, at which it still remains.

It is quite natural and justifiable that directors of railways should charge such fares, within their limits, as will bring them in the most money. When Parliament, in its 'wisdom,' handed

* 'Evidence,' p. 226.

over to private speculators the construction and working of the highways of the kingdom, and placed in their hands a virtual monopoly of the traffic, it was distinctly understood that, subject to those speculators raising the requisite funds and constructing the authorised railways, they were to be entitled to charge, within certain limits, such and such fares. It must also be acknowledged to be quite within their legal powers to combine to raise those fares, just as it is on the part of workmen to combine to raise the rate of wages. Considerable allowance must also be made for the difficulties and obstructions which railway enterprise has had to encounter through our incoherent system of legislation, which has had the effect of enhancing the cost of railways, and led to such a grievous waste of shareholders' money. For, however much we may blame the railway companies for suddenly raising their tariff, it ought not to be forgotten that in doing so they have the authority of the very same Parliament which led them on the road to ruin. Of the three railways south of the Thames which have recently combined to raise their fares, only one is solvent, the second is pauperised, and the third is hopelessly bankrupt. And if the directors of those companies think that they will be enabled by their recent measure to place their respective concerns in a sound financial position, the public must under present circumstances be content to abide the infliction until better days come round.

General experience is, however, quite against the theory that high fares will increase net receipts. It may do so temporarily, but the eventual result will be, that that part of the public with whom daily travelling is a necessity, will gradually remove into lower fare districts, whilst a serious check will be given to those building operations in the neighbourhood of stations, which all the metropolitan companies have up to this time been endeavouring to encourage. But there is a still larger number of travellers with whom travelling is not so much a matter of necessity as of choice; and though these may be tempted to travel by a moderate fare, and still more so by a low fare, they will certainly not be tempted by a high one. They will simply refrain from travelling, unless when they cannot avoid it.

When workmen strike for a rise of wages, they assume that the money available for wages is an unlimited quantity. The combining companies seem to us to have run into precisely the same error. The great bulk of travellers by railway are, as we have seen, not rich people, but people of moderate means, and many of them comparatively poor people, who travel third-class because they cannot afford to pay more. When the average suburban resident pays so much for rent and taxes, so much for clothing,

clothing, and so much for food, there remains but a small surplus for travelling by railway; and if the companies raise the fares 25 or 50 per cent., the inevitable result will be, as in the case of the Greenock line, that many of the first-class passengers will travel second, and second-class travel third, while a still larger number of third-class passengers will altogether disappear from the trains. In the mean time, while the southern companies are engaged in trying their experiment, and stimulating by their policy the revival of recently abandoned competing schemes in their respective districts, let us see how railway matters have been managed abroad.

Foreign governments have not been so unwise as to follow the example of England. They have either themselves made, or promoted the formation of railways, on a settled and definite system. Recognising the fact that this mode of internal communication has superseded nearly every other, and that railways must necessarily engross the traffic of the districts through which they pass, the governments of continental countries, instead of encouraging competition, have carefully provided against it; but they have, at the same time, taken care that the profits of working the monopoly shall be secured for the public. In some cases they have themselves constructed and they work the lines at the cost and for the benefit of the public, and in others they concede to private companies the privilege of constructing and working the lines authorised, reserving a reversionary interest in them as public property; but in all cases they exercise the right of fixing the fares and rates of the traffic carried.

Belgium was the first State in which the construction of railways was first adopted as a measure of public policy. The merit of early recognising them as the most effective means of national intercommunication belongs to Leopold, late King of the Belgians; and although his sagacity in this respect has hitherto received but slight recognition, the success of his railway policy really constitutes one of the chief glories of his reign. Leopold had scarcely been installed monarch of his new kingdom in 1831, than he directed the attention of his ministers to the construction of railways as one of the most effective means of developing the resources of the State. Even in England at that time—the birthplace of the railway and the locomotive—the extension of railways was encountered by obloquy, denunciation, and resistance. It is not, therefore, surprising that Leopold had considerable difficulties to overcome in inducing the Chambers to adopt his views. Railways were among the newest of new things; nothing of the kind was known in Belgium, where a locomotive had not as yet been seen; and
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some of the rural deputies were probably as much alarmed at the idea of fire-horses running through their quiet fields as our own bucolic population were about the same period. But Leopold had no such misgivings, for he had seen with his own eyes the locomotive at work on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, and the sight had made an impression on his mind that was never effaced.

The first measure laid before the Belgian Chambers by command of the King, was for a single line of railway between Antwerp and Liège, to connect the principal manufacturing district of Belgium with its principal seaport, being precisely similar in its object to that between Liverpool and Manchester, by which it was doubtless suggested. It was proposed that the line should be constructed at the public cost, and that the requisite funds should be raised partly by taxation and partly by loans. The King was well supported by his ministers, with the able M. Rogier at their head; but the measure was not allowed to pass without considerable opposition. Some of the leading deputies were of opinion that the policy of the King was of too speculative and ambitious a character; and they urged, not without good show of reason, that it was inexpedient to burden the young kingdom with so heavy a liability before it had recovered from the effects of the revolution through which it had just passed.

But the King and his ministers persevered. They resolved to incur the probable risk for the sake of the certain good. The whole scheme underwent revision and enlargement in its passage through the Chambers, and not only was the original line from Antwerp to Liège conceded, but, by the date of promulgation of the law of the 1st of May, 1834, powers were granted to construct an almost complete system of main lines throughout Belgium, one extending from Antwerp on the Scheldt southward to Mons on the French frontier, intersected by another extending from Ostend on the North Sea eastward to Verviers on the Prussian frontier, while at the same time the principal towns and cities of the kingdom were connected with each other. The Government at once took steps to raise the necessary funds for the prosecution of the works, and they were carried out with such promptitude that the first portion of the State railway, from Brussels to Malines, was finished and opened for traffic on the 5th of May, 1835. Successive additions were afterwards made to the railway system of Belgium, until eventually 347 miles of State railway were constructed at a total cost of 8,410,128*l*. Besides the State lines, however, concessions were granted by Government to private companies to construct 900 additional

additional miles of railway, principally branches, of which 117 miles are at present worked by the State and 783 by the companies themselves, making the total railway accommodation of Belgium 1247 miles, or 1 mile of railway for every 10 square miles of territory. Even in the case of the lines constructed by private companies, the property in them fundamentally belongs to the State, which merely surrenders to the companies for a limited period, and under clearly defined conditions, the profits derived from their working; while in the mean time the share and loan capitals of the companies are gradually absorbed under a system of *amortisation* or redemption, by the appropriation of a certain portion of the yearly receipts for that purpose, so that the railways shall eventually become the unburthened property of the State.

Let us now glance at the results of the bold policy adopted by King Leopold in providing for his kingdom—then the youngest member of the family of European nations—a system of railways at the public cost, at a time when other nations were indifferent, if not actually hostile to their formation. At the beginning of the enterprise, the prophets of evil were in the ascendant. They were able to point to the constantly increasing annual deficit on the working of the lines. Excepting in the year 1836, when there was a gain of 37,000 francs, the loss went on increasing until it amounted to 30 millions of francs yearly. This loss was, however, more apparent than real, being principally occasioned by the payment of interest on unproductive capital while the lines were still under construction. But by the end of 1852, the State railways were nearly all made and at work, and then the tide began to turn. Year by year the apparent loss was reduced, until at length not only was the interest on the borrowed money all paid, but a substantial profit was shown on each year's working. In 1858, the net profits, after providing for all interest and out-goings, was $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the capital expended; in 1860, it was $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and now it is 7 per cent. The principal of the debt incurred in constructing the lines is in course of annual reduction, and if the revenue continues to increase as heretofore, not only will all the Belgian railways become the unburthened property of the State, but they will contribute in no small degree to the reduction of the ordinary taxation of the country.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the working of the Belgian railways produced their usual quickening effects upon the industry of the country. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, all felt the impulse given to them by the improved means of communication. While the nation was still young, weak, and struggling,

struggling, its railways bound it together and made it strong—not only socially but financially, for Belgium had credit on every Bourse. In illustration of the commercial advances made by the country subsequent to the opening of the State lines, it may be mentioned that the merchandise traffic alone increased more than five-fold. ‘Indeed, every year’s expenditure,’ says the ‘Compte Rendu’ of 1862, ‘demonstrates that the patriotic law of the 1st of May, 1834, is worthy of the warmest sympathies of the nation, continuing as it does to take the very first rank among the great things that independent Belgium has been enabled to accomplish.’ These words are fully justified; the experience of each succeeding year bearing witness to the practical wisdom of King Leopold in projecting a national system of railways so long in advance of every other government, and to the courage and statesmanship of his Ministers in enabling him to carry his designs into effect.

The success which attended the working of the Belgium State lines enabled the Government from time to time to reduce the rates and fares on the goods and passengers carried. No body of shareholders was aggrieved by this amelioration, which was for the benefit of the whole body of the people. When M. Fassiaux, Director-General of the Posts, Railways, and Telegraphs in Belgium, was asked before the English Royal Commission, ‘Does experience show the expediency of the railways belonging to the Government?’ his reply was :—

‘The experience obtained in Belgium of the working by the State of at least a portion of the railways existing in that country, is entirely in favour of that system. The results are better in a financial point of view, and notwithstanding this superior financial result, the lines worked by the State are those kept in the best order. The working of them gives the greatest satisfaction to the commercial world and to the public in general, as regards regularity of conveyance, cheapness of transit, and comfort of passengers. The State not being solely guided by the prospect of financial gain, but having constantly in view the interest of the public which it represents, is in a better position than private companies to introduce all desirable improvements, not only as regards the efficient performance of the service, but also as respects the costs of conveyance, without, however, altogether disregarding the increase of revenue which its operations may bring into the public treasury.’ *

Travellers from London to Brussels are readily enabled to compare the working of the Belgian with the English system. In making the journey between the two cities, the distance travelled on English ground is 78 miles, and on Belgian 89

* ‘Royal Commission on Railways: Appendices to Evidence,’ p. 17.

miles.

miles. On the English side are two well-appointed railways, the property of private companies, both running trains between London and Dover, each with its separate chairman and board of directors, general manager, staff, and working plant. On the Belgian side is a single railway, the property of the nation, worked by Government officials responsible to the Administration for the time being. Of the two railways on the English side, the one most recently constructed was authorised by Parliament in order to give the public the benefit of 'competition' by railway. But Parliament in its wisdom does not seem to have provided for the contingency of the new company combining with the old one and rendering 'competition' impossible. The companies *have* combined, and now see the advantage which the public has derived from the competitive policy so much favoured by Parliament. First take express trains. While the fare by both the English lines to Dover, for 78 miles, is 20s. first-class, and 15s. second-class, or over 3*d.* and 2½*d.* per mile respectively, the fares charged by the Belgian State railway for the journey of 89 miles is only 5s. first-class, 3s. 4*d.* second-class, and 2s. 6*d.* third-class, or less than seven-tenths of a penny per mile first-class, less than five-tenths of a penny second-class, and a little more than three-tenths of a penny third-class, or about one-fourth the rate of travelling in England. It must, however, be added that while the English railways allow 120 lbs. of luggage free for each first-class passenger, and 100 lbs. for each second-class, the Belgian railway allows only 25 kilogrammes, equal to about 55 lbs. free, charging for all above that weight at the rate of six centimes per kilomètre, which, on 120 lbs. of total luggage, would involve an addition to the Belgian fare between Ostend and Brussels of about 5s. per passenger. But it will be seen that this arrangement is entirely in favour of the poorer classes of the community, as it is only the richer portion who carry with them large loads of personal luggage, and it is but reasonable that they should pay for their luxury. In the case of ordinary trains, the fare charged for the 78 miles run on the two English lines is 18s. 6*d.* first-class, 13s. 6*d.* second-class, and 6s. 6*d.* third-class, while that charged for the 89 miles run on the Belgian State line is equivalent to 4s. 2*d.* first-class, 2s. 9½*d.* second-class, and 2s. 1*d.* third-class. Nor is there so much difference in the speed as might be supposed. The English express trains perform the journey of 78 miles in two hours, and the ordinary trains in a little over three hours; while the Belgian express trains perform the journey of 89 miles in two hours and twenty minutes, and the ordinary trains in a little less than four hours.

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The present very low tariff for passengers on the Belgian State railways has only been in force about three years, though before that time it was considerably lower than in England. The recent reduction was adopted chiefly because of the extraordinary increase which had been observed to follow a previous lowering of the goods tariff. Not only was the commerce of the country greatly promoted by it, the merchandise traffic having increased 72 per cent., but the receipts of the State railways were largely augmented. To quote from the Report of M. Vanderstichelen, Minister of Public Works, to the Chamber of Representatives at Brussels on the 7th March, 1865 :—

‘Since 1856, that is to say in eight years :

‘1. The charges on goods have been lowered on an average of 28 per cent.

‘2. The public have despatched 2,706,000 tons more, while they have economised more than 20,000,000 francs (800,000*l.*) on the cost of carriage.

‘3. The public treasury has realised 5,781,000 francs (231,240*l.*) more, after having paid the cost of working and the interest of capital.

‘Being in this prosperous situation, the Government have asked if the time has not come to turn their attention to the second part of the problem of cheap transport. In other words, whether it is not proper to apply to the service of passengers the principles which have given such satisfactory results to that of goods.

‘The Government is of opinion that facility and cheapness of travelling are in principle as fruitful of benefits to all classes of society as the economical transport of goods can be for the producers and for the consumers.’

The recommendations contained in this Report were unanimously adopted by the Chamber, and hence the low rate of passenger fares now in force on the State railways of Belgium. As in the case of goods, a lower proportionate rate is charged for long distances than for short, the Government being of opinion that a reduction should be made in the fare as a compensation for the longer distance that has to be travelled. Yet even in the case of the shorter passenger traffic, the fares are much lower on the average than in England.

The policy so early adopted by Belgium with reference to the construction and working of railways, had an important influence on the other European Governments, by whom its example was shortly after generally followed. In some cases, the State, as in Belgium, took the initiative, projecting and constructing the railways, and retaining the working of them in their own hands; in others, the plans of the proposed lines were submitted to and approved by the Ministers of State, and concessions

cessions were granted to private companies to construct and work them subject to the control and approval of Government. Thus, of the 3777 miles of railway open in Prussia, 950 miles were constructed at the expense of the State, and are worked by a Government staff; 877 miles were constructed by private companies under concessions, and are also worked by Government; and 1950 miles were constructed and are worked by private companies. In 1863, the State lines yielded a profit of $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the capital expended in their construction; the other lines worked by the Government yielded 5 per cent.; and the lines worked by the private companies $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., though some companies, such as the Magdeburg-Halberstadt, have divided over 20 per cent.

In obtaining the concession of these railways, there has been none of that wasteful expenditure which has been the opprobrium of British railway enterprise. As M. Mulvany stated before the recent Commission, 'the various expenses of one class and another accompanying the passing of railway bills in this country before a sod was dug, would amount to something very nearly like the cost of the whole Prussian railway system.'* Besides the cheap original cost of the Prussian lines, care has been taken to prevent their depreciation as a property by the setting up of competition between rival lines. The Government holds in its own control the fixing of the fares, and sees to it that they are sufficiently low to suit the means of the travelling public, and especially of the poorer classes. But competition is expressly prohibited; and by an enactment in the original law promulgated with respect to the construction of railways, it is clearly laid down that no new line is to be conceded by the Minister which shall be deemed to be a competitive line. This provision is doubtless intended to enhance the value of the property against the time when the railways revert to the State; for in the case of the lines constructed and worked by private companies, it is required that they shall levy a tax varying from one-twentieth to one-fifth of the net earnings for the redemption of the share capital, after which these lines also become the absolute property of the nation.

The same policy has been adopted in Hanover, Brunswick, Hesse-Darmstadt, Wurtemberg, Baden, and most of the other German States; in some of which the railways contribute largely towards the public revenue. Thus in Baden the State railways yield a profit upon the capital expended on them of not less than 15 per cent. The financial condition of Austria not having been

* 'Royal Commission on Railways: Evidence,' p. 57.

such as to enable its Government to raise money direct for the construction of railways, concessions have been granted to companies for a term not exceeding ninety years, the Government meanwhile guaranteeing a certain rate of interest as an inducement to capitalists to invest in the undertakings. By this means, 3694 miles of Austrian railway have been constructed, which at present yield an average profit of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the working. The Government have reserved the right, when the profits exceed 15 per cent., of making reductions in the tolls authorised by the concession; and at the end of ninety years, the property in the railways and their appurtenances passes absolutely to the State.

The railway policy of France has been of a somewhat similar character. When public railways were first introduced in that country in 1836, the Government undertook to assist in their formation by granting sums in aid, and by constructing the earthworks and bridges. The French lines are for the most part leased to six great companies for a period of ninety-nine years, during which a fund is reserved from the traffic receipts for redemption of the capital, after which the lines become, as in the case of the German railways, the absolute property of the State. Meanwhile, in return for the assistance originally granted by the Government, the companies are required to carry the mails free, as in Germany, and to carry the military and public employes at very low rates. The companies have also to submit to the control exercised by Government over the rates and fares charged for all classes of traffic, besides paying a tax of 10 per cent. on their gross receipts. But as the carrying monopoly of the companies is rigidly protected, and as no competitive lines are conceded, nor more railways constructed than are considered necessary for the adequate accommodation of the public, nearly all the French companies pay large dividends to their proprietors.

On comparing the public service of railways at home and abroad, it may be stated generally that in England travelling is quicker and dearer, abroad it is slower, cheaper, and safer. Our lines are crowded with light fast-running trains; the trains run abroad are fewer, but they are much better filled. Hence the foreign receipts per train are considerably greater, while their working expenses are less than ours by about 25 per cent. In France the receipts of the passenger trains average 10*s.* 2*d.* per mile, as against 5*s.* 3*d.* in England; and allowing for working expenses, the net profit in the one case is 6*s.* 5*d.*, and in the other only 2*s.* 9*d.* Mr. Seymour Clarke, when before the Commission, summed up the reasons why foreign lines are worked cheaper

cheaper than English in these words: 'Fewer trains, less wear and tear, and slower speed.'

In England, more regard is paid to express high-priced traffic, and abroad to cheap third and fourth-class traffic, which is found to be the most productive. In Belgium even the express trains carry third-class passengers; while in France, and especially in Germany, much greater facilities than in England are given to the lower classes of passengers. There comparatively few persons travel first-class—'only princes, fools, and Englishmen,' as the saying goes; 80 per cent. of the German passengers being of the third and fourth class. Yet the charge for first-class passengers in Prussia and the German States generally, is very moderate, being only at the rate of three-halfpence per mile, while second-class is a penny, third-class three-farthings, and fourth-class three-eighths of a penny. Return tickets are also granted on the Prussian railways at very low rates.

It will thus be observed that the policy of continental Governments with reference to railways has been entirely different to that heretofore pursued in this country. Here, private companies have had to contend, at great cost, for the privilege of constructing and working the national highways; but, once obtained, the privilege has proved of comparatively small advantage to them, for they have always been open to attack. One of the favourite ideas of English statesmen—but without a particle of statesmanship in it—has been that it is for the benefit of the public that there should be free competition between railway companies; and with that view duplicate lines—whether got up by schemers, contractors, or *bonâ fide* companies—have been authorised and constructed in all directions. Then, veering about, our legislators have granted powers enabling the competing companies to amalgamate, or to enter into combinations for the purpose of preventing competition, by which the benefits originally promised have been completely nullified. There has thus been a great waste of capital in parliamentary contests and in the construction of unnecessarily expensive lines of railway; and while some of the companies have been reduced to bankruptcy, and all have been more or less impoverished, the result to the public is that they have to pay more for travelling by railway in England than in any other country in Europe. In a word, railway construction has proceeded more slowly and profitably abroad, more rapidly and ruinously at home. Foreign Governments have only authorised such lines to be made from time to time as were required for the accommodation of the public. Thus the capital invested was rendered productive, while waste was avoided; and part of the profit was returned to the

the public in the form of the low fares at which they were enabled to travel. Whereas here, under the so-called 'competitive' system, where the lines have been so much more costly, and so many more expensive lines have been made than are necessary, the companies are poorer, the service is dearer, and the prospects of increased advantage to the public are considerably more remote.

The different light in which railways are regarded by the public abroad and at home is very striking. There, railways and their owners are regarded as public benefactors; here, they are regarded very much in the light of public enemies.

'The two systems,' said Mr. Stewart [formerly of the London and North-Western Railway] 'are totally different. One represents a system of unrestricted competition, leading occasionally to very great inconvenience and injustice to individuals; carried on, as respects current transactions, without regard to commercial principle, and too often with a view only to effect a settlement with a competitor; producing disturbance and much inconvenience to the general traffic, and also serious injury to individuals, localities, and ports;—whereas abroad they have a system based on monopoly, regulated by the State with a view to the avoidance of those evils; a system, in fact, under which practical effect is given to the intentions of Cardwell's Act.'*

Again, Sir Rowland Hill also observed:—

'It cannot be denied that the injustice inflicted in various ways on the companies is too often retaliated upon individuals. No one can fail to be struck with the great amount of public dissatisfaction on the subject of railway management, of which not a little has come before us in evidence. And it must be admitted that there are points and occasions on which complaint is well founded.'†

Abroad, railways are worked after a carefully defined system, which applies alike to all towns and districts and classes: here they seem to be managed after no settled policy, the rates and fares being lowered in some districts and raised in others, according to caprice, or the shifting views of directors. Hence a chronic state of public irritation, and frequent active local outbreaks against the railway monopoly. The appearance of a single letter of complaint against railways in 'The Times' will at any time evoke a howling chorus of complaints from all the other papers; and such is the prevalent feeling against railway companies, that they will knowingly submit to fraud and imposition rather than run the risk of appearing before juries, knowing the almost certainty of an adverse verdict whenever an opportunity presents itself for 'serving them out.'

* 'Evidence,' p. 687.

† 'Report,' p. cviii.

The recent increase of passenger fares by the combination of the three companies south of the Thames has already formed the subject of much public discussion ; but the complaints of the commercial community as to the rates charged by railway for conveyance of goods between different places have as yet received comparatively little attention. It may be premised that under the Belgian system of merchandise traffic, although the tariff per mile decreases in proportion as the distance increases, the rates charged apply to the whole kingdom alike without respect of person or place. There is no difficulty in ascertaining, from the Belgian Book of Tariffs, what the rate is to any station. The index shows it at a glance. Such a station is at such a distance from the starting point ; you know that for that distance the price is so much, with the addition of an invariable terminal charge for loading and unloading. The system is uniform ; it is based on just and definite principles ; and it works to the entire satisfaction of the public.

The tariffs of the English companies, on the contrary, present the greatest anomalies. They make distinctions between persons and between places. They serve large customers at a lower price than they serve small ones ; granting special low rates to the former, while the latter have to pay high rates, according to the published tariff ; the alleged tendency of this practice being to crush the small dealers and concentrate trade in the hands of large firms. But the great grievance is in the service of particular towns, inland and seaport. The rate charged per ton per mile between different places on the same line will sometimes be found to vary as much as 200 per cent. The Liverpool merchants complain of a combination of the railways terminating at that port, under which rates are levied on goods which place them at a great disadvantage compared with other ports. For instance, the rate charged for timber between Liverpool and Manchester is $3\frac{1}{16}d.$ per ton per mile, and between Sunderland and Manchester it is only $\frac{7}{8}$ ths of a penny ; between Liverpool and Penistown $3\frac{1}{16}d.$, and between Hull and Penistown $1\frac{1}{2}d.$; between Liverpool and Stockport $3d.$, and between Grimsby and Stockport $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ There is also a great inequality in the rates charged by the railway companies for the conveyance of corn, salt, and other commodities, between the seaports and the inland towns. Thus, the rate for corn between Liverpool and Manchester was, until very recently, $8s. 4d.$ per ton for thirty-two miles (since reduced to $6s. 8d.$), while from Gloucester to Birmingham, fifty-three miles, it is only $5s. 6d.$ From Liverpool to Derby, ninety-two miles, the rate is $15s.$ per ton ; and from Gloucester to Derby, ninety-nine miles, it is only $7s. 6d.$

But

But while the Liverpool merchants complain of the advantages given to Hull and other ports in respect of lower mileage rates for timber, corn, and sugar, the Hull merchants on their part complain of the favouritism shown by the North Eastern Company to ports of their own on the east coast. For instance, they complain that the rate from Tyne Dock, below Newcastle, to Leeds, 104 miles, and from Hartlepool, seventy-two miles, is no more than the rate from Hull to Leeds, fifty miles. They allege that the arbitrary power exercised by the railway companies of fixing a lower mileage rate to and from the ports situated at a greater distance from the inland towns, operates most prejudicially against Hull, by abstracting its trade, and depriving it of those natural advantages which it possesses as a port. They say, fix the rate at what you think proper, but let it be an equitable and uniform mileage rate: this will be fair to all parties, and for the interest of trade generally as well as of the companies themselves.

There are, however, still greater anomalies in the rates charged for conveyance of goods between inland towns. For example, the rate for hardware between Birmingham and London is 27s. 6d. a ton, whereas between Birmingham and Sheffield, a less distance, it is 40s.; and between Birmingham and Newcastle, which is twice the distance of Sheffield, it is only 35s. So also with sugar. Between Liverpool and Leeds the railway rate is $3\frac{1}{4}d.$ per ton per mile, between Greenock and Leeds $1\frac{1}{4}d.$, and between Glasgow and Manchester only $\frac{3}{4}d.$ Between Glasgow and Birmingham, sugar is carried at the rate of 8s. 3d. per 100 miles, and between London and Birmingham at the rate of 19s. 2d. per 100 miles! The London merchants, like those of Liverpool and Hull, may cry out against this state of things, but they are powerless. The railway companies can charge what rates they think proper, within their maximum, which is invariably high; and it is thus in their power, by means of differential rates, to ruin the trade of one place and enrich that of another, and in a great measure to regulate the scarcity or abundance of commodities in any particular locality. It may be sufficient to mention that one effect of the very low rates charged for the conveyance of sugar from the north to the south has been to stimulate the sugar-refining trade of Glasgow into unusual activity, and at the same time almost to extinguish that of London.

The defence of the railway companies is, that it is their interest to carry as much traffic as possible at remunerative rates. When they can get three pence per ton they will charge that rate, but when they cannot they will carry for a farthing a ton, or any rate that will leave them a margin of profit however small.

small. Where competition really exists, as, for instance, by sea or canal, they must necessarily carry at rates considerably within their maximum, or not carry at all. The general managers defend this course, and they insist that the public generally are gainers by the competition between the railway companies and steam or canal-boats, while trade is stimulated into activity in new quarters. At the same time, the railway companies compete, not because they like it, but because they cannot help it; and they acknowledge that they put a stop to it wherever practicable. Thus nearly all the canals have become amalgamated with the railways or been arranged with so as to prevent competition; and on such arrangements being effected the rates have at once been raised. It is not, however, possible to buy up the great water-roads by sea, and hence the principal competition railways now have to encounter is with the steamboat companies, which effectually keep down the rates at all points where communication by sea is practicable. But even in those inland districts in which the railway companies possess a monopoly of the traffic, they allege that it is their interest so to regulate the rates and accommodation as to produce the largest amount of remunerative traffic possible. And with respect to the carriage of sugar between Glasgow and Birmingham at the rate of a penny a ton per mile, while the charge between London and Birmingham is $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, they say that they merely offer such a rate as will secure the traffic, and, the distance being so much greater in the one case than in the other, they have necessarily to make the proportionate rate per mile so much the lower. Such, in a few words, is the gist of the defence of the railway companies.

One thing is clear from the evidence adduced before the Commission—that the policy of protecting the public against high fares and rates by encouraging competition between railway companies has completely broken down. The immense superiority of railways over every other means of communication, secured for them, so soon as constructed and opened, a monopoly of the traffic of their respective districts. While the country was as yet comparatively unoccupied, it was possible to put a restraint on the monopoly thus created by granting new and competing lines, and new monopolies were accordingly created for the purpose of checking the original monopoly. But, after great waste, and confusion, and loss, this process came to an end when the country became filled with railways. For so soon as the wastefulness of competition came to be recognised—one company ruining another by running at competing fares—the separate monopolies combined for the purpose of putting an end to it wherever practicable. Parliament itself granted the requisite powers for the purpose, and thus hundreds of independent and competing

competing lines were extinguished by the process of amalgamation. And the position in which we now find ourselves is this,—that railway competition is in a great measure at an end, and the control and management of the internal communications of the country, the conveyance of passengers and merchandise and minerals, has by amalgamation and combination become established as a great monopoly, worked by private companies for their own interest, and with no check whatever on their action except that of Parliament and public opinion.

There can be no doubt that the idea on which Parliament originally set out, of allowing private individuals to project, construct, and retain as their absolute property the national highways and the right of working them for their sole profit, was shortsighted and foolish; and that the theory then entertained of applying the principles of free trade to railways was absurd in the highest degree. For the railway is essentially of the nature of a monopoly, with which anything like free competition is impossible. Railways have superseded nearly every other method of conveyance. The old highways continue to exist, it is true,—the 'ways from town to town' which were 'common to all the King's subjects,'—but mail-coaches, stage-coaches, and all other modes of conveyance, have long since been banished from them, and the only great highways now—no longer public property, but private—are the railways. 'A railway,' says John Stuart Mill,* 'is in a great degree a private monopoly; and a Government which concedes such monopoly unreservedly to a private company, does much the same thing as if it allowed an individual or an association to levy any tax they choose, for their own benefit, on all the malt produced in the country, or on all the cotton imported into it.' This, however, has been done in England; and the way in which it has been done—so strongly in contrast with the policy pursued by Belgium, Prussia, and other continental Governments—has already been productive of many evils, and is likely, if not remedied by legislation, to be productive of many more.

The evidence given before the Commissioners by the leading railway authorities was unanimous as to the failure of competition to promote the public interests. The public may have obtained a temporary advantage during the existence of competition, while the companies were impoverishing themselves by running against each other at low fares; but eventually they suffered very much in proportion to the poverty to which the companies had reduced themselves by the process. One of the effects of that competition is, that many of them are now

* 'Principles of Political Economy,' ii. 530.

endeavouring to recoup themselves for their loss at the public expense, and hence the rise of rates and fares in most of the districts served by distressed railways.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the public interest is promoted by the construction of lines whether the working of them be profitable to their owners or not. When they do not pay, the loss falls on the shareholders in the first place, but on the public in the long run. 'I believe that it is the greatest curse to any district,' said Mr. Sherriff before the Commission, 'to have a railway company that does not pay a fair dividend.' When dividends are diluted, or fall to zero, the public are worse served; the road and the rolling stock become necessarily depreciated; travelling becomes more dangerous; rates and fares are raised; and every improvement in accommodation demanded by the public is rigidly questioned and tardily conceded. Mr. Cawkwell holds that competition has even tended to make rates higher as well as dividends lower. The opening of a competing line has usually been followed, sooner or later, by arrangements between the companies intended to compete, on which there has been an immediate rise of rates above the former standard,—for the sufficient reason that there are two capitals on which interest has to be paid, and two lines that have to be worked to accommodate the same traffic, instead of one capital and one line. Mr. Harrison says, 'There is not a single instance at the present moment where a line has been granted upon the ground of affording competition where that competition exists.'* By granting two lines instead of one, the ability to reduce the fares is lessened; whereas, had one line carried the traffic instead of two, the carrying company could well have afforded to make a large reduction in the fares.

While such are the views of the railway managers as to the injuriousness of competition, they are still more decided as to the advantages of amalgamation. For by amalgamation on a large scale competition in fares between companies is effectually got rid of; the only competition that remains being that of service of trains in districts which are worked by more companies than one. Mr. Harrison pointed to the good effects of amalgamation in the case of the North-Eastern Railway, the largest amalgamated company in the kingdom. It is composed of the lines of twenty-five different companies, now amalgamated into one railway 1200 miles in length, worked by one staff and one board of directors instead of by twenty-five several staffs directed by twenty-five boards. The result has been the more effective working of the amalgamated railway at less cost, with advantage to the

* 'Evidence,' p. 721.

shareholders in the form of improved dividends, and to the public in the form of reduced rates and fares, as well as greater safety. 'Every fresh amalgamation,' said Mr. Harrison, 'has added to the development of the traffic. We have improved from being a non-paying line to paying six per cent. I am quite satisfied now, after several years' experience, of the benefit of amalgamation.*' So also in the cases of the London and North-Western and Midland railways, both of which have absorbed many smaller and originally competing companies. Capt. Huish, for many years general manager of the former company, stated that in his opinion amalgamation had always proved a benefit to the companies and the public, that it 'produced harmony of action, economy of working, certainty of regulation, and facility of transit.'

Such having been the acknowledged advantages of amalgamations, the question has been asked—Why not carry out the principle? There are now more than 400 distinct railway companies in the kingdom, governed by 3400 directors and leading officials, which would doubtless be much more economically and effectively managed under a more concentrated system. But here the railway managers are by no means unanimous. One thinks that all the lines ought to be allowed to fall into four or five large groups; another that further amalgamations are desirable, but should only be carried out while companies are prospering; a third, that amalgamations have already gone sufficiently far; while all are opposed to the amalgamation of the railways into one system, and especially to their becoming the property of the State and being worked for the sole benefit of the public as in Belgium.

It is, however, generally acknowledged that there is great room for improvement as regards the consolidation in the working of the Irish railways. All the evils of the present English system exist there in an intensified form. Irish railway management is disjointed and chaotic; enmities and jealousies exist between the companies, which interfere with the due service of the public; trains do not run to meet each other, but often to miss each other; and all manner of expedients are adopted by rival companies to force the traffic by their own particular routes, often at the cost of much time, money, and patience. The accommodation given to third-class passengers in Ireland is inferior to that of every other country. It will scarcely be credited, that, although the distance from Waterford to Dublin is only 112 miles, third-class passengers cannot make the journey in less

* 'Evidence,' p. 724.

than two days, arising from the rivalry of the companies owning the railways between the two places. But one of the most monstrous features in the Irish railway traffic is the exorbitancy of the fares. They are higher than those charged in either England or Scotland, where the people are far better able to pay them, and greatly higher than those charged in Belgium, Germany, and France. The third-class passenger in Ireland actually pays more than the first-class express passenger does in Belgium. Thus, between Dublin and Athlone, 80 miles, the *third-class* fare is 6s. 6d., whereas between Brussels and Verviers, 86 miles, the *first-class* express fare is only 5s. In Prussia, the working-class fare for a distance such as that between Dublin and Athlone, at three-eighths of a penny a mile, would be only 2s. 6d. What is the consequence as regards Irish passenger traffic? That it makes comparatively little progress; and the third-class, which in all other countries increases the most rapidly, is almost stationary. In Scotland, where the fares are lower, 76 per cent. of the whole number of passengers carried are third-class; but in Ireland only 60 per cent. In short, the fares are beyond the poor Irishman's means; and, in many cases, he prefers to walk. And wherever a working man decides to make his journey on foot rather than by rail, because of the cheapness of the former method of travelling, it may safely be concluded that there the railway is not performing its proper function.

It is the same with rates for merchandise, which are in a great measure prohibitive of any further development of the traffic of Ireland. Coal, which in England, Belgium, Prussia, and France, is carried at a halfpenny per ton per mile, and under, is on some of the Irish lines charged three times that rate. The charges for the conveyance of live stock are so high that by far the greater number of the cattle, sheep, and horses that travel, continue to go by road, only about one-seventh part of the whole being conveyed by rail. The charges for carriage of agricultural produce and of manure are almost prohibitory. And as regards goods, the tendency of the present arrangements is towards the gradual extinction of Irish commerce. Mr. Bagot, a Dublin merchant, describing the evils arising from inequality of charges, and the discrepancies between the through rates from England to the Irish inland towns *via* Dublin, and the rates *from* Dublin, used these strong words: 'Our direct import or foreign trade is thus being sapped and undermined.' Nothing is done to develop the traffic in dead meat, though Mr. Cawkwell is of opinion that, under proper arrangements, it might become a great branch of trade, as in England; and though the west coast of Ireland is swarming with fish, no facilities are afforded for the conveyance

conveyance of the article, so that the fish remain uncaught, and the coast population unemployed. In short, were it the object of the directors and managers of the Irish railways to repress the industry of Ireland, they could not adopt more effectual means for that purpose than those they are now pursuing.

But the proprietors of the railways are not without their defence. They represent that the Irish lines, like the English, have been constructed at the cost of private individuals, under powers granted by the State; that they are, in fact, speculations authorised by Parliament, and that it is the business of directors to render them as profitable as possible to those who have invested their capital in them. Like some of the English companies, they are of opinion that this is only to be done by maintaining a high rate of fares; and so long as these do not exceed the maximum fixed by Parliament, the public have no alternative but to grin and pay. At the same time, it is clear that the present system of working the Irish railways, while it is extremely onerous to the public, does not enrich their proprietors; for the expense of working them on the high-fare system amounts to not less than 57 per cent. on the gross receipts, while the average dividend paid on the open stock of the companies does not amount to more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It is also worthy of notice that, while the increase in the receipts from passenger traffic on the English railways in 1866, compared with 1865, was 664,985*l.*, and on the Scotch railways 75,134*l.*, the decrease on the Irish railways during the same period was 41,156*l.*

And yet the mileage of Irish railways, compared with the population and the area of country served, is less in proportion than either in England or Scotland, while the Irish lines have been constructed more cheaply than those of most European countries, as will appear from the following table:—

COUNTRIES.	Miles open.	Miles of Railway to every 10,000 Population.	Miles of Railway to every 100 Square Miles of Territory.	Average Cost of Railways per Mile.
		Miles.	Miles.	£.
England ..	9701	5	17	41,500
Scotland ..	2244	7	7	23,600
Ireland ..	1909	3½	6	14,000
Belgium ..	1247	2½	10	18,280
France ..	9014	2½	4½	24,300
Prussia ..	3777	2	4	16,740
Austria ..	3694	1	3	21,700

As it is clear that the present management of the Irish railways is materially obstructing the prosperity of that part of the United Kingdom, the question of how the obstruction is most effectually to be removed has come to be one of great public importance, and numerous expedients have been proposed for solution of the difficulty. All the English railway managers who gave evidence on the subject before the recent Commission were agreed as to one point, namely, the necessity for greater consolidation in the management of the Irish lines. Mr. Cawkwell recommended that they should be amalgamated into four sections; Mr. Allport, that they should be amalgamated into three; while Mr. Bidder held that one uniform management would be the best. One consolidated company would not by any means be too large for effective management. Indeed, all the Irish lines combined amount to little more in length than several of the larger English railways, while their combined annual income is very much less. The gross receipts of the London and North-Western Company are four times greater; those of the North-Eastern and Great Western more than double; while the Midland, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Great Northern, each earn considerably more money than all the Irish companies. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that the whole traffic receipts of Ireland are less than those of the Great Eastern Railway, which runs through an almost purely agricultural district.

As the testimony is uniform as to the advantages derived by the public from consolidation of railway interests in England, it seems clear that similar results would follow the consolidation of the Irish companies. Rivalry, jealousy, and competition, would be put an end to, and an immense saving be at once effected in working expenses. A large number of useless boards of directors would be abolished, with their separate auditors, secretaries, engineers, and general managers. There are 333 Irish railway directors, 70 auditors, 35 secretaries, and 13 general managers, all of whose functions would be much more satisfactorily performed by an efficient executive sitting in Dublin. But as the authority of Parliament would be required to enable a general consolidation of the Irish companies to be carried out, a further important question has been raised in the course of this discussion, namely, whether the railways of Ireland should not cease to be the property of private individuals, and become the property of the State, and be worked, as they have been with so much success in Belgium and Germany, for the sole benefit of the public.

Had the proposal made to Parliament by Lord George Bentinck

Bentinck in 1847—that Government should undertake the construction of Irish railways in conjunction with private capitalists—been carried into effect, it would probably have proved one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon Ireland; but it has been the misfortune of that country to be made the battle-ground of party, and the proposal was defeated. More fortunately for India, party combinations did not stand in the way of a policy similar to that recommended by Lord George Bentinck for Ireland being adopted in that dependency; and the native Hindoo is now, with the help of British capital guaranteed by the British Government, enabled to travel a hundred miles for 2*s.*, while the poor Irishman must pay four times the price for the like service. It is not, however, too late to remedy the evils occasioned by the present chaotic and unnational Irish system. The railway companies are in too distressed circumstances to stand out for high terms. Two of them are bankrupt; two are at a standstill; six have paid no dividend on their preference stocks for three years; ten have paid no dividend on their ordinary shares; two pay less than one per cent.; five pay less than the funds; six only have paid more than the funds, but less than the ordinary rate of commercial interest; while, with one exception, that of a line near Dublin, six miles in length, all the shares are below par.

Mr. Dargan, a competent judge, estimated the present value of Irish railway property at 22,000,000*l.*, or less than one year's expenditure on our Army and Navy. For this amount the whole of the Irish lines might be purchased, by the creation of a Government Stock at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the interest on which would be less, by 157,000*l.*, than the net receipts of 1865. Mr. Stewart expressed an opinion before the Commission that the whole working expenses of railways in the United Kingdom might easily be reduced 10 per cent. without diminishing the convenience or service of the public. If this be the case with the United Kingdom, the reduction for Ireland would probably not amount to less than 15 per cent. But allowing for a reduction of only 10 per cent., the balance at the disposal of the Government would be about 330,000*l.* per annum, which might be applied, first to the reduction of rates and fares, and next to the extension of railways into districts not yet provided with them. The lines might either be worked directly by a Government staff, as in Belgium, or the working might be leased to a company, with conditions for affording every possible facility to the public, and subject to low rates for passengers, cattle, merchandise, coal, and minerals. But the working of the lines is a mere matter of detail, and could be arranged without difficulty were the

the important principle once definitively affirmed, that it is to the interest of the public that the State should become the owner of the national highways in lieu of the private companies. Even though this principle might not be accepted as regards England, it may be held, as it has been held, that Ireland, like India, forms an exceptional case; that we have, indeed, already made Ireland an exception to our usual policy by supporting Irish railways with Government money, though we have gone to work in the wrong way; and that the time has at length arrived for correcting past errors, and assuming the proprietorship of the Irish railways, on the grounds of enlightened public policy.

No such recommendation has, however, been made by the Royal Commission of 1865. Their report, though containing much interesting information as to the history of railway enterprise, and full of details as to the working of railways, is on the whole very disappointing as to the measures recommended for the improvement of the railway system. The strongest thing in the Report is the large Egyptian type in which sundry recommendations are printed—in imitation of the style of Mr. Reade the novelist, when he makes his characters speak loud—though, for anything of force which they contain, they might as well have been set in the smallest nonpareil. The two supplemental reports of Mr. Monsell and Sir Rowland Hill are much more valuable, and are especially worthy of consideration. The former, in support of the policy of Government assuming the proprietorship of the Irish railways, has not yet been answered, and indeed is unanswerable. That of Sir Rowland Hill is a Report for the future, worthy of the author of the ‘Cheap Postage System.’ In brief, he sets forth that experience has shown that railways are essentially monopolies; consequently, that they are not suitable objects for ordinary commercial enterprise; that they cannot be left advantageously to independent companies, who, of course, manage them with exclusive reference to their own interests; but that they should be in the hands of those who will control their management with a view to the interests of the country at large, that is to say, in the hands of the Government.

Into this large and important question we cannot now enter; but we shall be surprised if the views which Sir Rowland Hill sets forth with so much point and vigour do not meet with increased and increasing acceptance by the public. The readiness with which Parliament recently empowered the purchase of the telegraphic lines by the State—a measure which would not have been deemed practicable five years ago—shows how rapidly public opinion ripens under admitted practical grievances. And though it might be deemed impracticable at the present time to

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carry a measure through Parliament for the like purchase of British railways, there can be no doubt that opinion is travelling rapidly in that direction, and that it has been not a little accelerated of late by the sudden great increase of fares on some of the metropolitan lines. When railways were originally authorised, private interests were compelled to give way to the public good; and if it should appear, after the experience of forty years, that the private interests of the proprietors of railways are incompatible with cheap locomotion and the proper accommodation of the public, private interests must again give way; and then it may be deemed expedient, in the interests of society, that the State—which is but Society organised—shall resume possession, and become the owners and controllers as in former times, of the great highways of the kingdom.

ART. II.—*A Memoir of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot.* By the Countess of Minto. Edinburgh, 1868.

WE should be sorry to chill the hopes or cloud the prospects of a distinguished and popular class of public servants, but we are afraid that diplomacy has seen its best days; and that if steam, electricity, and responsible government have not proved its ruin, they are rapidly accelerating its decline. An ambassador at a corrupt or despotic Court, several days' or weeks' journey from his own country, had ample scope for the display of tact, insight into character, knowledge of affairs, and even statesmanship. He had to deal with favourites, as well as with ministers of state. He had to humour caprices, and watch for happy moments—the *mollia tempora fandi*—as well as to draw up protocols or dictate despatches. Instead of telegraphing for instructions, he was obliged to act upon his own judgment and responsibility on the spur of the occasion, when haply the fate of kingdoms depended on the success or failure of an intrigue. It was a mistress, Madame de Pompadour, irritated by some contemptuous expressions imprudently let drop by Frederic the Great, that induced France to join the combination against him in the Seven Years' War; and many similar instances might be adduced in favour of Voltaire's well-known theory of causation in history—that great events are brought about by small things. When empires were ruled by loose or capricious women, there were no bounds to the influence which an accomplished and quick-witted man of the world might exercise; and prior to the French Revolution a Court or Government controlled

trolled by reason, or anything that could be called policy, was rather the exception than the rule. 'Many men, in all nations, long for peace,' says Carlyle, speaking of 1759; 'but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not; their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing.' These three women were Elizabeth of Russia, Maria Theresa, and Madame Pompadour.

'Ah, my friend! [writes Madame du Barri] who would have told me in my fifteenth year that the day would come when I should be obliged to mix diplomacy with every action of my life? There were moments when, dismissing the anxieties caused me by these trickeries, I burst out laughing to think that I was directing the most important interests in concert with foreign ambassadors and ministers. Behold me surrounded by the Pope's Nuncio, Monseigneur Giraud, Archbishop of Damas; the Count of Marcy Argenteau, Austrian Ambassador; the English Ambassador, Viscount Stormont; M. de Moncenigo; and all the other great and petty members of the diplomatic body. How sly I was with that Moncenigo, who was sly in everything. How reserved I was with Lord Stormont, who phlegmatically tried to win me over to the interests of England. He was eternally hanging about me. I could not guess the reason of his tiresome assiduity. At last, one fine day, he told me that his Court desired to give me proofs of its goodwill, that it contemplated offering me an annual present worthy of it and me. "My Lord," I replied, in a severe tone, "the woman whom the King of France honours with his friendship is rich enough to make presents, and esteems herself sufficiently to receive none!"'

A pupil in the Chesterfield school would have avoided such a blunder, and this was the school in which the most renowned diplomatists of the eighteenth century were brought up. The Prince de Broglie, who dates (and, we think, a little antedates) the subversive change in diplomacy from the French Revolution, speaks thus of its professors or practitioners prior to 1789:—

'Their memory was a gallery of living portraits, and their conversation, studded over with the most august names, but marked by a discreet malignity, resembled that which is often carried on in the vestibule about the *habitués* of the château. There is nothing offensive in such a comparison. During a *régime* under which kings represented the entire State, faithful domestic service without meanness was a natural form of patriotism. A large portion of their wandering lives was also spent in the pursuit of sensuality and elegance, in sumptuous fêtes, where they were hosts and guests by turns, wherever they pitched their tents. They gave the signal for pleasure. Strange pastime, it will be said, for the depositaries of the destinies of nations. But this judgment would be as superficial as pedantic; for if their policy was frivolous, their frivolity was still oftener political. These diversions were but an occasion for encountering on the pacific territory of a salon, in the midst of songs, flowers, and festivity, the rival of the eve
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become the doubtful friend of the morning; to observe him when off his guard in the whirl of dissipation, and by the charm of private relations to soften the too rude conduct, and deaden the too clashing contact, of public interests. Besides, what ease in sustaining the weight of the heaviest affairs! what art in untying the knots! What reserve, exempt from restraint, in the *laissez-aller* of a trifling or animated conversation! What strategy hidden under the mask of good-humour! What finesse in insinuation! What vivacity in the repartee! Entrusted to these light hands, the stormy communication of nations retained to the very eve of armed conflict, and resumed on the very morrow of battle, the character of graceful amenity befitting the commerce of men of high rank and similar education.*

He adds, with something like a sigh of regret:—

‘Our generation has seen the wrecks of this artificial and brilliant group, to which the Restoration of 1815 brought back some days of transitory *éclat*. The spectacle was curious, and I like to recall the memory of it, more especially now that this product of another age of the world has been buried for ever under successive layers of revolutions.’

In the course of a valuable paper on ‘The Diplomatic Service,’ Sir Henry Bulwer plausibly contends that the result of the alteration should be increased care in the choice of our diplomatic agents, and a marked improvement in their character:

‘The affairs which were lispingly discussed in the lady’s chamber are now seriously debated in the representative assembly; and the secrets timidly uttered round the fauteuil of the Minister are publicly printed in the daily papers. The nation is no longer circumscribed within the limits of a Court. It is necessary, then, that diplomacy should become acquainted with the nation itself.’

This raises a grave and difficult question upon which we are not at present disposed to enter. The sole point to which we wish to direct attention is that the new school rarely requiring, will rarely be chosen for, the personal qualities which create interest or be frequently placed in circumstances which give piquancy to private correspondence or memoirs: that the old school are practically extinct already; and that consequently a real service to historical and biographical literature is rendered by any one who rescues from oblivion an active and varied diplomatic career of the olden time. Such a career cannot fail to illustrate the manners and morals as well as the political annals of the period; and such a career pre-eminently fitted to amuse and instruct, is now before us in ‘A Memoir of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot,’ by the Countess of Minto.

* ‘La Diplomatie et Le Droit Nouveau.’ Par Albert de Broglie. Paris, 1868.
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The subject of this memoir was by no means a model diplomatist. Some of his best as well as his exceptionable qualities were ill suited to the vocation. He was high-spirited, impulsive, and imprudent, as well as clear-sighted, sagacious, and quick-witted. His self-indulgent habits, with his incurable irregularity, formed a grave drawback to his imperturbable presence of mind, his chivalrous courage, his varied acquirements, his ready wit, his powers of conversation, and his admitted charm of manner. But if this sort of man occasionally gets into difficulties by overstepping the conventional line, he has also methods of his own for getting out of them; and his biography, besides being the more interesting in itself, is so much the better adapted for placing in broad relief the peculiarities of the Courts to which he was successively accredited.

His character being of this composite sort, the duty of evolving and portraying it has fortunately been undertaken by a granddaughter who has inherited its brightest points, is on a par with him in fancy, feeling, and accomplishments, can follow him in his most discursive flights, and appreciate him in his most erratic moods. Her materials, independent of family traditions and reminiscences, consist of two portions or classes of correspondence: the first, composed of letters written by or relating to Mr. Elliot; the second, of letters private and official, written to him at different periods. These fill several volumes, and the nicest discrimination was required in dealing with them; but not only are the selections made with excellent judgment and unimpeachable good taste,—they are pointed by reflections, and connected by additional matter, in a way to give unbroken continuity to the narrative. Consciously or unconsciously, whilst professing merely to edit ‘Notes from Minto Manuscripts,’ Lady Minto produced a valuable memoir, when, under this title, she printed the substance of the work before us for private circulation in 1862. It now, in its completed shape, presents a full-length and striking portrait of a remarkable member of a remarkable race. The very sarcasm levelled at the Elliots in the palmy days of Whig patronage, as ‘The Scotch Greys,’ was in some sort a recognition of their talents and energy.

The Right Honourable Hugh Elliot, who concluded a distinguished career of public service as Governor of Madras, was the second son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, the third baronet, whose family was ennobled in the person of the fourth baronet of the same name in 1797.* He was one of five children—

two

* Long prior to this creation the family had belonged to the Scotch Noblesse *à robe*.

two brothers, two sisters, and himself. He was born in 1752, but Lady Minto has been unable to discover anything material relating to him prior to 1762. The first ten years are almost a blank; the family correspondence is entirely silent as to their domestic doings. 'In none is there any allusion to favourite haunts, to gardens or grounds, to dependents or pets, nothing to show affection for home as a place. Strong family affection, however, has been ever the characteristic of the race.' Lady Minto delicately suggests, that, if the unsettled life of the parents, divided between London, Edinburgh, and two or three other places, will not account for the phenomenon, it is possible that the home itself may not have been of the kind to make itself remembered with unmixed pleasure. 'Sir Gilbert' (she says) 'was a grave, highly cultivated man, immersed in politics, and, like all fathers of his time, seems to have inspired his family with as much awe as admiration. Lady Elliot, clever, high-spirited, and imaginative, was not, like one who filled her place in after years,

"Blessed with a temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

To a want therefore of home sunshine, it is possible that we may in part ascribe the fact that the letters written from home deal chiefly with news, with politics, or with advice, while those addressed there by the absent sons are confined to matters affecting their studies and pursuits.'

The two elder brothers, Gilbert and Hugh, were brought up together. From 1762 to 1764 they were under the care of a private tutor, Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Liston, at Twickenham. Towards the end of 1764 they were placed in a military school near Paris, where they had Mirabeau for a schoolfellow, and David Hume, to whom they were specially commended, as a protector and friend. At the end of two years (in 1766) they were removed to Edinburgh, where they pursued a multiplicity of studies, natural and moral philosophy, mathematics, chemistry, classics, &c., under the superintendence of Professor George Stuart, besides taking lessons in drawing, fencing, and dancing. In 1768 they went to Oxford and were entered of Christchurch, which was then, as now, the college most in request for young men of family and fortune. Hugh did not keep terms enough to entitle him to a degree, and in 1770 we

rode. The first baronet (creation of 1700) held the title of Lord Minto as a Lord of Session, and was subsequently appointed Lord Justice Clerk. The second was also appointed Lord Justice Clerk, and held the same title. The first Earl was successively viceroy of Corsica, envoy-extraordinary to Vienna, president of the Board of Control, and Governor General of Bengal. General Elliot, Lord Heathfield, was descended from a common ancestor.

find

find him and his brother at Paris, mixing in that society which has been so happily hit off in two sentences by Sydney Smith: 'There used to be in Paris, under the ancient régime, a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers. Among these supped and sinned Madame d'Espinay, the friend and companion of Rousseau, Diderot, Grimm, Holbach, and many other literary persons of distinction.' This was the lady who especially attracted Gilbert, and the brothers were favoured guests in the salons of Madame du Deffand, Madame Geoffrin, and the rest of the 'pleasant but wrong' set to which Sydney Smith alludes. Their reception by Horace Walpole, then at Paris, was characteristic: 'As soon as we were equipped' (writes Hugh) 'we waited on Mr. Walpole, who seems to be as dry and cold a kind of gentleman as ever I saw. He cleared up a little when he heard that we had some French acquaintance, and did not depend entirely upon him for introduction.' In the same letter he describes their visit to Madame de Boufflers, whom they found at her studies in her bedchamber, and were told by her, after talking about English and Scotch authors, that, if she had time, she would set about translating Adam Smith's 'Moral Sentiments,' giving as a reason, '*il a des idées si justes de la sympathie.*'

In the autumn of 1770 Hugh, instead of returning to Oxford with his brother, proceeded to Metz, where a camp had been formed for the instruction of the Duc de Chartres, to study military tactics; for his chosen profession was the army, and the compulsory change of destination was the first and greatest disappointment of his life. In strict keeping with the practice of this period, Scott describes Waverley as joining his regiment a captain, 'the intervening steps of cornet and lieutenant being overleapt without difficulty;' and Hugh Elliot expected to begin active service in the command of a company. So early as 1762, being then in his tenth year, he had been nominated to an ensigncy in a newly-raised regiment by the colonel, General Scott, and in accordance with the usual privilege or (more correctly speaking) traditional abuse, his time would have counted from the date of the commission, and his promotion have gone on precisely as if he had been never absent from his duties. It is a curious circumstance connected with this nomination, that it was denounced by Wilkes in the famous No. 45 of the 'North Briton.' Whether on account of the resulting notoriety, or from an unwonted impulse of public virtue, or some less justifiable and more occult motive, Lord Barrington, Secretary of War when Hugh proposed to join, refused to ratify the appointment, and the utmost degree of favour that could be obtained for him

was

was the nominal rank of captain, which it was hoped would enable him to enter a foreign army with advantage. In this, too, he was disappointed; and it is strange that he and his friends should have been so imperfectly acquainted with the rules of the Austrian service as to suppose that they would or could be set aside in favour of a young foreigner, be his personal recommendations what they might.

Although he failed in his main object of entering the Austrian army with rank, he had every reason to congratulate himself on his visit to Vienna, where he added largely to his military knowledge, made valuable friends, and left the best possible impression of his disposition and accomplishments. At that time, remarks Lady Minto, his love for the profession of arms amounted to a passion, and resolved to gratify it at all hazards, he proceeded from Vienna to Warsaw to place his sword at the disposal of Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, whose Court is truly described as then the most brilliant and dissipated in Europe, although his dominions were overrun by the armies of three great Powers, and both throne and monarchy were tottering to their fall. Considering the heroic efforts and terrible sacrifices of the Poles so repeatedly renewed since their cause has been utterly hopeless, it is a fair subject of speculation why they were incapable of striking a bold blow for their independence, when, although gravely threatened, it was still unshaken and entire. In September, 1772, Hugh Elliot writes to his father:

‘I have met with a very favourable reception here. The King’s person and manner are strikingly engaging and manly. I never was so moved with any scene as with the first aspect of this Court. Remorse or despair get the better of the forced cheerfulness with which they endeavour to veil the approach of ruin, slavery, and oppression. But these only prompt them to complaints; not one man is bold enough to draw his sword in the common cause. All the blood that has been shed in the numberless confederations was only the consequence of private piques and jealousies, fomented by the intrigues of France.

‘I could not help expressing my surprise to the King (the last time I was with him) that he did not raise his standard in some part of the kingdom, as I was sure, from my own feelings, that he would soon have an army of volunteers, able at least to defend his person from danger. He took me by the hand, and said, “Ah! mon cher Elliot, nous ne sommes pas des Anglais.” He is now reduced to the greatest distress, as his revenues are entirely in the hands of his enemies: he has hardly wherewithal to pay his household servants, much less an army.’

Leaving this degenerate monarch and devoted race to their fate, he looks about for the place where fighting was most likely

to be had, which just then happened to be Moldavia, where a Russian army was confronted by the Turks; but, hostilities being deferred by the unexpected prolongation of an armistice, he took a trip to Constantinople, much to the displeasure of his father, who, naturally enough, complained of instability of purpose and want of self-control, and enjoined an immediate return to England. To this Hugh respectfully but most positively demurred. It would be, he urged, to the lasting disgrace of his country and his name if, after so many months' sojourn with the Russian army, he, the only English officer similarly situated, should leave them on the very eve of battle; and he announced the resolution, on which he forthwith acted, of joining the division of Count Soltikoff, which was about to attack a strongly-fortified place on the Danube, promising to return to England as soon as it was made clear 'that the desire of obeying his father's orders, and not the desire of avoiding danger alone, makes him quit the field.' There are abundant indications that he brilliantly distinguished himself in this expedition, although Lady Minto confesses her inability to supply the details. Marshal Romanzow writes to the British minister at Petersburg:—

'He [Elliot] arrives at my head-quarters just as the last negotiation was coming to an end. He learns that the war is about to recommence, and begs to be employed. Just at this time arrived letters from his father, enjoining him to return to England. Not being of the metal of that officer to whom a Marshal replied, on his asking leave of absence at the opening of a campaign, under pretence of order of recall from his parents—"Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land"*—he conjured me to attach him to a corps which I believed would be soonest engaged. I sent him to Wallachia. There he learns that the Turks are in the neighbourhood of Silistria. An engagement takes place, and in the General's report to me of this affair, he tells me such wonders of Mr. Elliot, that I could not refrain from making mention of him to my Sovereign.'

The sole result of Lady Minto's diligent inquiries and research is a passage in the fourth edition of Tooke's '*Life of Catherine the Second*,' in which, describing the surprise of the Russians by the Turks in the campaign of 1773, he says, 'An Englishman

* The refusal of a celebrated Irish patriot to fight a duel on the ground of the possible deprivation to his wife and daughter, gave rise to the following epigram by T. Moore:—

'Some men in their horror of slaughter
Improve on the scripture command,
And honour their wife and their daughter,
That their days may be long in the land.'

It got into print through the indiscretion of an American traveller, and created a lasting feud between the patriot and the bard.

named

named Elliot, in the service of Russia, distinguished himself in an extraordinary manner at Giurgevo. He sprang with no less agility than boldness over the heads and sabres of the Spahis, and fell into the river, which he crossed by swimming.' We must suppose that he made his spring from an elevated ground, like the Janissary who escaped by the famous leap at Cairo; although Elliot does not appear to have been mounted, for a family tradition adds that he crossed the river holding on to the tail of a Cossack's horse. The most flattering accounts of his conduct certainly reached England in the best-authenticated shape, but the desiderated rank in the British army was withheld, and he and his friends naturally felt much aggrieved; for it was not until the Duke of York became Commander-in-Chief that the practice of promotion *per saltum* was suppressed; and many of our readers must remember a Scotch story, of no very ancient date, of somebody asking why a child was crying, and being told, 'It is only the Major crying for his *parraitich*.' A late Colonel-Commandant of the Life-Guards began his military career at Westminster School. One advantage of the system was that officers were less frequently placed in positions of actual command and responsibility till they had attained manhood and completed their general education. Another was, that distinguished merit and eminent fitness might be recognised and marked out for rapid promotion: as in the case of Wolfe, who, had he been left to rise regularly through the subordinate grades, would never have commanded a regiment at Fontenoy or have fallen, in his thirty-third year, at the head of a victorious army before Quebec. Marlborough and Wellington are striking illustrations of the same argument.

Under all the circumstances, the refusal of Lord Barrington—in other words, of the North Ministry or the King—to confer the coveted rank, can only be accounted for on the supposition that Sir Gilbert, the father, was no longer reckoned among their friends. Horace Walpole, writing in February, 1773, mentions him as the man 'whom the King most trusted next to Lord Bute, who, nevertheless, had acted discontent for the last two years;' but raises a doubt whether the refusal of the commission was the cause or effect of this discontent, by describing the course taken by Sir Gilbert on a popular question against the Ministry as originating in revenge or pique. The affair grows more and more inexplicable, when we learn that the same man who was denied the due recognition of his merits and qualities, and the appropriate field for their display, simultaneously received an appointment which any other ambitious young man similarly situated would have preferred, and which his family would undoubtedly

doubtedly have preferred for him. In September, 1773, it was notified to him that he was to be Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Bavaria, and he was named to that post accordingly in April, 1774. He was at Warsaw when the first intimation reached him, and he seems to have lost little time on this occasion in obeying the urgent recall of his father, for his first despatch from Munich is dated June 23rd, 1774. In a letter to Marshal Romanzow he ascribes the appointment to the favourable impression produced in England by the Marshal's praises of his gallantry, adding, 'Pardon me if I regret their effect, since the King has judged that they rendered me worthy of an advancement very far from ordinary in this country at my age; although I feel highly flattered by this distinction, it is with pain that I find myself compelled to let start alone two of my countrymen, who are setting out to search for you on the banks of the Danube.'

The opinion entertained of him and his new profession by his companions in arms may be collected from the tone in which he is addressed by a lively Russian Colonel and diplomatist:— 'What, you desert the banner of Mars, and submit to the yoke of politics! But these rumours must be pure fiction. What! this Elliot, this amiable, sociable, light, gay, gallant, fine gentleman, consents to be immured in cabinets! Why, it is a larceny perpetrated against society. All my ideas are confounded by it. The lively and careless Elliot is, then, about to assume the sombre and phlegmatic air of a minister. After such a phenomenon I do not despair of seeing some day or another the Pope in the uniform of an hussar!' The illustration is not a happy one, and the writer, Colonel Petersohn, who was then acting Russian chargé d'affaires in the Danubian provinces, might have known that the post of Minister neither implied nor required much gravity or solemnity. If this was so at most places and in ordinary times, it was emphatically so at Munich when Hugh Elliot became resident there. There was then (remarks Lady Minto) little or no business of any interest depending between the Courts of Munich and of London. But any lack of interest in the political correspondence of the British legation at Munich was amply made up, by the private letters which came from or passed through it. 'The only difficulty in dealing with these is where to stop in our selections. In turning them over, the eye is caught by names of such celebrity or notoriety as would rejoice the heart of a collector of autographs; but experience obliges us to confess that less imposing personages might often have written better letters. Madame du Deffand gives us nothing so amusing as an account, by a young English traveller, of an evening at her house, when a *Salade à la Gênoise*

was

was concocted, with much fun and laughter, by some of the most brilliant members of her society. Prince Potemkin's interest in Bavaria seems to have been limited to the concerns of a few pretty women. The first of a long series of letters from Dr. Mesmer opens with a trait which is more entertaining than anything that follows:—"Un remède contre *les nerfs* doit fort intéresser *votre nation*!"

The contents, it is added, are often purposely disguised under an involved style, initials standing for names. Thus, a correspondent, writing from Ratisbon, states that '*les nouvelles particulières d'ici se réduisent à peu de choses, les amours de M. de B. et de la Comtesse C. sont finis quant à l'extérieur, ils s'aiment encore, mais n'osent se le dire. Le directeur de Madlle. C. la porte à renoncer à son inclination pour M. qui la demande en mariage. Elle déclare qu'elle renonce à lui, la bouche le dit, le cœur ne le pense pas; ils s'aiment toujours, et n'en sont que plus malheureux. Les amours du gros L. et de Madame d'Y. sont finis et assez mal, car ils n'ont pu venir à l'amitié après leur rupture; ceux de N. avec R. sont plus tranquils,*' etc. etc.

The first impression, we can well believe, left on the uninitiated reader, is that 'the letters of the alphabet have taken to disorderly courses.' But Lady Minto goes on to say, that after a careful examination, order rises out of chaos, and something like a vision of the social life of the Bavarian Court dawns upon the mind. It pretended to be a Versailles in miniature, and boasted of a Montespan in the person of a Madame de Tarring-Seefeld. 'The scene of the chief pleasures of the Court was Nymphenburg, a country palace of the Elector's which Pöllnitz describes in his letters as a *lieu enchanté*; gardens, waters, woods, hunting-grounds, diversified its delights. Three times a week during the summer the Electress held a court there, when tables for play were prepared in the galleries, while, for those who preferred them, gilded gondolas floated on the lake, and pony phaetons driven by a "cavalier" were at the orders of the ladies who chose a moonlight drive through the woods.' These moonlight drives must have been almost as pleasant as the game called *Scampativos*, played at Le Petit Trianon. The party were divided into couples by the queen or a lady chosen by lot, who gave the signal by clapping her hands and calling out '*Scampativos*,' when the couples were to vanish in different directions for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which they re-assembled, and any couple that had run against or crossed the track of another paid forfeit.

No one was better qualified to shine in scenes and pastimes of this kind than our young minister, then in his twenty-third year;

year; but he does not appear to have been much attracted by them, and he certainly offers a plausible excuse for his want of gallantry when he writes: 'There is not one good-looking woman in this place — by good fortune, for I should be in great danger of learning to talk *en Pastor Fido*; such is the style of this country.' If 'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,' there bade fair to be abundance of first-rate furies in Munich the day after Elliot's presentation; for Mr. Liston, who did duty as secretary in an unofficial capacity, in a letter describing the ceremony, speaks of the 'barefaced advances' and 'masculine attacks' to which his chief was exposed, adding, 'What I admire the most is that he has contrived not to make enemies of those he has refused—a point which is surely not to be managed without difficulty.' It may be inferred from a subsequent letter that the difficulty was not entirely overcome: 'He (Elliot) has indeed too much good sense, and is much too well bred to discover the least symptoms of disapprobation to the persons concerned; but it is difficult to reject the addresses of almost every woman in the place without giving offence to some, and his dislike to the society in general is betrayed by a constant preference of English ideas, and English things.'

Some forty years since a handsome and accomplished Englishman became so much the rage of Paris, that when, from a wound in a desperate duel, he appeared with his arm in a sling and the sleeve of his coat tied with ribbons, the ladies came out with sleeves, tied in the same manner, *à la C*——. The Bavarian maids of honour paid a still higher compliment to Elliot. They sent to his tailor for an old court coat of his, with the avowed intention of dividing the velvet and embroidery amongst themselves. One of these corresponded with him under the pseudonyme of Delta, and succeeded so far in getting the better of his indifference as to drive him into a proffer of friendship and a laboured attempt to prove its great superiority to love. But where lives or ever lived the young and passionate woman who would not agree with Moore's Laura:—

'Oh, never! she cried, could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
We'll make if you please, sir, a friendship of him.'

It was idle for Elliot to draw logical or metaphysician's distinctions. *Distinguons*, as Lady Minto suggests, is easily said; 'but under certain circumstances it requires a strong head and a subtle wit to do it.' Delta, though wanting in neither, was not to be put off with (what Sir Peter Teazle would call) noble sentiments.

timents. She replied: "Vous êtes vraiment singulier! bien éloignée de vous taxer d'impolitesse, votre lettre et la belle française qui y règne m'a fait beaucoup de plaisir; du reste, j'oubliais de vous faire des remerciements des conseils que vous me donnez. Je les trouve grands et beaux, et vous avez raison; mais on s'ennuie parfois avec toutes ces combinaisons. Excusez si je vous dis que vos réflexions sont une suite de votre départ." At all events, if she was to take up philosophy, she wished to hear him philosophise. "Que je voudrais vous entendre discourir; quelles réflexions! quelle variété! et tout cela avec Liston, votre chien et les champs pour les seuls auditeurs."

Her letters, always lively and amusing, were mostly addressed to him at Ratisbon, whither he had retired, on leave, to economise and philosophise. His philosophy, principally exhibited in railing against the roguery and falsehood of mankind and womankind, elicits a brace of maxims worthy of Rochefoucauld or Vauvenargues from the biographer: 'While a young man does not pay his debts, all men are rogues to him; while he makes love to twenty women, the faithlessness of the sex will be his favourite theme.'

It was in the second year of his first mission that Elliot's military ardour broke out in a manner that, but for an opportune check, would have abruptly cut short his diplomatic career before it had commenced in right earnest. In July or August, 1775, he expressed to Lord Suffolk, the Secretary of State in charge of the foreign department, an earnest desire to join the army in America as a volunteer. Lord Suffolk's answer was kind and considerate. After hinting that the time might arrive when such an example might be of essential service, his Lordship adds: 'But at this moment I should not act with the regard I feel for you if I did not dissuade you from quitting the walk you are in, in which you do so well, and are so likely to be advanced.' Sir Gilbert showed no sympathy with a chivalrous feeling, which he terms Quixotic, and Lady Elliot drew a startling sketch of a retired and mutilated veteran, which we commend to the notice of youthful aspirants for military fame.

He was recalled from Munich, with a view to advancement, in the autumn of 1776; but before quitting the opening scene of the career in which he was now finally embarked, we must give an extract from a letter describing a state of things which might have been paralleled in all the minor courts of Germany, except Weimar—which Goethe's patron and friend, the Grand Duke, had converted into a German Parnassus in miniature. In an official letter to Mr. Eden, September 10th, 1774, Elliot writes:—
'To

'To draw any picture of the state of this country would be to go back two ages in the progress of society. They are in nothing on a par with the rest of Europe, except in music and debauchery. . . . That you may judge of the universal ignorance that overspreads this country, I shall only give you two anecdotes which have fallen under my own observation. The trial by torture is the ordinary method, in this Electorate, of convicting criminals. Some time since, three poor fellows, after having been by this means forced to a confession, suffered capital punishment. A few days afterwards, their innocence was proved by the capture of the really guilty parties. An Englishman who happened to be here at the time, expressed his surprise that so cruel a catastrophe should have occurred under the generally mild government of the Elector; this remark had like to have provoked a discussion, to avoid which the Englishman said that this point was much better treated of in a chapter in *L'Esprit des Lois*, than by anything he could say on the subject. Our Premier, with whom he was speaking, repeated several times the word *esprit*, on which the Englishman asked him if he had not read it. He said he believed it was among the number of books which the Pope had, considering his situation, given him a dispensation to read; but that, for his part, il n'aimait pas les *esprits forts*.

'Speaking lately with the President of Finances of the calamities occasioned by the late famine, and of the various plans proposed for avoiding the recurrence of such misfortunes, he said that in other countries precautions might be necessary; but in this, in case of a want of grain, they had an easy resource in the course of the Danube, by which they could always send off numbers of people on a short warning, and that they had already experienced the advantage of this method of getting rid of the superfluous mouths in the last famine, when many thousands went to live in the Austrian dominions. To this ingenious plan is owing the present unpopulousness of this once peopled country. I am told the Austrians have now in their service enough of Bavarian subjects to conquer the whole Electorate.'

Delta's letters teem with proofs of the prevalent corruption, and give significant hints that a day of reckoning, which actually came with the French Revolution, was at hand:—"On fait des projets d'économie; M. de Berchem les conduit tant bien que mal à leur fin, et tout le monde se borne à le maudire et à désirer le voir pendre; nous, femmes de la cour, sommes de ce nombre." Again, "On veut toujours faire des Réformes. Oh! mon Dieu! que fera-t-on de nous?" A play came out attacking the prodigality of the Government:—"Certain well-known anecdotes were introduced in the dialogue, the house applauded; more delicate allusions were loudly interpreted by the audience. Voices called out "C'est pire que cela, telle et telle chose a été oubliée, j'ai donné pour ce service-là une bague de 1000 f.;" and the epi-grams

grams of the stage received their point from the pit. Delta ends this curious account of a first night by the remark, "On croit qu'on ne donnera plus cette pièce." The Court betook itself to prayer:—"A ce point nous sommes à la dévotion, surtout à la cour; bon gré mal gré il faut prier!"

Well might Lady Minto apostrophise the actors in such scenes;—"Dreaming patriots, and black-eyed maids of honour, what fate was yours? Did the beguiling phantoms of your youth become the haunting ghosts of after years? I know not; but to one of you life was checkered henceforth with joy and sorrow, with failure and success, in a greater degree than common, and time floated him rapidly away from the sheltered scenes of youth."

The first chapter of this memoir concludes with the Bavarian mission. The second, entitled 'The Family,' 1772 to 1777, is partly retrospective, and adds some touches to the portrait of Hugh as it might have been taken prior to his departure for Munich, *e.g.*:—"From the correspondence which recommenced on Hugh's departure for Munich, early in 1774, we gather that the well-known figure of the young macaroni riding a long-tailed pony in the park had been sketched by Lord Townshend for the benefit of his pretty new wife, and that she carried it about in her work-bag, though not deeming it "prudent" to let her young adorer have a copy of her own portrait.' This might form a note on Sir Benjamin Backbite's verses:—

'Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies,
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.'

Again:—"Miss Walter, the great "fortune," afterwards Lady Grimston, had been much touched by the sight of Hugh's dejection on bidding her good-bye, though "she was not so romantic as I should have been," said Lady Elliot, "and preferred a rich peer to a young envoy;" but "Miss" somebody else "would really have done for you, and made you a rich good wife, if you had not been determined to say she was crooked and squinted, before you looked at her." Here, too, he has a point in common with one of Sheridan's characters, Captain Absolute (in 'The Rivals'), who admits a predilection for a wife with a limited quantity of back and the ordinary number of eyes.

There is a charming sketch of the 'Minto' (House) of those days contrasted with the Minto of these, and the family letters throughout are as rich in anecdote and political information as Horace Walpole's. Isabella writes in December, 1774:—

'There

'There are forty young Etonians in the new Parliament, and about 170 new faces. Bob, the waiter at White's, is chosen for the same place with Mr. Wedderburn, upon which Lord Suffolk said, he made no doubt they would make a very distinguished figure, being both *bred to the Bar*.'

Elliot's next destination was Berlin, where he took up his official residence on the 1st of April, 1777. A gloomier one could not well be imagined. 'The Prussian monarchy,' wrote Wraxall, 'reminds me of a vast prison, in the centre of which appears the great keeper occupied in the care of his captives.' The streets and squares of the capital, as extended and beautified by Frederic, were wide and handsome, but so out of proportion to the population as to justify the *mot* of the French Minister, who, on the King's asking him whether Berlin was not beginning to rival Paris, replied, 'Yes, Sir; only we do not grow grass in our streets or public places.' Mr. Carlyle has familiarised the reading public with the habits of Frederic the Great, although, in the true spirit of hero-worship, he has laboured to throw all the petty and degrading traits of his royal idol into the background, and place the grander or less objectionable in broad relief. One thing is undeniable: Frederic's stinginess had now become a mania; and although the only royal entertainments were those given by the Queen, to whom all presentations were made, she was so ill provided with the means that those who were bidden to dinner or supper commonly took the precaution of dining or supping before they went. Lady Minto says the habits of the Court were so parsimonious that the glimmer of an old lamp on the staircase of the palace was sufficient to make a passer-by exclaim, 'Her Majesty doubtless holds high festival to-day;' and she quotes Thiébauld for the fact that on one occasion a great lady, recommended by Her Majesty to the care of the assistants, received for her entire portion one preserved cherry. Thiébauld is the author of a most amusing collection of *souvenirs*, comprising sketches of the foreign ministers and missions that fell under his observation during a twenty years' residence at Berlin.* He introduces Elliot in this fashion:—

'After the death of Mr. Mitchell, England sent out Mr. Elliot, a clever man of easy manners; what is more, tolerably handsome, very lively and amiable, original beyond doubt; one is not English without

* 'Mes Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin: ou Frédéric le Grand, sa Famille, sa Cour, &c. &c.' Par Diédonné Thiébauld, de l'Académie de Berlin, &c. &c. Troisième édition. Revue par A. H. Dampmartin. Paris, 1813. Although generally accurate, his account of Elliot begins with a mistake. Elliot replaced Harris (Lord Malmesbury) who succeeded Mitchell.

that. One day, when M. Bouilly and I were dining with him at the Russian Envoy's, he maintained that Shakspeare was truly sublime, and much oftener than Corneille, and that Racine never was sublime. The proof he gave us of this assertion, almost generally admitted in England, is that Racine is always equal, and that the sublime cannot be conceived except under the image of a summit highly elevated between abysses. Now the sustained equality of Racine, he argued, excluded all idea of such a summit; whilst the trivialities of Shakspeare served to set off the beauties of his genius by the singular contrast they presented.

The sole hitch in this argument, as it strikes us, is the assumption that the equality of Racine altogether excludes sublimity. Surely the dream in 'Athalie,' and the death of Orestes in 'Phédre,' are sublime. 'On another occasion,' continues Thiébauld, 'he would fain prove to us that the French language, which by the way he spoke very well, was an essentially poor language, in comparison with most of the other languages of Europe, and above all with the English language.' This, again, is so far from being a paradox that the chief philologists and critics of both hemispheres, with rare exception, are of one mind upon the point. Clear, precise, and well defined as it may be, classical or academical French is surely inferior to German and English in richness, fullness, variety, and pliability; to Italian and Spanish in harmony, melody, and grace. This is one reason why France has produced no epic or lyric poet of the very first class.

Soon after Elliot's arrival Frederic engaged him in a public conversation about the American war, reported verbatim by Thiébauld, which does equal honour to the tact of the Minister and the sagacity of the King, who dwelt especially on the difficulty of supplying and reinforcing armies at the other end of the world. His Majesty's views were shared by his court, who tried to inspire Elliot with their own real or feigned apprehensions of the result. He uniformly maintained the same lofty and hopeful tone. 'The worst that can happen to us,' was his remark as the prospect darkened, 'is that, instead of being the first people in the world, we shall be the second.'

Lady Minto gives the following version of a story which has been told in many ways:—'A vulgar Frenchman who had just heard of the acknowledgment by France of the independence of America, came up to my grandfather, and, thrusting his face in that of the English Minister, said with a sneer—"Voilà un fameux soufflet que la France a donné à l'Angleterre." "Et voilà le soufflet que l'Angleterre rend à la France par ma main!" exclaimed the representative

representative of England, accompanying the words with a stinging box on the ear.'

The Frenchman's rejoinder, if he made any, is not reported, and no disagreeable consequences ensued. But another burst of patriotic zeal got Elliot into a scrape from which it required all the interest he could muster, and all the favour he had acquired by acknowledged services, to extricate him. Early in 1777, two American agents, Mr. Lee and Mr. Sayre, having arrived at Berlin, Elliot was officially warned of their presence and desired to watch their proceedings. Openly and publicly they were discredited by Frederic, and obliged to preserve a strict incognito; but His Majesty's policy was too well known to command confidence, and the course pursued by Elliot is thus narrated by Lady Minto on the authority of his own letters and despatches:—

'Certain persons were desired by Mr. Elliot to watch the proceedings of two *soi-disant* Americans lately arrived at Berlin, known to be agents of the rebel Congress. Offers were made to Mr. Elliot to procure him secretly the papers of the strangers, and to replace them without risk of discovery; which offers were accepted by Mr. Elliot, and promises of reward were given to those who made them. Nevertheless, nothing came of these proposals, the risk attending on their execution being found too great. A German servant, however, in Mr. Elliot's establishment, having been made aware of his master's anxiety to procure evidence of the secret objects which the Americans had in view at Berlin, by overhearing him say at his dinner-table that he would gladly give a sum of money to any one who should bring him their papers waited for no further authorisation, but in the most imprudent and reckless manner broke into the apartments occupied by the Americans in a certain hotel; entering the room by the window, he forced open the bureau, and carried off, "*à toutes jambes*," the papers it contained.

'The master of the house instantly accused Mr. Elliot's servant of the theft, stating that he had been offered a thousand pounds only a few days before to become an accomplice to it; several persons belonging to the hotel were arrested; and the police were pursuing active inquiries into the circumstances of the affair, when Mr. Elliot came forward and declared that he considered himself to be solely responsible for what had occurred. One of his servants, he said, was undoubtedly the culprit, and had been led to commit the act by Mr. Elliot's own imprudence, he having in the servant's presence expressed himself in the indiscreet manner before mentioned. No time had been lost in restoring the papers to their rightful owners, and Mr. Elliot submitted himself entirely to the judgment of the King of Prussia, acquitting his Court of any share in so unjustifiable a transaction.

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'The King gave to this candid avowal a gracious answer, to the effect that he should wish the subject dropped; but Mr. Elliot thought it his duty to advise his own Government to recall him from a post where the credit of his Court might possibly be impaired by the conduct of its representative on this occasion.'

Thiébault gives a different account of this transaction. According to him, Elliot treated the two Americans as his countrymen, never let them out of his sight, was (so to speak) their shadow. 'One evening, shortly after they had gone out to join a party to which they were invited, their despatch-box was carried off. It was brought back the day following, with the money, jewels, and letters of credit found in it, but the credentials and instructions which it also contained never returned. Everybody regarded Mr. Elliot as the author of the theft. There was an universal cry against him, the rather that he made no attempt to exculpate himself, and affected not even to suspect that he was accused. People expected Frederic to break out and vindicate the law of nations thus audaciously violated even in his Court and under his eyes. They were deceived: the affair led to no result: there was not even a word of the King's to cite.'

The King himself, not being wont to stand on trifles in such matters (witness the arrest of Voltaire and his niece at Frankfort), and having always acted on the maxim that the end justifies the means, could hardly have assumed a high moral tone on this occasion; and custom palliated, if it could not excuse, a good deal of laxity when an important object was to be obtained. It is a tradition of the Foreign Office that an eminent diplomatist, wishing to learn the contents of a particular document, made love to the wife of the first minister of the Court to which he was accredited, and got sight of it by her aid. Elliot was severely reprimanded by his Government, being desired to 'abstain from vivacities of language and to discourage so criminal an activity on the part of his dependants.' But this was only to save appearances, for shortly afterwards he was informed that the irregularity of the transaction would be overlooked in consideration of the loyal zeal which led to it, and that his expenses would be paid.

Mr. Carlyle's account of this transaction with the Americans, based on high authority and supported by documentary evidence, adds another to the thousand and one instances in which history is at fault where one would have supposed *à priori* that the exact facts might be easily ascertained:—

'Elliot has been here since April, 1777; stays some five years in this post;—with not much diplomatic employment, I should think, but with a style of general bearing and social physiognomy, which, with
some

some procedures partly incidental as well, are still remembered in Berlin. Something of spying, too, doubtless there was; bribing of menials, opening of letters: I believe a great deal of that went on; impossible to prevent under the carefulest of kings.'

In a note to this passage it is stated that copies of Frederic's letters to his minister in London had been regularly taken by or for some English agent for four or five years, from 1780 onwards, specimens of which he (Mr. Carlyle) saw at the Hague. A little further on we read:—

'I know not whether it was by my Lord Suffolk's instigation, or what had put the Britannic Cabinet on such an idea—perhaps the stolen letters of Friedrich, which show so exact a knowledge of the current of events in America as well as England ("knows every step of it, as if he were there himself, the arch-enemy of honest neighbours in a time of stress!")—but it does appear they had got it into their sagacious heads that the bad neighbour at Berlin was, in effect, the arch-enemy, probably mainspring of the whole matter; and that it would be in the highest degree interesting to see clearly what Lee and he had on hand. Order thereupon to Elliot: "Do it, at any price;" and finally, as mere price will not answer, "Do it by any method—steal Lee's despatch-box for us!"

'Perhaps few Excellencies living had less appetite for such a job than Elliot; but his orders were peremptory: "Lee is a rebel, quasi-outlaw; and you must!" Elliot thereupon took accurate survey of the matter; and rapidly enough, and with perfect skill, though still a novice in Berlin affairs, managed to do it. Privily hired, or made his servant hire, the chief housebreaker or pickpocket in the city: "Lee lodges in such and such a hostelry; bring us his red-box for a thirty hours; it shall be well worth your while!" And in brief space the red-box arrives, accordingly; a score or two of ready-writers waiting for it, who copy all day, all night, at the top of their speed, till they have enough: which done, the Lee red-box is left on the stairs of the Lee Tavern; box locked again, and complete; only the Friedrich-Lee secrets completely pumped out of it, and now rushing day and night towards England, to illuminate the Supreme Council-Board there.'

Frederic's letter to his brother, quoted by Mr. Carlyle, increases the perplexity:—

"*Potsdam, 29th June, 1777.* * * There has just occurred a strange thing at Berlin. Three days ago, in absence of the Sieur Lee, Envoy of the American Colonies, the Envoy of England went" (sent!) "to the inn where Lee lodged, and carried off his portfolio; it seems he was in fear, however, and threw it down, without opening it, on the stairs" (alas! no, your Majesty, not till after pumping the essence out). "All Berlin is talking of it. If one were to act with rigour, it would be necessary to forbid this man the Court, since he has committed a public theft; but, not to make a noise, I suppress the thing. Shan't fail, however, to write to England about it, and indicate that there was another

another way of dealing with such a matter, for they are impertinent" (say, ignorant, blind as moles, your Majesty; that is the charitable reading!).

Although the King of Prussia thought proper 'to suppress the thing,' he ever afterwards nourished a lurking distrust or dislike of Elliot; and his Majesty being simultaneously prone to utter sarcasms against England and her policy, the English Minister was frequently called upon to maintain the credit of his country and his own. He did it with equal spirit and delicacy; invariably clothing his repartees in language which left his royal opponent no opening for rejoinder or complaint. Thus, when Maltzahn, a Prussian Minister of high character, was recalled from the Court of London to spite the English Cabinet, and 'an ill-conditioned fellow' appointed in his place, the King asked tauntingly, 'What do they say of — in London?' '*Digne représentant de votre Majesté,*' replied Elliot, with the deepest of bows.

We give Lady Minto's version of two other repartees, which have been told with variations:—

'Towards the middle of the month a gleam of cheerfulness was thrown over the political horizon by the intelligence that Sir Eyre Coote had won a great victory over Hyder Ali—news not the less grateful to the English Minister at Berlin, because the late successes of that potentate had given rise to a passage of arms between himself and the King. "For some time the relations between England and Prussia had not been cordial, and Frederick showed his bad humour by not addressing a word to Mr. Elliot at several successive levées. Mr. Elliot was indignant and burning to be revenged. When at length, on the arrival of intelligence that Hyder Ali had made a successful and destructive inroad into the British territories in the Carnatic, Frederick broke his long silence, asking—"M. Elliot, qui est ce Hyder Ali qui sait si bien arranger vos affaires aux Indes?" Elliot promptly replied—"Sire, c'est un vieux despote qui a beaucoup pillé ses voisins, mais qui, Dieu merci, commence à radoter." Mr. Elliot related this anecdote to my informant with much exultation, adding—"Sir, it was a revenge that Satan might have envied!" And Satan's envy might have reached its acmé when the news of Hyder Ali's reverses produced an ebullition of spite from the King, which gave Mr. Elliot an opening for a second and no less ready rejoinder. Commenting on the expressions of gratitude to Providence which accompanied the official narrative of Sir Eyre Coote's victory, the King remarked—"Je ne savais pas que la Providence fût de vos alliés." "Le seul, Sire, que nous ne payons pas," was the reply."

Thiébault attributes the second of these repartees to Mitchell, and makes it contemporary with the taking of Port Mahon and the trial of Byng. 'Oh, you have made a wretched campaign.'

paign.' 'Sire, we hope, with God's help, to make a better next year.' 'With God's help? I was not aware you had him for an ally.' 'We, notwithstanding, rely greatly on him, although he is the one that costs us least.' 'Rely, go on relying by all means; you see that he gives you your money's worth for your money.' The maxim, *on ne prête qu'aux riches*, might be employed to invalidate the claim of Mitchell, as well as that of Elliot, to this repartee. It was Mitchell who thus accounted to Thiébault for Frederic's surrounding himself with mean people of limited intelligence:—'Je vais vous expliquer cela en deux mots; ces hommes lui sont nécessaires comme autant de mouchoirs sales dans lesquels il crache son esprit.' Mr. Carlyle, who cannot allow his idol to be beaten in any species of contest, surmises that the passage of words in which Frederic undoubtedly got the worst of it, is evidently apocryphal:—

'"Who is this Hyder-Ali?" said the old King to him one day (according to the London Clubs). "Hm," answered Elliot, with exquisite promptitude, politeness, and solidity of information, "*C'est un vieux voleur qui commence radoter* (an old robber, now falling into his dotage),"—let his dotard Majesty take that.

'Alas, my friends!—Ignorance by herself is an awkward lumpish wench; not yet fallen into vicious courses, nor to be uncharitably treated: but ignorance and insolence,—these are, for certain, an unlovely mother and bastard! Yes;—and they may depend upon it, the grim parish-beadles of this universe are out on the track of them, and oakum and the correction-house are infallible sooner or later! The clever Elliot, who knew a hawk from a hernshaw, never floundered into that platitude. This, however, is a joke of his, better or worse (I think, on his quitting Berlin in 1782, without visible resource or outlook): "I am far from having a *sans-souci*," writes he to the Edens; "and I think I am coming to be *sans six-sous*."'

Elliot had begun life a sworn foe to matrimony. 'Ah, Hugh, Hugh!' wrote Mrs. Harris in 1779, 'do you remember four years ago how you used to abuse all women, and say if ever you married you would live in St. James's Street and your wife in Berkeley Square?' 'What (he writes to Eden in October, 1777) does Eleanor mean about my Congratulatory Letter to Lord Suffolk? I wished his Lordship, most sincerely, every happiness in his new state as soon as I knew of it. I beg, however, Eleanor will do the like;—and although it is not my system to "congratulate" anybody upon marriage, yet I never fail to wish them what, I think, it is always two to one they do not obtain.' On his arrival in Berlin he writes to a recently-married friend, 'All the world are marrying. I begin to be ashamed of my celibacy. In the age we live in one must either destroy or procreate

procreate. There are risks to be run in both callings; our enemies gain by our losses in the first; our friends gain when we are unhappy in the second.' Just so Rogers, whenever a man whom he did not like married, used to say, 'Now we shall have our revenge of him.' About the same time Elliot wrote to the Countess Thun, an attached female friend of a safe age, 'I dare not boast of being perfectly happy; perchance it is my own fault; but, unfortunately, that is no consolation. I am less philosophical than is my wont at the moment when I ought to be more. I believe this is pretty well the fate of all philosophers. We get the better of all the passions, of all the difficulties, when we have none; we succumb precisely as if we were not philosophical, when we have.' St. Evremond came nearer the truth when he boasted of having conquered his passions by indulging them.

The cause of this conversion was the reigning beauty of Berlin—a girl of seventeen, well born and well connected, with some fortune, little or no education, and (to employ his own words before he fell desperately in love with her) 'the manners of Berlin.' Her name was von Krauth, and numberless were the pleasantries he had to undergo from his English friends on his taste for cabbage. 'Beware of Miss Cabbage,' exclaims one, 'for she is artful, and knows very well you love her.' 'If you feed on sprouts,' writes Sir J. Harris, from St. Petersburg, 'you will find them hard of digestion.' His brother, Sir Gilbert—for the news of his growing passion had reached the family in Scotland—'earnestly cautions him against asking a spoilt beauty to share an income which had never sufficed for him alone.' Sarcasms and warnings proved equally vain. If the daughter was not artful, the mother evidently thought the English minister a catch, and took the required steps for securing him. He was assailed at once through his vanity, his sensibility, and his sense of honour. He was led to believe that the damsel was pining away for love of him, and had refused an advantageous offer for his sake. He was told that she was very unhappy *pour lui et par lui*, and that his attentions had been *compromettant* to her prospects as well as destructive of her peace. There was no escape from the dilemma had he wished to escape. On the 9th July, 1779, he writes to Harris, 'I am married in private, without the mother's consent, to the Krauth; after the *éclat* of my attachment to her, I had the choice between folly and dishonesty—my affections pleaded for the first, my conscience forbade the latter. On my part there is very sincere affection, bad health, poverty, and the other defects of character which nature has bestowed on me, and which art has never tried to

conquer; on hers, there is youth, beauty, and strong parts. My project is to keep the matter secret till the king's death. The Prince of Prussia, Prince Henry, &c., are as much my friends as princes can be. I despise the world too much to fear its vicissitudes, and think her worth sacrificing life and fortune to, if necessary.'

He had no reason to be dissatisfied with his choice for a year or two. 'Berlin,' he wrote, 'is dull and insipid, but that is nothing to me. I have at home all that I require.' His family did all that lay in their power to add to his happiness. 'My wife,' he wrote to Sir Gilbert, 'is so fond of your letters that I can think of no better way of teaching her English than by begging you to write to her often, and to make her answer in English.' Her picture was painted for Sir Gilbert; and Lady Minto is disposed to identify it with a miniature in a curiously-worked gold frame, without name or date, found in the desk of her grandfather. It agrees so entirely with the written descriptions that 'we can have no doubt any longer as to whom belonged these long fair curls and sky-blue draperies.' She was a brilliant blonde, with an exquisitely fair complexion. The couple were pressing invited to Minto, and assured of the most affectionate reception; but it is lucky that they did not accept the invitation, for the bride would probably have acted like Miss Ferrier's Lady Julia in 'Inheritance,' and shrunk coldly back from the cordial greeting of the kindly Scots. The catastrophe, which was not long procrastinated, is described with minuteness by Thiébault, and some details omitted by him are supplied by the correspondence. We will endeavour to compile an abridged account of this the turning episode of the life and character we are attempting to trace and analyse.

All agree in one thing, that Elliot made her happiness his exclusive study. He assiduously cultivated the society she might be expected to prefer, and laboured to exclude satiety or weariness by variety of amusement; at the same time he tried to teach her some accomplishments, and to form her mind and heart. The quality of her mind (highly estimated by him) was differently estimated by her contemporaries. Dampmartin, the editor of 'Mes Souvenirs,' writing in 1812, declares that Madame Elliot, far from being *bornée*, was always indebted for her numerous successes to the attractions of her mind as much as to the charms of her face. Thiébault says, 'she was *bornée*, capricious, wilful, as well as vain and coquettish. The lessons bored her, take what precautions they might in giving them. She would read nothing but the most frivolous novels, and she ended by not receiving without temper and hardness the

the most well-timed and friendly representations. However, she became *grosse*, and in due course was brought to bed of a girl, a little before the epoch of her husband's departure for Denmark.' He goes on to say that Elliot left her on an understanding that he was to choose such an habitation as she would like, put everything in order, and then come back for her.

Where Thiébauld errs is in antedating the rupture, which did not take place till after the birth of a second child, a son, who died in infancy. Lady Minto says: 'The early part of the winter of 1782 found Mr. Elliot at his new mission at Copenhagen; his wife had urged upon him so strongly the danger to her own health and that of her child which might arise from a winter journey, that he had consented to leave her till spring under the charge and roof of her mother. A generous nature would have felt grateful for the trust implied in a compliance with her wishes on such a point, but hers was light and arid as her native sands, susceptible of the slightest impression, and of the deepest retaining no trace.' His mother-in-law wrote to him frequently, with ample details of his wife's looks, health, &c., but he must have been strangely deficient in sagacity, or utterly infatuated, not to have been alarmed and forewarned by the tone of the letters: *e. g.* 'Ma fille se porte bien, s'occupe de sa musique, et bien plus longtemps de sa toilette; je ne crois pas qu'elle vous aime comme par le passé—non; mais je me flatte qu'elle a de l'amitié pour vous; elle sentira qu'une femme n'est estimée qu'autant qu'elle est bien avec son mari.'

When the time arrived for joining her husband, after postponing her departure on a variety of pretences, she ended by declaring that no human consideration should induce her to expatriate herself; and he was not long in tracing this patriotic resolve to a guilty and long-indulged passion for her cousin the Baron de Knipphausen, described as '*beau comme Apollon*.' On ascertaining this state of things, Elliot suddenly left his post at Copenhagen under a feigned name, without waiting to ask leave, arrived late one evening at Berlin, and, learning that his wife was absent at a picnic or supper party, possessed himself of the child and her papers, forbade the servants to leave the house under twenty-four hours, so as to prevent immediate communication between the guilty parties, and dashed off as fast as six horses could carry him—this time under his real name—towards Copenhagen, which he reached without interruption. Amongst her papers was the draft of a letter in the handwriting of Knipphausen addressed to the husband by the wife, and containing several false charges and complaints. Having placed the child in safety, he applied for leave of absence to settle his

private affairs, and hurried back to take measures for a speedy divorce and inflict summary vengeance on the Baron, who, owing either to the weakness of his nerves, the weakness of his cause, or both, showed a marked reluctance to giving what is called satisfaction for the wrong. He left Berlin in the direction of Mecklenburgh. Elliot, following in hot pursuit, arrived at the small and only inn of a small town, where he was told he could not be received because all the rooms were engaged by a single traveller. He saw at a glance that he had run his fox to earth. Armed with pistols, a sword, and a cane, he entered the room in which the Baron was ensconced, and demanded instant satisfaction with sword or pistol, which was refused; whereupon he broke his cane over the shoulders of the seducer.

Thiébauld says that he belaboured the Baron's shoulders till he consented to fight, and that they were on the way to the field for that purpose when the Baron objected that it was growing dark. The ensuing discussion drew some spectators to the spot; the combat was consequently postponed to the morrow; and both took up their night quarters at the little inn. But, long before the Englishman arose thirsting for blood at cockcrow, the German had taken the wings of the morning and fled to Berlin, where he added another item to the long arrear of hate by asserting that Elliot had fallen upon him in the most cruel and cowardly manner accompanied by four armed men. Challenge upon challenge, backed by the memory of the caning, were still ineffective to screw the handsome gallant's courage to the sticking-point, and he would have been content to be consoled, like Paris after his inglorious flight, by his paramour, when the hissing scorn of the entire court and capital created the temporary and wavering courage of despair.

According to the same authority, he was compelled to take the field much as (according to Mr. Kinglake) one of the heroes of the *coup d'état* was compelled to go on with it: that he was thus apostrophised by Baron Keith, a man of grave character and philosophical pursuits: 'I was your friend; but since all the infamy with which you have covered yourself, I declare to you that I am so no longer: however, you are still my cousin, and by this title you make me blush: now I will not put up with dishonour either for me or mine: therefore you will fight with Elliot or you will die by my hand: choose.'

Kniphausen, who knew that there was no trifling with his cousin, chose the least dangerous alternative; and Keith, duly authorised to act for him, proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for a meeting. It took place at Baireuth. An attempt at amicable settlement failed; the concessions deman-

manded by Elliot being such as his adversary was not yet sufficiently intimidated to grant. They were: that the Baron should copy word for word, and sign, a paper which Elliot drew from his pocket, declaring not only that Elliot was a man of honour, free from stain or reproach of any kind, but that the two letters written or dictated by the Baron were false, calumnious, and such as (to his knowledge) could only have been written or dictated by 'un homme vil et faussaire.' On his refusal to write himself down a scoundrel the two principals took their ground.

At this point Lady Minto's informant becomes more precise than Thiébault. We translate almost literally from the French statement printed by her :—

'They were to fight with pistols. Kniphausen claims to fire first at twenty paces' distance, and gives for signal the raising the hand to the hat when either should be satisfied. His second, named Coppick, a retired officer, measured the ground. O'Connell, Elliot's second, finds that Coppick's legs are longer than his. The pistols are loaded and delivered to the combatants. E. takes up a position (recommended by Sir Lucius O'Trigger) exposing a full front. K. does the same. E. wore shoes and stockings, K. boots; E. a light frock, K. a great-coat over his frock. K. fires and misses. E.'s pistol goes off as he is in the act of taking aim. K. fires his second shot as ineffectually as his first. E. fires in his turn, and with so just an aim that the wind of the ball makes K. wince and turn his head, and the ball strikes a tree in a right line with him, twenty paces farther off. After this second exchange of shots, K. raises his hand to his head in the hope of quitting the field of battle. E. objects, saying he is not satisfied: that one or the other must remain on the ground, and that the distance should be shortened to ten paces, unless K. would apologise in writing for the letter dictated to the wife and the false charge of assault, &c.

'Thereupon the seconds began another *pourparler*, which lasted nearly two hours. K. made proposals, which were refused by E. The combat recommenced at the same distance, the second of K. having declined to authorise any alteration. K., pistol in hand, cried out that so soon as one of them should be wounded he would sign all that E. had demanded. This satisfied E. K. fires. E., without the slightest movement of the head or body, claps his hand in his breeches pocket. "You are wounded!" was the exclamation. "No, it is nothing," was the reply. O'Connell told him to fire; but, on K. repeating that, if he (E.) was wounded, he (K.) would sign, E. fires in the air, admitting that he was wounded; and in fact the ball had pierced the pocket, grazed the skin, and passed out through a hole in the waistband. E., with perfect coolness, would not allow the wound to be examined till all was finished. After some moments employed in changing or softening the expressions agreed upon, K. wrote and signed a document which in English would run thus :—

" " Mr.

“Mr. Elliot having been wounded by my third shot, and having fired in the air, I declare of my own accord that I regret the wrongs I have done him; that I apologise for them, as well as for having written him an insulting letter. I declare, also, that the reports of his having attacked me with armed men at Fürstenberg are false.”

He also promised, on his honour, to write a letter of apology to the Comtesse de Verelst, the mother of the lady. When Elliot was in possession of these papers, the second of K. proposed that the two enemies should shake hands, the rather that K. had declared their quarrel ended. But Elliot, touching his hat, thus addressed K. in German: ‘Sir, I wish you all happiness; but as to friendship or social ties between you and me, there will never be any. As to you, Sir,’ turning to the second of K., ‘you have conducted this affair like a gentleman, and I shall be happy to say so publicly and on all occasions.’

The spirit and promptitude he displayed on this occasion, and under the depressing influence of an illness which prostrated him when the excitement was over, won him the applause and sympathy of all classes at Berlin. Frederic, overcoming his personal dislike, wrote, ‘Was I not right when I said that he would make an excellent soldier?’ The Princess of Prussia wrote, ‘Your misfortunes were calculated to gain you the compassion of every person of sensibility, and the nobleness of your conduct the admiration and esteem of every one. You have perfectly succeeded: the Prince does you all possible justice.’ He received letters from other royal and distinguished persons in Prussia to the same effect; and, what was still more important, he was judged by his countrymen to have acted in complete accord with the requirements of his painful position. This is proved by a letter, well worth quoting, from Mr. Liston, shortly before going on his Spanish mission:—

‘London, 23rd May, 1783.’

‘The day before yesterday I had an audience of leave of the King (as they mean to despatch me immediately). He kept me (I believe) pretty long, and went through many subjects, amongst others your journey, with which I was amazed to find him so well acquainted. The first accounts he had had of it were from a German Gazette; then from the Leyden paper; then from your two private letters to Mr. Fox, both of which were shown to him; and he must also have heard of it from other quarters, from the particulars I found he knew. I told him that it was a measure of absolute necessity, and that you could not possibly do otherwise; which he seemed to assent to, and I was very happy to find him speak with so little rigidity on the subject. Both the Courts concerned have used friendly language. The opportunity I had of talking so long with the King has had the same effect with

with me as the successive conversations you have had used to have on you; that is, to convince me of his extensive knowledge of many things one would not expect him to be master of, and of his sound good sense in many others. I know not from what circumstance it was, but I felt myself inspired with more courage to speak to him than I usually have to people that are placed even one step above me.'

It will be remembered that Elliot had quitted his post at Copenhagen without leave, so that, considering the religious feelings of George III., his Majesty must have been strongly impressed with the point of honour, as then understood, to have taken so favourable a view of the affair. But George III., besides being personally insensible to danger, was disposed to regard the ordeal of single combat in much the same light as his grandfather, who was sadly mortified at being prevented from fighting a duel with his royal brother-in-law, Frederic William of Prussia.*

Mr. Dampmartin, who will not allow the lady to be a fool, and says that she preserved the art of pleasing till the period at which he wrote, 1812, hazards a doubt as to the exact fidelity of the foregoing narration. 'Did the weakness of Kniphausen descend to such shameful cowardice? Did Mr. Elliot satisfy his anger and jealousy with such brutal violence? Moreover, however just, however firm the conduct of this Englishman, he did not succeed in escaping the ridicule which clings to the husband of a pretty woman from the moment he gives notoriety to an affair of gallantry.' M. Dampmartin, it would seem, agrees with the poet:—

'Le bruit est pour le fat ; la honte est pour le sot ;
L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne et ne dit mot.'

But the notoriety was no fault of Elliot's, and the punishment he inflicted on Kniphausen, who was dismissed from a post of honour and irretrievably disgraced, was a useful moral lesson and a public benefit, as well as a satisfaction to private feelings. Elliot experienced no difficulty in procuring a divorce, and returned to Denmark as soon as his health permitted.

'Thus again (exclaims Lady Minto) he stood alone in life ; his

* George III. manifested nothing more than formal disapproval of the duel between the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond), although the heir-apparent (George IV.) was disposed to treat the affair as a case of *lese-majesté* on the part of the Colonel. One of the last cases of actual posting—a printed placard posted against the walls, denouncing a captain of the Blues as a coward—falling under the notice of George III., in his rides, he exclaimed, 'What ! what ! a captain of my Household Brigade a coward !' An inquiry was ordered, and led to the dismissal of the officer and the brother officers who had sanctioned his refusal of the challenge.

household gods lay shattered round him; the mother who would have mourned over him was gone; and though his family sorrowed for his sorrows, it was with a feeling not unmixed with congratulation at the severance of so deplorable a connection. "Thank God," says Isabella, after his return from Berlin, "you have got safely away from all those strange people!"

To reach this epoch we have been compelled to overleap the other less interesting events or scenes of the Berlin mission, as well as much curious family history, intermixed with anecdotes of political and social life in England. In April, 1782, the Rockingham ministry was formed; and one of the first acts of Fox, on whom the foreign department devolved, was to recall Elliot, under the plea that he had made himself, or become in his own despite, displeasing to the King of Prussia. The recall was accompanied by warm expressions of regret, and promises of speedy preferment; but as these were never fulfilled, although two vacancies occurred almost immediately, Elliot may be excused for suspecting their sincerity, and believing that the alleged reason for his recall was a pretence. Another change followed on the death of Lord Rockingham within four months. Lord Shelburne became Premier; Fox went into opposition; and Elliot received, through Lord Grantham, the offer of the mission to Copenhagen; 'an offer (he writes to his sister Isabella, September 29) which, considering the circumstances of the times and my brother's political line, I think exceedingly handsome on the part of those who made it. I was very humiliatingly treated by the demigod of the blackguards.

. . . My brother seemed most decidedly convinced of the rectitude and ability of a set I neither loved nor approved. He is the creature on God's earth I most love and admire; but I think he, like many others, has been led away by the false glare of a meteor, in which there is neither consistency nor a spark of heavenly fire—a mere blaze kept up by the foul breath of faction and desperation.'

Lady Minto thinks it highly probable that the idea of collecting and preserving his correspondence occurred to him about this time, and was one of his chief occupations on his return to Denmark after the divorce. The collection, chronologically arranged and bound in volumes, terminates with 1784:

'The work was not ill suited to his frame of mind; it was an attempt to keep a waif from the gallant bark which had set out in "life's morning," with "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm."

'Ten years had elapsed since his first going forth from home, and, as he reviewed their flight, what varied scenes must his memory have recalled!—the Cossack tents on the Danube, his hairbreadth escapes by

by land and water, the brilliant Courts of Warsaw and of Vienna, where he left so deep an impression, that years afterwards travellers found, in the title of his friend, a passport to the best society; the gallicised Munich, gay, vicious, and superstitious; the barrack-like Berlin, where everybody not on parade was carousing and gambling, and whence philosophy failed to banish *ennui* and indigestion; but where, across every scene, there flitted a phantom with fair face and golden hair, like the treacherous nymphs of her country's fables, luring the traveller on to trouble and sorrow.'

This very year 1784, however, afforded him one of those rare opportunities of distinction for which an English diplomatist of our time might watch and hope in vain. When he resumed his post, the King of Denmark was sunk in idiotcy, and the Queen-Dowager reigned supreme in his name. She was entirely devoted to the King of Prussia, and her sway was notoriously inimical to English interests. The overthrow of her and her party, long meditated, came to pass on the 14th of April, 1788, when the Prince Royal, the heir-apparent, having just attained his majority with the completion of his sixteenth year, took his seat in council, and desired to read a memorial which he drew from his bosom. It contained a statement of reasons (drawn up by Count Bernstorff) for an entire change of Government; and it was followed by a second instrument, providing that no future decree or order in Cabinet should be valid without the countersign of the Prince. The King signed whatever was required of him, and the *coup d'état* was struck. The parties were so evenly balanced, and their passions so violently excited, that there was every chance of their coming to blows. Now was the time for a representative of England who did not shrink from responsibility and took in the whole situation at a glance.

'The person,' wrote Mr. Elliot to Lord Carmarthen, April 24th, 1784, 'who has principally the ear and confidence of the Prince Royal has made no secret to me of his apprehensions; and declared that it was the determination of their party rather to perish than to abandon the young Prince again into the hands of people whose passions are now too inflamed to know any bounds.

'For my own part, I have thought myself under the necessity of taking a decision without waiting for any instructions from home, as there was no possibility of their arriving before the conclusion of this important transaction. I therefore desired this gentleman to let his Royal Highness know, that, should the opposite party have come to any overt act of violence, I should have asked leave to appear openly in his defence; and, by the fortunate arrival of a number of English ships at this critical conjuncture, there was little doubt but that I might have procured essential assistance from their crews and other persons attached to me in Copenhagen.

'Thanks

'Thanks be to God, the personal resolution, constancy, and prudence of the Prince Royal have alone overcome every obstacle.'

The course he took was officially commended in the highest terms and warmly approved by George III., who was his own foreign secretary whenever his German interests were directly or indirectly concerned,—and whatever affected Denmark more or less affected Hanover. Harris wrote in reference to these transactions that 'Hugh Elliot had not made half enough of his share in them.'

His moral courage (a far rarer quality than physical) and his political *coup-d'état* were still more strikingly displayed in 1788, when he ventured on the extraordinary step of ranging England temporarily against the Court and country to which he was accredited. The combinations had varied since 1784, and Prussia and England were opposed to Russia and France, when Gustavus III. of Sweden made his ill-advised attempt to check the grasping ambition of Russia in the North. With all his dash, bravery, resolution, eloquence, and faculty of kindling patriotic enthusiasm, Gustavus must have succumbed without the timely,* effective, and uncompromising aid of Elliot, who, in the thick of the crisis, writes thus to his official chief at home:—

'The pressing circumstances of his Swedish Majesty, and the immediate danger to which the balance of the North was exposed, left me no time to wait for further instructions than those contained in your lordship's despatches. Indeed, the very positive though general instructions given me, to prevent by every means a change in the relative situation of the northern nations, invested me, as I conceived, with full power to act according to the exigency of circumstances.'

He accordingly left Copenhagen for Sweden, and the urgent necessity for his presence there, with the ensuing results, cannot be better told than in his own animated words:—

'On my arrival in Sweden, after a search of eleven days, I traced the King wandering from place to place, endeavouring to animate his unarmed peasants to hopeless resistance. His very couriers were ignorant of his abode. At length, exhausted with fatigue and illness, I reached the King at Carlstadt upon the 29th of September. Here I found his carriage ready to convey him to a place of greater security; without generals, without troops, and with few attendants, he was devoid of every means of defence. The King's own words were, that "I found him in the same situation with James II., when he was obliged to fly his kingdom and abandon his crown." He was on the point of falling a victim to the ambition of Russia, the treachery of Denmark, and the factious treason of his nobility. In the sincerity of distress the King also added, "to the mistakes of his own conduct."

Backed

Backed as I presumed myself to be by the joint concert of the Kings of Great Britain and Prussia, I did not limit the expressions dictated by the animating conviction of the reality of my powers, and replied with confidence—"Sire, prêtez-moi votre couronne, je vous la rendrai avec lustre." On further explanation, the King consented to adopt all those measures which I thought most suitable to his situation.'

In a narrative which he subsequently sent to Lord Carmarthen, he says :—

'I knew, my lord, how decisive the appearance of an English minister, at that trying moment, would be at Gothenburg—it reunited the well-disposed, and disheartened the disaffected. An early acquaintance with the art of war and science of engineering enabled me to point out the most important positions for defence; and the voluntary offer of assistance from the gallant spirit of the English seamen, then in that harbour, ready to man the batteries under my command, would, I trust, have helped to render the Danish attack of a very doubtful issue, had those very preparations not had the more desirable effect of inducing the Prince of Hesse to treat for an armistice of eight days, in which interval the Prussian declaration arrived, and I was confessed to have been no less the saviour of Holstein than of Gothenburg, Sweden, and its sovereign. . . .

'To so circumscribed a period had the distresses of the King reduced the possibility of retrieving his affairs, that, had I reached Carlstadt twenty-four hours later than I did, or been less fortunate in concluding the first armistice before the expiration of forty-eight hours, Gothenburg must have fallen; and I have the authority of the King, seconded by the voice of the whole country, to say, in that case there would have been no safety for the sovereign in his own dominions, and that nothing less than a successful war, carried on by foreign powers, could have rescued Sweden from a dismemberment by Russia and Denmark.'

Eleven days after Elliot's first meeting with Gustavus, the rescued monarch could announce that the storm had blown over, and truthfully as well as gracefully declare, '*Je ne puis assez louer Elliot: il vient de faire un grand coup qui fait honneur tant à son jugement qu'à son courage, et qui, en sauvant la Suède, conserve la balance de l'Europe et couvre l'Angleterre de gloire.*' No sooner was his Swedish Majesty out of one scrape than he was hurrying in the excitement of the sudden rise of his fortunes into another, when Elliot stepped in and compelled as well as counselled moderation. It was in reference to his intervention to prevent the threatened renewal of hostilities that the Prince Royal (the *de facto* King) of Denmark, in the presence of the military suite, called him '*l'ami commun du Nord.*'

The cavils raised at his exceeding his instructions by what might

might have turned out an actual declaration of war in the name of England against an ancient ally and friendly power, were speedily silenced by the warm approval of his government; and his services on both these memorable occasions being of a character to merit either reprimand and dismissal or promotion to a far more elevated sphere, we cannot help associating him in some sort with the village worthies *in posse* to whom Gray does tardy justice in his *Elegy*. The man who rode on the whirlwind and directed the storm at Gothenburg was born for great achievements. It was no spirit of vanity, it was intuitive self-knowledge or an instinct superior to reason, that inspired his lifelong yearning for a career in which military genius would have been enhanced by statesmanship; and in the minister of a succession of second-rate Courts may have lain hid—if not a Marlborough or a Wellington—a Wolfe, a Hastings, or a Clive. If the second Pitt had been endowed with the same knowledge of men as the first, he would have found more fitting employment for Elliot than sending him on a secret and obscure mission to Paris in 1790 and 1791, or than appointing him minister at the Court of Saxony in 1792, where he remained till 1802. The collected Correspondence being no longer available, we know of no event worth mentioning that occurred during this ten years' mission, if we except the visit of Nelson and Lady Hamilton to Dresden recorded in the amusing and graphic pages of Mrs. Richard Trench. These have already been transferred to this Journal,* and we shall merely add one short extract:—

‘Mr. Elliot, our Minister at Dresden, is a very pleasing man, about forty; his style of conversation and tone of voice are highly captivating. He has a large family of little cherubs, and a charming daughter who marries Mr. Paine this week.’

This was the only surviving child by the first wife. His second is described as a beautiful girl of humble birth, whose personal qualities justified his choice. That such was the family estimate of her may be collected from one of his brother's (Lord Minto's) letters from Dresden.

‘I have, since I have seen Hugh's wife and beautiful children, better hope of his happiness than I ever had before. She is very handsome—her face and head remarkably pretty, insomuch that the celebrated Virgin of Raphael in the gallery, one of the finest pictures I ever saw, is her exact portrait; while two of the children are so like the cherubs looking up, that I told Hugh it was a family picture. I find her sensible and pleasant, and they are both generally liked, and on the best possible footing here.’

* No. 221, Jan. 1862, pp. 44-46.

War having been declared between England and France after the short Peace of Amiens, in May, 1803, Elliot, then in England on leave, was sent as minister to Naples at twenty-four hours' notice, Lord Nelson giving him a passage in the 'Victory.' The first step he took showed his characteristic decision and sagacity. He insisted that the King, Ferdinand IV., who had retired to Caserta to avoid a personal interview, should return to receive his credentials. 'It was right,' he said, 'to show that the presence of a British minister in the capital of Naples, a British man-of-war in the harbour, and of Lord Nelson's fleet in the Mediterranean, were circumstances calculated to restore confidence to the King.'

The chapters devoted to this mission teem with important events, and there is a romantic and dramatic as well as historical interest attached to them and the personages by which they are influenced or brought about. The Queen, Caroline—who cumulated the characters of Maria Theresa's daughter, Marie Antoinette's sister, and Lady Hamilton's friend—was then simultaneously at feud with her quondam lover, General Acton, the virtual prime minister, and with Napoleon, whom she hated and feared personally and politically. Elliot sided with Acton, whom he deemed the only man in the kingdom capable of securing its independence, and the resulting situation is thus succinctly stated by Lady Minto. 'Acton and Elliot became equally obnoxious to France, and the drama enacting at Naples was thenceforth marked by a double plot:—the external struggle between Bonaparte and the sovereigns of the Two Sicilies, and the internal struggle between the Queen and Sir John Acton.' No combination that could be formed out of such materials as Naples was capable of supplying could check, much less resist, Napoleon, then (1804-5) rapidly approaching the culminating point of the 'vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself.' The coarse language, *propos indécentes*, he used regarding her in the presence of the Neapolitan ministers exasperated her into vowing that she would rather spend her life on the mountains of Scotland than throne it in Naples as his slave,—*esclave de ce maudit Corse, de ce Corse rusé*. She partially revenged herself, woman like, by a fling at Josephine on hearing of the institution of the Order of the Iron Crown: 'Josephine aussi crée un ordre—une étoile qui se porte sur la poitrine. Moi je lui donne la devise, Honni soit qui mal n'en pense.'

After reading a letter addressed to her by Napoleon, Elliot writes: 'The first feeling of a gentleman on reading such a letter, addressed to a princess, wife of a sovereign, daughter of Maria Theresa, must be a strong desire to inflict personal chastisement

chastisement on the writer. The arm and not the pen would give the fittest answer.' That Napoleon was utterly destitute of chivalrous or even gentlemanlike feeling, where women were concerned, might be proved by a multitude of instances. It is sufficient to refer to his treatment of the Queen of Prussia and Madame de Staël, who, each in her several way, exacted a complete though (in the unfortunate Queen's case) posthumous retribution. Speaking of Queen Caroline of Naples, Lady Minto says:—

'Numbers of her letters lie before me, some written in moments of intense agitation, others on the most trivial occasions; but in almost all there are some characteristic traits which account for the influence the Queen obtained over those whom she could not dupe. She carried into her intercourse with the persons in her confidence the charm of a kindly *bonhomie*, of a high spirit, and of the indiscretion which looks so like, but is not, trust. Love of children was a marked feature in her character, and there are not, among some hundred letters, half a dozen without a kindly mention of Mr. Elliot's youthful family—"Comment vont les chers, les intéressans enfans?" "Que les chers enfans prient pour moi." "Mes amitiés à l'excellente Madame Elliot et à la charmante petite colonie." "Je suis touchée de l'amitié des enfans." These and similar phrases recur perpetually in letters containing the most important information, and often half illegible from the emotion of the writer.

'Almost as numerous are the words of praise and affection lavished on Lord Nelson:—"Que fait-il, où est-il, mon héros—le brave et digne Nelson?" The sight of an English sloop, a vessel of war, carrying despatches to Nelson, and beating out of port in a high sea, and in the teeth of a heavy gale, brought an admiring note from the Queen:—"Je l'ai suivi avec mes lunettes, et mes vœux accompagnaient le vaisseau et les matelots Anglais. Courage, enthousiasme, sentiments de devoir, sont des qualités qui font un grand peuple."

'Queen Caroline attached great importance to personal interviews with all those who, however remotely, were engaged in her service. Not content with letters from Lord Nelson, or with the information conveyed in his despatches to Mr. Elliot, she frequently chose to see the officers in command of the vessels despatched by him to carry his correspondence to Naples. On one occasion Mr. Elliot informed her the captain would not be able to wait upon her, having no suitable dress in which to appear before her Majesty. Her answer was short:—"Que me fait l'habit? Je veux voir l'homme, présentez le." In one of the Queen's notes she begs Mr. Elliot to come to her, to hear from herself the expression of her admiration for the humane action he had so gloriously performed.'

This action has been described by a pen which insured it the widest renown and will transmit it to the latest posterity. We translate from *Corinne*:

'The

'The weather began to change when they (Oswald and Corinne) arrived at Naples; the sky darkened, and the storm, whilst announcing its coming in the air, strongly agitated the waves, as if the tempest of the sea responded to the tempest of the sky. Oswald had preceded Corinne by some paces, because he wished to procure torches to conduct her more safely to her dwelling. As he was passing the quay, he saw some Lazzaroni, who were crying out at the pitch of their voices, "Ah! poor fellow, he cannot escape; we must have patience—he will perish!" "What are you saying?" exclaimed Lord Nelvil with impetuosity—"of whom are you speaking?" "Of a poor old man," was their reply, "who was bathing below there, not far from the wall, but who has been caught by the storm, and has not strength enough to struggle against the waves and regain the shore." The first movement of Oswald was to plunge into the water; but reflecting on the alarm that he might cause Corinne when she came up, he offered all the money he had about him, with a promise of doubling it, to any one who would save the old man. The Lazzaroni refused, saying, "We are too much afraid; there is too much danger; it cannot be done." At this moment the old man disappeared under the waves. Oswald hesitated no longer, and plunged into the sea, despite of the waves which broke over his head. He, however, struggled happily against them, reached the old man, who in another instant would have been lost, caught hold of him, and brought him safe to shore.'

It is stated in an original note to this passage that 'Mr. Elliot, the English minister, saved the life of an old man at Naples in the same manner as Lord Nelvil.'

The mission to the Court of the Two Sicilies terminated in 1806, and he remained unemployed till 1809, when he was appointed Governor of the Leeward Islands. In one of these, Tortola, he gave a marked proof of firmness and love of justice by refusing to respite the execution of a planter, highly connected, who had completed a series of revolting cruelties by the murder of a slave under the most aggravating circumstances. 'His victims,' wrote Elliot, 'have been numerous. Some of them were even buried in their chains, and there have been found upon the bones taken from the grave chains and iron rings of nearly forty pounds weight.' Seven of the jury, who could not help convicting him, recommended this man to mercy!

In 1814 Elliot was recalled to receive the appointment of Governor of Madras, for which he sailed in May, with his family, having first been sworn a member of the Privy Council.

This government gave him no opportunity of acquiring distinction; at all events, nothing remarkable is recorded of it. After mentioning its termination in 1820, Lady Minto goes on to say:

'For

'For the remainder of his life Mr. Elliot resided chiefly in London, where some still survive who remember the charm of his society. One who knew him well described his conversation as "a shower of pearls and diamonds," so sparkling and so spontaneous; but whatever the felicity of his talk, or the grace of his manner, by his descendants he is best remembered for the gifts of heart and mind which made him beloved by a large and devoted family.'

He died on the 2nd of December, 1830, and was buried by the side of his brother (the first Earl of Minto) in Westminster Abbey.

We conclude in a state of mind rarely experienced by a reviewer at the completion of his task. *L'appetit vient en mangeant*. Like *Oliver Twist*, we feel irresistibly impelled to ask for more. If the remainder of the partially-quoted or suppressed letters correspond either with the specimens or with Lady Minto's description of them, she has been decidedly too chary in her selections; and her single volume might, we venture to predicate, be advantageously enlarged, if not expanded into two.

ART. III.—1. *Some Account of English Deer Parks, with Notes on the Management of Deer*. By Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. London, 1867.

2. *Our Deer Forests*. By Alexander Robertson, Esq. An Inaugural Lecture delivered to the Members of the Highland Economic Society. London, 1867.

3. *Notes of the Chase of the Wild Red Deer in the Counties of Devon and Somerset*. By Charles Palk Collyns. London, 1862.

4. *Forest Creatures*. By Charles Boner. London, 1862.

IT is doubtful whether fallow deer, the graceful ornaments of so many of our English parks, were originally 'joint tenants of the shade' with the multifarious beasts of chase which once peopled the extensive forests of our island—

'Where stalked the huge deer * to his shaggy lair,
Through path and alleys roofed with sombre green,
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen.'

Professor Owen is said to have declared that although he has found abundant remains of the red deer, the roe, and several extinct kinds of the *cervus* genus in Great Britain, he has never

* The deer here alluded to by the Poet (Wordsworth) is the "leith," a gigantic species long extinct.

discovered

discovered any of the fallow deer; and he appears to consider this negative evidence as affording a reasonable presumption of the foreign origin of that species. Be this, however, as it may, large herds of this most graceful of quadrupeds now graze peacefully within those enclosures, fenced in with rough oaken palings, grey with lichens and mosses, which form some of the most pleasing features of the rural scenery of England.

Nothing can be affirmed with certainty with respect to the history of the fallow deer. If it be not indigenous it must have been introduced into England at a very remote period, for it was hunted in a wild state in the numerous chaces and forests in which, in pre-Norman times, the country abounded. Two permanent varieties of the *cervus dama* or fallow deer appear to have been known from the earliest times, namely, the spotted and the dark brown. There is also a black and a white species, the latter of which is unquestionably a foreign importation, having been regarded in the Tudor times as a novelty, and consequently highly prized:—

‘At first’ (says Pennant) ‘all the beasts of chase had this whole island for their range; they knew no other limits than those of the ocean, nor confessed any particular master. During the Heptarchy they were reserved by each sovereign for his own particular diversion, hunting and war being in those uncivilised ages the sole employment of the nobility. The Saxon kings only appropriated those lands to the use of forests which were unoccupied; numerous forests possessing deer were consequently open, and the practice of enclosing portions of them for private chaces or parks was first introduced by the Norman kings.’

There are very few notices in ‘Domesday Book’ of any of our existing deer parks: it must therefore be inferred that by far the greater number have been formed since the time of the Great Survey. Deer were originally obtained from the unenclosed forests for stocking chaces and parks by means of *haia*, or *hayes*, a term derived from the Saxon, signifying a hedge. They consisted of enclosures into which the wild deer were driven and secured. The *hayes* mentioned in the Great Survey were chiefly in Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Cheshire, and more than seventy are specified. Their size is not noticed, excepting that of one belonging to Donnelie, the modern Bel-desert, in Warwickshire, which is described as half a mile in length and half a mile in breadth. A precept is preserved among the records of the Court of Exchequer at Chester commanding one John Done to ‘make a chamber in the forest’ for the preservation of vert and venison, by which was undoubtedly meant one of those devices for facilitating the capture of game

which were resorted to in those countries, particularly in Germany, where vast unenclosed and primitive forests occupied so large a portion of the soil. From these hayes the deer were transferred to larger enclosures, where they were hunted or shot at the pleasure of their owners.

Deer hunting has always ranked high among the recreations of every people, whether civilized or uncivilized. The pursuit of the stag was, however, in the Saxon, Norman, and Tudor times very different from the modern hunt, although it bore some resemblance to the system of driving, as practised in Scotland, the rifle having been substituted for the bow. 'N-owa-days,' says Mr. Earle, in the preface to his recent edition of the 'Saxon Chronicle,' quoted by Mr. Shirley, 'men hunt for exercise and sport, but they then hunted for food, or for the luxury of fresh meat. Now the flight of the beast is the condition of a good hunt; but in those days it entailed disappointment. They had neither the means of giving chase nor of killing at a distance, so they used stratagems to bring the game within the reach of their missiles.' A labyrinth of alleys was penned out at a convenient part of the forest, and here the archers lay under covert. The hunt began by sending men round to beat the wood and drive the game with dogs and horses into the ambuscade; and horns were used, not as with us to call the dogs, or as in France to signal the stray sportsman, but to scare the game into the toils that had been artfully prepared for it.

Another mode of capturing deer was by means of saltatoria, or pit-falls, which were generally constructed on the border of a forest or chace. Into these the deer were driven by persons employed for the purpose, and great numbers were thus caught and transferred to enclosed parks. There is an example of a chartered deer-leap still retaining its privileges in the park of Wolseley, Staffordshire.

Of the thirty-one deer parks noticed in 'Domesday Book,' eight belonged to the Crown, and the remainder were the property of the great monastic houses and of the nobility. The number of deer parks in England increased considerably after the Conquest. The desire to impark their woods appears to have then become very general among the great landed proprietors. It appears from the 'Chronicle' of Holinshed that in the year 1577 the increase in the number of parks had become so considerable that a twentieth part of the territory of the realm was thus appropriated. More than seven hundred deer parks are marked in the maps engraved by Saxton between the years 1576 and 1580. A great many of these parks belonged to the Church. The See of Canterbury, according to Spelman, enjoyed twenty, besides numerous chaces;

chaces; the See of Norwich possessed thirteen; the Abbey of Glastonbury owned seven; indeed there were very few monasteries which did not possess, at least, one deer park in which the members of the house took their pastime, 'valetudinis gratia,' and from which the refectory and the abbot's table were abundantly supplied with venison. The bishops and mitred abbots were, in truth, not only the keenest sportsmen but the greatest *bon vivants* of their day.

A curious grant is extant to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's by Sir William le Baud, in 1275, of a doe yearly on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, and of a fat buck upon that of the commemoration of the Apostle, the formal reception of which in the Cathedral is said to have continued up to the reign of Elizabeth, the clergy standing on the steps of the choir wearing garlands of flowers upon their heads, while the antlers of the buck were carried in procession round the church on the head of a spear, 'with a great noise of horns.'

The practice of imparking appears to have been carried to such an excess at one period of our history as to have given rise to serious popular discontents, which manifested themselves in frequent breaches of the peace. In the 'Lives of the Berkeleys' it is related that in the reign of Edward III. the people, 'warlike arrayed,' made an attack upon Sir Maurice's recently-enclosed park in Gloucestershire. Thornbury was also the scene of a popular tumult, because, Leland says, 'the Duke of Buckingham had made a fair park hard by the castle, and took much ground into it very fruitful of corn.' It is highly probable that, in the process of imparking, many commons and wastes had been enclosed with very little consideration for the rights of the tenants of manors, who thus lost many valuable privileges for which they received no compensation. It is stated by Holinshed that the deer parks in the two counties of Kent and Essex alone amounted in his time to a hundred, 'whereby,' adds the chronicler, 'is to be seen what store of ground is employed upon that vain commodity, deer, which bringeth no manner of gain or profit to the owners, since they commonly give away their flesh, never taking penny for the same, because venison in England is neither bought nor sold by the right owner; but the deer are maintained only for his pleasure, to the no small decay of husbandry and diminution of mankind.' The increase in parks was necessarily in some degree restrained by the cost of obtaining a licence or it would have been even greater than it was. The House of Commons, as appears by the Rolls of Parliament of the sixth year of the reign of Henry IV., endeavoured to get this right of the Crown annulled; but it being one

of the modes of obtaining money for the exercise of which the sovereign was not under the necessity of asking his subjects' consent, the attempt, as may be supposed, was unsuccessful.

Deer-hunting may be said to have been almost a ruling passion with many of our kings. There were several curious tenures in different parts of the country having reference to the enjoyment of their favourite pastime by these royal sportsmen. Thus, the manor of Bletchington, in Oxfordshire, was held by the singular service of carrying a shield of brawn, price twopence halfpenny, to the king, whenever he hunted in his Park of Cornbury; it being understood that the shield so provided for the use of his Majesty on his first day of stag-hunting should suffice for the whole of his stay at his manor of Woodstock. In the vicinity of the New Forest one manor was held by the tenure of finding provision for the king while hunting, and another of providing an esquire clad in coat of mail to attend upon him, together with litter for the king's bed and forage for his horse for forty days. The obligation of supplying arrows was attached to another manor bordering on the Royal demesne.* The chief forester of the Forest of Dean stated before the Royal Commissioners in 1767 that it was his duty to attend the king with bow and arrow, and six men clad in green, whenever it might be his Majesty's pleasure to hunt in that part of his dominions.

Notwithstanding the number of the parks and chases belonging to the Crown, the extent of the Royal forests, and the abundance and variety of game which they harboured, in the frequent progresses made by our sovereigns through their realm they rarely failed to do considerable execution among the bucks of every nobleman and gentleman whose seats lay in the route; and this practice seems to have continued up to the time of Charles I. Deer-hunting had indeed become quite a fashionable amusement in the reign of Elizabeth, and the parks in which England then abounded were not, as in the present day, enclosures where deer are maintained chiefly for ornament, but hunting-grounds wherein the inmates of the castle, the stately mansion, or the baronial hall regularly took their diversion. The Queen herself was an expert archer, and on one occasion killed with her own bow twenty-seven bucks in Lord Berkeley's park in Gloucestershire, to the intense disgust of that nobleman, who immediately disparked the scene of the exploit, and thus drew upon himself the anger of her Majesty for an act which seemed to reproach her, as she said, for her successful day's sport and to grudge her the pleasure she had enjoyed. As an especial mark of her regard, Elizabeth sometimes honoured

* 'The New Forest,' by John D. Wise.

her favourites with the present of a stag shot by herself, for we learn from a letter from the Earl of Leicester to Archbishop Parker, written by her Majesty's command, that she had sent him a great and fat stag, slain with her own hand, and which, because the weather was hot, she had caused to be parboiled for its preservation. James I. was a keen sportsman, and the Royal Park of Windsor, and Theobalds, his favourite seat, were well stocked with deer, which he hunted both in season and out of season. Mr. Shirley quotes from Nichol's 'Progresses of James I.' the following example of the Royal taste. 'His Majesty having a little while reposed himself at Widdrington Castle (in Northumberland) after his great journey, found new occasion to travel further; for, as he was delighting himself with the pleasure of the park, he suddenly beheld a number of deer near the place. The game being so fair before him he could not forbear, but, according to his wonted manner, he went forth and slew two of them; which done, he returned with a good appetite to the house, where he was most royally feasted and banquetted that night.' This was, as Mr. Shirley properly remarks, a most unsportsmanlike proceeding, having taken place in the month of April, during the King's journey from Scotland to take possession of the Crown of England. A few days afterwards, at Worksop, he is related to have offended against the laws of the chace in a similar manner.

Deer preserves at this and earlier periods of our history were managed with much regularity. The most exact inquiries were made as to the quantity and condition of the game in every forest and chase within the realm, and warrants for the killing and delivery of deer were made out and signed with due legal formality. The number of deer parks in England attained its maximum about the time of Charles I., and their multiplication had become so great that there was scarcely, it is said, a country gentleman with a rental of 500*l.* a year who did not possess one. During the interregnum they became, like the feudal castles, objects of hostility to the republican party. They were regarded as the creations of aristocratic taste, and they excited the cupidity of the numerous soldiers of fortune who had entered the ranks of Cromwell's army. 'The destruction,' writes Mr. Shirley, 'of that unhappy period resulted in the almost total desolation not only of the royal preserves but of those of all who were of the loyal party, in other words of the parks and deer of the greater number of the lords and gentlemen of England.' The Great Park of Windsor was sold, and the money distributed among soldiers of Colonel Desborough's regiment. Evelyn describes Charles II. as passing much of his time in
superintending

superintending the planting of trees, and in otherwise repairing the devastations that had been committed on the royal domain. In the Park of Eltham, to use the words of a writer of the time, there was scarcely wood enough left to make a gibbet. The Park of Kenilworth, then the property of the Crown, and which for its size and beauty was unrivalled in England, was utterly destroyed, and the land divided by Cromwell among several of the superior officers of his army. The pales of numerous other parks were tumultuously pulled down and thousands of deer slaughtered. There were few seats of the nobility and gentry that did not sustain irreparable injury. Of the eight deer parks belonging to the Duke of Newcastle only one escaped entire destruction. Not only were the deer killed, but the ornamental woods were ruthlessly felled. Avenues, the growth of centuries, were cut down and the timber sold. In some parks not a tree was left to denote the spot that had been the pride and delight of families for generations. There were other causes in operation after the civil war which tended still further to diminish the number of deer parks in England. Indeed the really ancient parks are very few, for by far the greater number of our three hundred and thirty-four existing deer parks have been formed within the last two hundred years. The increased expenditure which the progress of luxury after the civil war entailed upon country gentlemen obliged them to look more to profit than to pleasure in the management of their property, their attention began to be directed more closely to their rent-rolls, and the satisfaction derived from an improved income generally exceeded that which had arisen from the pleasures of the chace or the gratification of a taste for venison. Accordingly, in the quaint language of the time, 'many landed proprietors made the deer leap the pales to give the bullocks room.' Doubtless many an old country gentleman was content to live on, as his ancestors had lived, in a dignified simplicity like Sir John Huddestone of Millom in Lancashire, who, Lysons says, 'although his castle was old and ruinous, pleased himself more in his stately park and plenty of timber and deer than others did in their new modelled dwellings and fine gardens which embitter their pleasure by their charge.'

In a work on Planting, written in 1612, and probably one of the earliest which was published in England on that subject, the author, Robert Church, says:—

'A fine park not only greatly delighteth the eye by the variety of its greens and pleasant colours; but the music and harmony of the birds are pleasant to the ear, and the cooling walks in summer are well fitted not only to shelter from the heat of the sun but to solace the owner when distracted in his affairs.'

Our

Our ancestors showed great judgment in the selection of ground for their deer parks.

'Variety of surface,' says Mr. Shirley, 'and, if possible, a difference in the geological character of the soil and consequently of the herbage is, although not essential, a very desirable consideration in the choice of land for the formation of a deer park. The ground should be broken up into wood and lawn with a due proportion of underwood, banks covered with rough grass, and especially fern or common brakes, are very ornamental and most useful as a covert to the does and fawns.'

In most licences to impark, a certain proportion of woodland, meadow, underwood, and briars is generally observed, and a charming combination of smooth-turfed lawns with woody brakes and thickets is generally conspicuous in our oldest parks. It is surprising how much has been sometimes made of a few acres of originally wild ground judiciously planted so as to conceal the boundaries, and giving to a really confined space an appearance of considerable extent, insomuch that a visitor may wander over a deer park of very limited dimensions and nevertheless leave it with the impression that he had been traversing one of several square miles.

The oak, with its moss-covered boughs, gnarled with age, but green and vigorous in its foliage, is pre-eminently the tree which gives dignity to the scenery of a park. The beech, the chestnut, and the ash form pleasing contrasts, and are serviceable for their mast and shade. The elm is particularly valuable, the leaves as they fall being greedily devoured by deer, and it is almost the only leaf they eat. This useful tree is supposed not to be a native of England but to have been imported from France together with the practice of planting it in rows. The celebrated avenue in the Great Park of Windsor is believed to have been the first in which this tree was so applied. The elm is now one of the commonest of trees in our hedgerows, which is accounted for by its producing so large a quantity of brushwood when trimmed and thus affording a plentiful supply of fuel. The holly, if planted in clumps, is highly ornamental, and when covered with its bright vermilion berries and reflecting from its glossy leaves the rays of the winter sun, is strikingly beautiful. The white thorn is most useful, deer being extremely fond of the haws which are said to impart a superior flavour to the venison. The wild crab is better still, the blossom is most beautiful, and the apples are eaten by deer with great avidity. A due proportion of timber is not only highly ornamental in a deer park but is important for shade and shelter, and care should be taken by timely and judicious planting that it shall

not

not at any time fall short of what is required for the welfare of the deer.

The average duration of trees differs, as is well known, in different species, and they exhibit different symptoms of decay. There are oaks in Windsor Great Park certainly not less than a thousand years old and which exhibit even now no appearance of approaching the end of their life. Mr. Menzies, the Deputy Surveyor of the Royal Park, in his interesting and magnificently illustrated work,* describes some of the indications of incipient decay which are peculiar to the several kinds of trees. When a beech begins to fail, he says, fungi appear either at the roots or on the forks, the leaves curl up as if they had been scorched, and the tree quickly perishes. In an elm a great limb first fails, while the rest of the tree continues green and vigorous, but in a few years the whole tree suddenly dies. Coniferous trees die gradually but quickly. The oak shows the first symptoms of failing at the points of its highest branches, while the rest of the tree will remain healthy and sound for years. This peculiarity of the oak did not escape the eye of Shakspeare, that universal observer, who describes the monarch of the woods as not only having its boughs mossed with age, but its

‘High top bald with dry antiquity.’

We are indebted for some of the most picturesque trees in our oldest parks to a practice which once extensively prevailed, of pollarding for ‘verte,’ or firewood, boughs of oak and beech being lopped off for the deer to gnaw the bark of which they are excessively fond; but no bough was permitted to be cut larger than a buck was able to turn over with his horns. Deer are very destructive to trees in the rutting season. They have singular preferences for particular species, and even for individual trees, and Mr. Menzies recommends that a few which can be best spared should be cut down every year; the deer will, he says, amuse themselves for hours by butting at them and tearing off the bark. In the royal parks browse-wood was once regularly supplied for the winter feeding of deer, but it was discontinued owing to the abuses to which it gave rise, large quantities of timber having been cut under that pretext and fraudulently appropriated.

The largest deer park in England is Tatton, in Cheshire, being nearly eleven miles in circumference, and it is well stocked with herds both of red and fallow deer. The oldest park is probably Eridge, near Tunbridge Wells, the wild and beautiful domain of

* ‘The Great Park of Windsor, its History,’ &c.

the Earl of Abergavenny. Perhaps the most varied in its features is the Earl of Winchelsea's park of Eastwell. The height which fern attains in this park is extraordinary, reaching, in years favourable to its growth, up to the shoulders of a man on horseback and completely concealing the deer which can only be discovered by their leaps and bounds. The park of Blenheim is said to be the first in England that was surrounded with a stone wall, for which it has been suspected many villages were destroyed to provide materials. Four parks in England possess herds of wild cattle, namely, Chartley in Staffordshire, Craven in Yorkshire, Chillingham in Northumberland, and Lyme in Cheshire. They are supposed to be the descendants of a breed which was introduced by the Romans. Virgil, in his second 'Georgic,' alludes to the white cattle used in triumphs and sacrifices :—

'Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi sanguine sacro,
Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos.'

The white wild cattle of Lyme were probably derived from the great forest of Macclesfield from which the park was enclosed. They retain the instincts and habits of wild animals, and their flesh bears the same relation to beef that venison does to mutton, having a flavour which is highly appreciated. One or two are killed every Christmas and a side of beef is regularly sent to her Majesty as a royalty. The wild cattle of Chartley are also white or rather of a creamy colour. Those of Craven are devoid of horns, while the Chartley breed have short horns, the points of which are tipped with black. The Chillingham cattle have similar horns, but their ears, like those of Lyme, are red. There were, doubtless, many other parks or chaces in England in which cattle long continued to roam in a wild state. Leland notices 'the fair park by the Castle of Auckland' as having not only fallow deer but 'wild bulles and kin;' and Leigh Court, the seat of Sir William Miles, retained a herd until the year 1806, when on account of their savage character it was deemed prudent to destroy them.

The proportion of red to fallow deer in our English parks is small. It was formerly the custom to keep the two species within separate enclosures, on the supposition that the stags would attack and kill the fallow bucks, but the fear proved to be groundless, and herds of both now dwell peaceably together in about thirty of our parks. Fallow deer are now reared in large numbers for the market, and venison may be purchased as readily as mutton by those who can pay for it. For fattening bucks are commonly

commonly turned into paddocks at the conclusion of the rutting season. The Earl of Winchelsea, in a communication to Mr. Shirley, gives the following account of the way in which they are caught for that purpose :—

‘To catch deer artistically,’ he says, ‘two dogs are required, one on each side. When the keeper has pointed out the deer he wishes to be taken up, a horseman rides into the herd in order to separate him from the others. This operation requires a horse well in hand and well on his haunches, so as to turn quickly as the deer turns. The dogs also must be well trained and under perfect command; they are loose and follow the keeper’s horse. As soon as the deer is singled out he lays them on by giving the signal, “Hold him up:” this may be done with steady dogs even if a few does should break away with the buck, as the dogs will take no notice of them, but stick to the male deer. If he happens to be strong and in good condition the course may last for about a mile, but in general the deer is brought to bay in a much shorter distance. The dogs are trained to seize him by the ear, and no well bred dog will fasten on any other part. When two that understand their business have thus pinioned a deer, they hold him fast without a possibility of budging until some one can jump off the horse, and catching hold of his hind legs just below the houghs, fling him on his side or back, in which position he is easily held till more strength arrives.’

In this manner about sixty deer are annually caught in the park at Eastwell.

No creature suspects danger sooner than a fat buck. In this he resembles the red stag who appears to know perfectly when the stalking season has arrived as he screens himself then as much as possible from observation. The sight and hearing of fallow deer are almost as acute as those of red deer. They are so extremely watchful that it is almost impossible to stalk them in a park. If they perceive a person approaching stealthily they instantly take alarm, and, after gazing steadily for a moment or two, bound off into the nearest thicket :—

‘The best mode of deceiving them,’ says Lord Winchelsea, ‘is to walk on as if quite indifferent to their presence, and they are thus thrown off their guard. The fairest chance of shooting a buck in a park is for several persons to get into a pony carriage, and endeavour to appear as much as possible like a party of strangers. The deer will then usually let you approach within shot. This plan, however, will not do for more than once or twice, for they are soon “up to it,” and then the reappearance of the pony carriage is enough to clear the horizon of every deer within sight.’

If a fair shot is obtained at a buck, it may always be ascertained whether it has taken effect or not by the motion of his tail. A fallow buck always carries his tail in the air as he bounds unscathed

unscathed over the ground ; but if he is wounded it is sure to be seen in a drooping position. A buck, if struck, does not always bleed, and his 'slot' may be followed for a considerable distance without finding any trace of his having been hit, the fat quickly closing round the orifice of the wound. Many are the tales related of the insensibility of fallow bucks to a bullet. Mr. Boner, in his book on chamois-hunting, mentions the fact of his having shot a fine white buck in the Park of Eichstädt when it was standing upon a slope, and of having brought it rolling down to the foot of the declivity. The successful sportsman was examining his prize when the buck suddenly rose and got clear off, and it was only on being followed by a hound and brought to bay that it was again sent rolling over by a second shot, and yet the bullet which first struck it was well lodged, and might reasonably have been expected to prove immediately fatal :—

'It is quite astonishing,' he adds, 'to see how little effect even a number of bullets will have upon a fat buck as long as no vital part is struck. On going out on the morning after a shooting expedition to search for a buck that had been, as I supposed, mortally wounded, I found him quietly and comfortably grazing with so many bullet-wounds in his body that I fear to specify the number.'

A singular incident connected with buck-shooting is related by the same author :—

'The strangest sight,' he adds, 'I remember to have witnessed occurred with a fallow deer—a buck—I came suddenly upon him while grazing in a glade. I looked to see the result of my shot; but he neither fell nor dashed away. In a moment he began rocking to and fro where he stood. I went towards him, but he took no notice of my approach, and continued the rocking motion as before. I pushed him with my hand, and he rolled over and was dead. The shot-hole was quite round, and showed no redness; not the least sign of blood was visible, and the opening was filled up by the chewed grass on which the animal had been feeding.'

The antlers of the stag form his distinguishing characteristic, and a more beautiful frontal ornament could not be bestowed by nature upon the fairest of her creatures. They give to the head that expression of commanding majesty which no one who has ever seen a stag break cover and stand for a moment at gaze can ever forget. The progress by which the horns of the stag is reproduced is one of the greatest marvels of natural history. About the end of April the antlers which the creature has borne throughout the greater portion of the previous year fall like a sere and yellow leaf to the ground. In a day or two a new horn is
seen

seen spining from the base of the old one. As it gradually assumes a defined shape it is found to be enveloped in a velvet sheath which protects the points from injury. So delicate is this covering that the slightest friction produces exquisite pain, and the most trifling abrasion brings blood. The life which a stag leads during this period is one of great discomfort. He shuns the dense coppice and seeks the young woods or open glades. Stags have moreover a propensity to hide themselves from observation at this time. They wander about, sometimes in dozens together, and carefully try to keep out of sight of the hinds, as if they were ashamed to show themselves to their wives in so humiliating a condition. When a stag casts his horns he is said to bite them, if he can, to pieces, and to strive to hide such portions of them as he cannot destroy. This accounts for the comparatively small number of cast antlers found by keepers. In about three months the points of the new antlers become comparatively hard, and the stag now endeavours to deprive them of their protecting envelope; he therefore rubs them against the stems of young trees, and strips off the thick rind which covered them, and the stately appendage is again displayed in its full beauty, first white as ivory, but soon to acquire its habitual colour of dark brown. The stag is now in his lightest condition, sleek, robust, and in the full pride of conscious strength and vigour.

Deer, for the annual renewal of their horns, require a large amount of phosphate; it is of importance therefore to dress the park occasionally with chalk, lime, or crushed bones. The weight of a stag's antlers varies from ten, twelve, to fifteen pounds, and they have been found in Germany as heavy as thirty-two pounds. The new antlers are always an exact counterpart of those shed, with the addition of one or more sprays. The form of the whole, however, whether spreading or narrow, elongated or short, preserves its distinguishing characteristics, and thus for a series of years a stag may be recognised as surely as we recognise a human acquaintance.

Old stags are fond of prowling about in the neighbourhood of corn-fields until the corn is well grown, then hiding themselves in the middle of the field by day and eating to repletion at night. The damage done by deer when they escape, as they occasionally do, from their parks, is considerable. They have a fine scent, and detect a turnip-field a great distance off. They destroy more turnips than they consume, and many cartloads have been found pulled up in a single field by these mischievous marauders in the course of a single night. Bucks are particularly destructive, as, after taking only one bite of a turnip they pull it up and toss it

over

over their heads. Bucks attain great obesity when they get an abundance and variety of food, their backs becoming as broad and as round as those of a prize sheep with often five inches of fat on their haunches. An old buck that had effected his escape from the Park of Eastwell and lived at free commons for a whole summer on the crops of the adjoining farms, was found on his capture to weigh 176 lbs.

It is very impolitic to overstock a park; a proportion of one deer to an acre is considered the proper one. Sheep should never be permitted to graze in a deer park, but it is considered an advantage to pasture with them a small number of rough cattle. We think that Mr. Shirley has scarcely attached sufficient importance to thorough draining, for upon it the health of the animals in a great degree depends. No creature is more affected by damp, and a disease analogous to the foot-rot in sheep is sure to be engendered in moist situations. The complaints to which deer are subject are various, the most common being foot-rot, often caught from sheep when they have imprudently been allowed to herd with deer. Disease of the liver is not unfrequent, particularly in parks which are imperfectly drained. The deer at Ashburnham in Sussex, Mr. Shirley says, which were attacked by this complaint, were cured by being supplied with branches of fir which they eagerly devoured, preferring the Scotch to the spruce fir or to any other. The disease was removed immediately and has never reappeared, the deer being supplied with an abundance of fir, especially in the spring and autumn. In this case the turpentine, which is a known ingredient in the medicine sold as a specific for the rot in sheep, was no doubt the cause of the cure. Protection against cold, particularly in exposed parks, is very important, great numbers of deer having died in severe winters from want of proper shelter.* Only fallow deer, however, need this care. The roe and red deer brave our hardest winters; this fact, with the palæontological evidence already referred to, gives support to the opinion of the great French Naturalist. Cuvier writes of 'Le Daim' (*Cervus Dama*, L.), in his 'Animal Kingdom':—'Cette espèce est devenue commune dans tous les pays d'Europe, mais elle paraît originaire de Barbarie.' In the edition of 1829 the author adds a note:—'Depuis la publication de la seconde édition de nos Recherches

* 'At Bradgate, in Leicestershire, a very wild and exposed park, numbers,' Mr. Shirley says, 'perish every winter from the severity of the cold' (p. 144). So in the ancient chase of Cranbourne, in Dorsetshire, which, in 1828, contained 12,000 head of fallow deer, it is stated in the 'Chronicles of Cranbourne' (1841) that so many died that the earth was manured with their remains. The chase is now without deer.

sur les ossements fossiles, nous avons reçu un daim sauvage tué dans les bois au sud de Tunis.* Beans and maize are considered excellent for winter-feeding; horse and Spanish chestnuts are equally good; and hay, when the herbage has become scanty, should be supplied in abundance.

Opinions differ with respect to the comparative merits of the venison of the red and fallow deer. We have heard the superiority of the former denied by connoisseurs who have partaken of it; and M. Soyer, no mean authority, pronounces it as in every respect inferior to that of the fallow deer. Much must, however, depend on the age, condition, and the time of year at which the animal is killed. A hart, like other creatures, possesses little fat while growing; and a haunch of red deer when out of condition will make but a sorry appearance on table and be far from satisfactory to a *gastronome*. There must be a considerable difference, too, between the flesh of the red deer confined in English parks and of such as have the free range of the forest and browse on the sweet grass and heather of the mountains; and we have been informed that in the hospitable hall of Blair Athol a haunch of fallow venison, although in the best condition and most artistically dressed, meets with little attention if one of red deer also forms part of the *menu*. It seems to have been customary in the middle ages to salt venison like other meat, for preservation, and there is in Rymer's 'Fœdera' a Royal Warrant of Edward III., ordering sixty deer to be killed for that purpose. The taste for 'high' venison does not seem to have always prevailed in England, and we cannot but think that it is sometimes carried to excess. In Pope's days, if we may judge from his lines, it certainly did not exist:—

'Our fathers praised rank venison; you suppose
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves alone.'

Venison, like mutton, should be kept until it is tender but not until it has acquired the taint of incipient decomposition.

The only part of England in which wild red deer are now found in any considerable numbers and regularly hunted is a district of the north of Devon and Somerset. Hunting the stag with horses and hounds was probably never practised in the Highlands of Scotland, the nature of the country presenting great, if not insuperable, difficulties for horsemen, but in the West of England the sport is

* 'Règne Animal,' t. i., p. 262.

carried on with great spirit and success. The herds of red deer which had once roamed over Devon and Somerset and parts of Cornwall had been gradually receding before the advance of agriculture, till, towards the end of the last century, the remnant had found a comparatively secure retreat in the wild region of Exmoor. In 1818, previous to which year stag-hunting had been carried on in almost princely style, the hounds became a subscription pack, and from this time the glory of the establishment appears to have been rapidly on the wane. Untoward circumstances and general dissatisfaction at the way in which the hunt was being conducted, brought it to an end; and the hounds, which were of a peculiar breed, and had existed for more than a century in the country, were sold and sent abroad in 1825. So much had this mismanagement affected the existence of the deer, and so great were the ravages inflicted on the herds at this time, that the then master of the pack was known to have gone out on more than one occasion with the avowed object of killing the last deer in the country. From this period, for several years, the few remaining deer were the objects of unceasing persecution. Every man's hand was against them. The farmers were their enemies on account of the injury they did to their crops; and every one who possessed or could borrow a gun thought them fair game. With a little judicious protection, however, the deer have now again greatly multiplied, proving how difficult it is to exterminate a race of wild animals in a district where the coverts are measured by miles rather than by acres. Their preservation must be attributed to the different feelings with which they have of late years been regarded by the tenant farmers. The range of country in which they are now to be found extends for about thirty miles from north to south, and forty miles from east to west, a large portion of it being singularly hilly and rugged. A portion of the hunt subscription is appropriated to compensate the farmers for any damage inflicted on their crops; occasional presents of venison are perhaps still more calculated to secure their good will, and they take a just pride in their county possessing so noble a sport. The hounds now used in the chase are of the largest but purest foxhound blood. From a communication with which we have been favoured by Mr. Bisset, the present master of the hounds, it appears that during the thirteen years which he has hunted the country, 80 stags and 63 hinds have been killed or captured. A run is often terminated by a take or kill in a river; and the spectacle is not uncommon of a stag swimming up and down the waters of the river Exe, the Barle, the Lynn and other rivers in that locality, with the pack at his haunches. Sometimes a deer will take to the sea and the hounds
after

after it, but its superior swimming enables it soon to distance its pursuers though it occasionally falls into the hands of an unlooked-for enemy, such as some Bristol trader, the crew of which are thus enabled to indulge in the unexpected luxury of a venison feast. It sometimes happens that a stag is run to the edge of one of those precipices which overhang the sea in that grand part of the coast of Devon and Somerset, and, falling over it in its headlong flight, is dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The chase of the wild red stag can now only be enjoyed in this part of Great Britain, and great credit is due to the gentlemen of the hunt, and especially to its energetic master, for keeping up so noble sport. The season of 1867 appears to have been unprecedented in its success; twelve 'warrantable' stags having been hunted and every one of them taken. The field is a numerous one, and the pace is so trying even to the strongest horses that many succumb to it, the runs often extending from twenty-five to thirty miles. The season for stag-hunting commences about the 15th of August and ends about the 10th of October. After this, hinds are hunted till about the end of November.

The sport afforded by the chase of the stag in a semi-domesticated state, as at Windsor, cannot vie in interest with the pursuit of the noble animal running wild from his native coverts. The runs, however, are longer than in fox-hunting, and the fleetness of the stag and his ingenuity, put the sportsman on his metal, although he has not the excitement of being 'in at the death,' for Her Majesty's staghounds are too well disciplined a pack to kill the object of their pursuit. Indeed it is not improbable that the hounds and stag fully understand one another, for they are generally old acquaintances.

The methods adopted for catching and preparing deer for hunting at Windsor are as follows. Occasionally a fine young stag is selected and run to bay by the hounds, ropes are then fastened about his horns and leather straps round his legs, and he is thus secured until he can be turned loose in the paddocks. This process, however, is excessively dangerous to the men and dogs employed, and it is now rarely resorted to. More often a small herd of red deer is run by the hounds into toils, where they often break their necks or backs before they are secured. The dogs employed are rough Scotch deerhounds. Six or eight stags are thus taken every year, then shut up in sheds for a short time, their horns sawn off, and in a few months they are fit for hunting. They are confined in large paddocks, fed upon beans and hay, and are kept in wind by being hunted occasionally round the field by a staghound or a bloodhound specially trained for the purpose. Hinds are caught in the same manner

manner, but if on being entered for hunting they show no good running power, they are allowed to be run into by the young hounds to blood them. A good stag will last for six or seven years, doing his three or four runs in a season. The deer are now most commonly caught by being driven into a shed, out of which there is an opening leading into a van, the person in charge of it using a moveable door as a shield to protect himself. Some of the old stags go in without occasioning any trouble and become remarkably tame. Every stag which runs attains a name from some incident in his first day's hunt, or perhaps from the line of country he takes, and sometimes, as a special mark of honour, he bears for the remainder of his life the name or title of some eminent person who had distinguished himself in the chase.

Red deer lingered in Cornwall until a recent period, and one or two are still occasionally seen in the extensive coverts on the eastern border of the county, but the large herds have long disappeared. Fifty years ago, according to Mr. Kingsley, red deer roamed over the barren tracts of Bagshot. The New Forest contained large herds both of fallow and red deer down to the year 1851, when having become a prolific source of crime, they were removed or destroyed. Poaching had long been carried on in a very systematic and cruel manner, the deer being snared by hooks baited with apples suspended on strong cords from the boughs of trees. The Forest of Dean, the most beautiful and varied of all the Royal Forests, was deprived of its deer about the same time. Nowhere had poaching been so daringly committed. Bands of armed men, too numerous and formidable for keepers to interfere with, shot deer in the open day and carried them off by night. One of the devices resorted to for killing deer in this forest was for a man to station himself among the branches of some wide-spreading oak with a heavy iron bar, which he dropped with fatal effect upon the neck of any deer that came under the tree to browse.

The Highland deer forests have been computed to comprise at least 2,000,000 acres, or 3125 square miles. The number of deer contained in the forest of Glentilt alone is said to exceed 13,000, and in that of Ben Alder 8000. We find the agitation for the conversion into sheep-walks of these great tracts still persisted in by certain Scotch political writers, of whom Mr. Robertson, the title of whose recent lecture we have prefixed to this article, is an example. Having in a former number of the '*Quarterly Review*'* entered fully into this subject, we

* See the Article on Grouse, No. 235.

shall only reiterate our opinion that the alleged injury to the interests of agriculture is entirely fallacious, and that the deer forests of Scotland are really only suitable for the purpose to which they are applied.

The art of deer-stalking formed the subject of an interesting volume which was reviewed some years since in this Journal;* we need not therefore enter into details relating to it. It is an exercise which brings every energy of mind and body into activity, for the wild stag displays an ingenuity in evading his enemies that ranks him among the most sagacious of creatures. He manœuvres with consummate skill to circumvent his antagonist, and all his movements prove him to be possessed of a quickness of perception and a promptitude of decision that a strategist might envy.† In the excitement of the chase, his self-possession never deserts him. The first object of an old hart when roused from his lair is to find a substitute. For that purpose he beats the coverts until he has discovered a stag younger and therefore fleetier than himself to personate him in the impending chase. On having found one, either by a stamp of his foot or a decisive application of his antlers, he rouses him from his bed, of which he takes possession, lying down in it with his nose to the ground. An old stag has been known in the course of a single chase to turn three different deer out of their lairs. The trick is well known to sportsmen, and is not therefore often successful; for, as soon as it is discovered, the hounds are drawn off from the false pursuit and led back to the scent of the original stag, who is driven from his hiding-place and compelled to run for his life. There is another use which an old hart often makes of the younger stags which shows considerable cunning. He may be often seen in the rutting season in company with two or three striplings of his own sex whom he apparently condescends to patronise, but he uses them merely as decoys to bring the young hinds into his presence without the trouble of searching for them. Stationing himself on the brink of a stream or under the shade of some wide-spreading oak, whither he knows that the hinds, heated and wearied by the importunities of their young gallants, will probably betake themselves, he waits their approach, but no sooner does the troop appear than he rushes upon the young stags and puts them to instant flight, and they scarcely dare again to cast even from a

* 'The Art of Deer Stalking,' by W. Scrope, Esq. See 'Quarterly Review,' No. 126.

† The late Lord Lyndoch is said to have declared that he owed much of his skill in choosing ground in the Peninsular war, to his early practice of deer-stalking.

distance a furtive glance at the old monarch disporting himself amidst his sylvan harem.

Another, and often a more successful mode of baffling his enemies, is for a stag to take 'soil,' in other words, to sink himself in a pool or river, keeping his nostrils or but a small portion of his head above the water. He is thus invisible to his pursuers except to one of the keenest eye, the scent is lost, and he will often remain concealed in this way for hours until the danger has passed away.

No creature is endowed with a more invincible courage than the red stag. Shakespeare has a noble allusion to this high quality in his play of 'Henry VI.' :—

'If we be English deer be then in blood,
Not rascall * like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.'

The bearing of the stag when brought to bay is noble in the extreme. It is impossible to detect any trace of fear in his clear, bold, and thoughtful eye, and woe to any gallant hound that rashly ventures within the sweep of his terrible antlers. The combats of red stags with each other in the rutting season are frightful, and they often fight to the death. Fallow bucks are as brave in their battles as stags, and the clatter of their broad antlers while engaged in conflict may be often heard within the park palings, but from the formation of their horns the duels which take place between them are not so often followed by fatal results, although there are instances of bucks having fought until one has fallen, and they have been found with their antlers so inextricably locked together that they could be separated only by a saw.

Deer parks are peculiar to England; nothing resembling them exists in any other part of Europe. With their sleek dappled bodies, graceful forms, and gentle, expressive countenances fallow deer are most pleasing objects; and a group of fine bucks reposing on a sultry summer's day under the shade of some venerable oak, presents a picture with its accessories and associations such as England alone can produce. Mr. Shirley has collected, with the most praiseworthy industry, whatever is remarkable in the history of these pleasant spots. His book is replete with curious antiquarian information and throws

* The term 'rascall' was used by our ancestors to denote a deer fit neither to be hunted nor killed, and was no doubt thence adopted into the vocabulary of vituperation.

considerable light upon the diversions of our ancestors. All the existing deer parks in England and Wales are noticed, and their dimensions, and, as far as possible, the number of their deer, are carefully given. Many interesting details will also be found relating to ancient parks, the traditions of which alone remain but which are inseparably connected with great historical names and with periods that must ever be regarded as not the least interesting in the history of the country.

ART. IV.—*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Chichester. Vols. VI. and VII. New Series. Reformation Period. 2 vols. London, 1868.

SINCE the Dean of Chichester's '*Lives of the Archbishops*' were first noticed in these pages, the work has advanced to the goodly number of seven volumes, the last continuing the history till the death of Archbishop Cranmer. The two last volumes, beginning with the archiepiscopate of Warham, and ending with the death of Cranmer, contain the records of the great crisis of the English Reformation. The work has from the first steadily increased in interest. Not only has the Dean's hand become readier in the performance of its task, but the subjects of his pen have been connected with greater national events, and far richer original matter has been open to his examination. The battles of the Kites and Crows have passed on through the demigod period, and become the contentions of men in circumstances somewhat like our own, and with objects at least analogous to those for which we are striving.

This new interest rises to its height in these last two volumes. The Reformation period must always rivet the attention of Englishmen. For then, whatever evils were inseparable from it, was the birth-time of their liberties both in Church and State. Its long sufferings were but travail pangs, and though many of the attendant operations were rudely managed, with no little loss of vital energy and threatenings of still greater evils, yet was the birth at last gracious, and on those who were the instruments of its accomplishment must always rest with the deepest interest the enquiring gaze of after generations.

Never, perhaps, was this more the case than at the present time, when we are passing again through many struggles both of religious thought and of national policy not unlike those with which our fathers grappled. For the great questions which stirred

stirred so deeply the souls of our Reformers, that they were ready to burn and to be burnt at a thousand stakes to procure their settlement, seem, after a torpor of three hundred years, to have suddenly reawoke amongst us, and we have almost each one of us again to examine the Pope's claim to supremacy and infallibility with all the train of teaching which is involved in such an admission:—the necessity of auricular confession; the celibacy of the clergy; the maiming, for the laity, of the great Sacrament of the Eucharist; the cultus of the blessed Virgin Mary; the offering of masses for the quick and dead; and purgatory with its pains, its indulgences, and its corresponding pecuniary advantages. Questions of public policy, too, which were then in course of settlement, and the settlement of which has been thenceforward interwoven with the very warp of our national life, are all suddenly re-opened. The existence of a Church really national—the only bulwark as our fathers believed, and as our children may find to their cost, against the arrogance and the usurpations of Rome—is suddenly threatened. For if England and Ireland be one united kingdom, with one Established Church, and not two separate monarchies loosely allied by the overshadowing of two Crowns Imperial resting for the time upon one brow, the destruction of the Church's nationality in one island must logically imply its destruction as a national Church in both, although it may still survive as an anomaly in one. To build this up which it is now so lightly proposed to pull down, was, in fact, the master aim of the great Reformation statesmen. Thus, in the grand old English of the Statute of Appeals, it was declared that:—

‘By divers sundry old authentic histories and chronicles it is manifestly declared and expositied that this realm of England is an empire and hath so been accepted in the world; governed by one supreme head and king, having the dignity and royal estate of the imperial crown of the same; unto whom a body politic compact of all sorts and degrees of people, divided in terms by names of spirituality and temporality, be bound, and ought to bear next to God a natural and humble obedience. . . . the body spiritual whereof having power when any cause of the law divine happened to come in question, or of spiritual, having declared, interpret, and shewed by that part of the body politic called the spirituality, now usually called the English Church, which also hath been reported and also found of that sort, that both for knowledge, integrity and sufficiency of numbers it hath been always thought to be, and is also at this hour, sufficient and meet of itself without the interfering of any exterior person or persons, to declare and determine all such doubts, and to administer all such offices and duties as to their room spiritual doth appertain.’

It

It was on this foundation of the unquestioned existence of a national Church of the empire, as a body spiritual, that the usurped claim of the Bishop of Rome to interfere with this kingdom was by enactment fully and for ever excluded, and all attempts to re-introduce his jurisdiction was branded with the guilt of treason against the high reserved nationality of the realm which centered in the Crown of England. How well that bulwark was conceived, how straight its lines were devised and drawn across the main stream and flow of Papal aggression, how deeply laid were its foundations, how well compacted were its stones, has been shown beyond the possibility of question by all succeeding events: by its standing, under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., the first buffet of those proud waves, by its speedy restoration from the demolition attempted under Philip and Mary, and by its continuance from Elizabeth to Victoria as the very breakwater of our nationality against whatever storms have burst from time to time upon us from the dark and turbulent depths of that spiritual Black Sea, which has never ceased to rage against our borders. This it is now proposed to raze, because its existence proclaiming of necessity the incorporation of Ireland with Great Britain is a standing insult to those who are thus reminded that they are no longer what their fathers were, an independent kingdom, entitled to an independent spirituality. When such proposals are made, there must, for all thoughtful men, be a peculiar interest in studying anew the history of that time when these defences were erected. Then, too, it must be the course of wisdom to see why our forefathers toiled so hard to raise them, and what may be our condition when we have agreed to their demolition.

It may be presumed that it would be by alleging the exceeding importance of the era described in these two volumes that the publisher (for it is not credible that their respected author had anything to do with it) has called them a 'new series.' But the idea of a 'new series' is really at variance with the whole aim and purpose of these volumes and of every line in them from their first beginning. For one leading object of the Dean has evidently been to show the unbrokenness of this Church of England from the beginning until now; to exhibit it one and the same body from the mission of Augustine to the present hour; to show it protesting against the rising aggressions of Rome under the Plantagenets, and completing and enforcing the protest with the brave hearts and strong hands of the Tudor kings.

'When we speak,' he says, 'of the continuity and perpetuity of the English

English Church, we only affirm an historical fact.* By both Church and State measures had been adopted to annihilate the Papal authority in England, long before any notion was entertained of dealing with any points of doctrine. In the twenty-eighth year of Henry's reign, when King and Parliament and Church were vehement in their opposition to Protestantism, some of the chief Acts against the Pope and his pretensions were passed in Parliament. . . . The Church of England was anti-papal before it was reformed; at the commencement of the dispute between the Church of England and the Court of Rome, in the sixteenth century, the State accepted as a fact what the Church affirmed, that the work to be done by the co-operation of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in England was not the displacing of the old Church and the supplanting of it by some new sect, but the gradual reformation of that old Catholic Church, which had been established here in the first instance by the joint labour and devotion of Augustine the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ethelbert King of Kent, the Bretwalda.†

One chief merit of these volumes may be traced to the distinctness with which their author has throughout realised this unbroken continuity of the Church of England. For it has saved him from the necessity of considering Cranmer as in any real sense the founder of a new Communion, and so has made it easy for him to draw his character with absolute impartiality. The Romanist who charges him with the crime of founding, instead of the old Catholic Church of England, the new schismatic body which has replaced it, and the ultra-Protestant who believes that he and his fellows founded a new Church at the Reformation, are alike incapable of such impartiality: to the one he is from first to last an apostate and a traitor; to the other he is, with the like universal applause, a saint and a martyr. In these pages he is one in a long line of Archbishops of Canterbury. He is distinguishable from others especially by the circumstances of his episcopate. His days are cast when a mighty change was passing over the minds of his countrymen; in that change he himself largely participated, and few were themselves borne along by the current more palpably and completely. Something he contributed towards the change; he is to be tried, like other men, by what he was, by what he effected, by what he let slip. There is here no temptation to exaggerate either his excellences or his defects. He was neither a demigod whose personality is lost on the rise of a new empire, nor a convicted villain who treasonably overturned a well-balanced kingdom. Viewed as he was, and not through these distorting media, he appears to be rather an ordinary man: affectionate, forgiving, gentle, caring

* Vol. i. p. 32.

† *Ib.* p. 37.

for and making good provision for his family, very fond of field sports, physically brave, but morally not over courageous, sincerely religious, a great master of English, a diligent student of his Bible, and, though not eager for intellectual or spiritual discoveries, with a mind slowly but surely receptive of increased measures of truth as they were presented to him.

But this is by no means the only advantage which the clear mastery of this truth has given to the writer of these volumes. It has aided him as an historian as well as a biographer. It has kept him clear from the strange confusion which represents the Church of England before the Reformation as having been a spiritual body almost independent of the State, and since the Reformation as an Act of Parliament establishment which has consciously renounced its claims to an independent spiritual personality. In truth, before the Reformation, as well as since the Reformation, the Church of England was, on one side, an Act of Parliament Church. It was a branch of the one Holy Apostolical Church, settled within this realm, welcomed by the realm, honoured, endowed, established; and so exercising upon certain honourable conditions its spiritual functions in the land. What the Crown, the Parliament, and the people claimed was not to have created the spiritual body, with its creeds, doctrines, ministry and sacramental life; but to have created, and so to have the right to enforce, and if need were to modify, the conditions under which that life and ministry were exercised. All the struggles of the Acts of Provisors and the like were the exercise of this power of the realm over the external conditions through which the spiritual power acted. At the time of the Reformation this struggle reached its most critical point. The State, and to a great degree the national clergy also, felt that the original conditions of acknowledged nationality under which the spiritual body ought to act had been infringed. The nation rose in all ranks and orders to rectify these broken conditions. The strife at its beginning was limited to this. But, as soon as it broke out, it became evident that the violation of these more outward conditions was itself an effect of yet higher obligations, and that the great deposit of religious truth itself had been corrupted by its guardians. The second wave broke upon the crest of the first, and the religious reformation rolled in upon the ecclesiastical. The Church, which had been the subject of old Acts of Parliaments, became the subject of new Acts, which aimed at restoring the old compact between the spirituality and the temporality to their original conditions, and guarding for the future against the evils of the past. But whilst as an establishment the Church was brought, as the consequence and punishment

ment of former Popish insolence, under stricter bonds, there was no leaven of real Erastianism in the change. From first to last the spiritual power, and the ecclesiastical conditions under which it was to be exercised in England, are kept wholly distinct in the Acts of Henry VIII. 'The Institution of a Christian Man' laid clearly down this principle. 'Christ and his Apostles did institute and ordain in the New Testament, besides the civil powers and governance of kings and princes, that there should also be continually in the Church militant certain other ministers and officers, who should have special power, authority, and commission under Christ to preach and teach the word of God to His people, to dispense and administer the sacraments of God unto them, and by the same to confer and give the graces of the Holy Ghost.' 'This office, this power, this authority was committed and given by Christ and his apostles to certain persons only: that is to say, to priests or bishops, whom they did elect, call, and admit thereunto by their prayers and imposition of hands.'* The English language is scarcely capable of being made to express a declaration more at variance than this with what we read in the Erastian press of the day as the result of the change intended and wrought by the Reformation on the old English Church and its pretensions.

The Dean's treatment of his subject has risen with its requirements; and these two volumes, though marked throughout with the strongest family resemblance to those before them, are in every respect far the best of the series. There is more study of original documents, more grasp of character, a bolder announcement of principles, and a broader and more philosophic estimate of the flow of the events which he describes, both in their causes and in their consequences. The story, moreover, turns itself more naturally round the two Archbishops, and there is more power shown of seizing upon and delineating character.

This, indeed, is one of the Dean's strongest points. There is a vein of humour peeping out through the whole narrative, giving to it a deep human interest for the reader. Without such a vein of humour in the depicter, all delineations of character must be utterly tame and lifeless. A man must have lived amongst his fellows, must have read their characters, must have seen their weaknesses, sympathised with them in their struggles, and admired their great qualities, before the history of the past will give up to him living men and women, instead of mere names or stiff brocaded figures. There is, of course, a danger attending such a power. From more than one

* 'Formularies of Faith,' 101-104, quoted in 'Lives of Archbishops,' vol. ii. pp. 164, 165.

popular writer of history it is not difficult to extract the secret of his success in painting the broad panorama of history. He selects a picturesque period, in which many actors appear naturally on the scene. It may be a rebellion, a conspiracy, or a council. He analyses their characters, settles in his own mind from the hints dropped concerning them their resemblance to still living men, whom he can study in their actual words and deeds; and he then proceeds to paint, under the old dress and label, with the old name, one or other of the men who move and act around him according to what he has assumed to be their similitude to the dead. This produces, no doubt, a life-like and interesting narrative; but it is a work of fancy, not of history. Such historical portraits may be speaking likenesses of the living men actually drawn, but they are no more real historical characters than was the hero of the sermon of the young dissenting preacher who moved his audience to tears by the touching portrait which he drew from the text, 'Tekel, thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting.' The Tekel of the moving discourse was quite as real a man as are the heroes of some of our recent popular historians. Strong conscientiousness and sterling good sense keep the Dean from such slips; and where he sees these parallels, instead of substituting the living analogue for the dead man, or playing, with a sort of literary ventriloquism, the trick which is attributed to St. Dunstan, and speaking himself through silent lips, he points out—dangerously sometimes to gravity—with his humorous pen, the reproduction of the present in the past.

We have already said that these volumes rise above the level of the earlier narrative. They are thoroughly readable, and will amply repay careful reading, not only from the great events they so faithfully chronicle, but also from the mode in which the narrative is put together. That same quaint humour of which we have spoken knits into a pleasant unity the present and the past. Thus, 'in most monasteries,' he tells us, 'there arose two sets; what would now be called "the fast set" would bring against the "strict set" the accusation so easy to make, and so difficult to disprove—of hypocrisy.'* So with a sly glance at certain modern practices of Lenten obligations, he records of Warham's day, that, 'although men ate and drank to repletion, and some of the feasters were obliged in retirement to rehabilitate their constitutions by submitting to a course of physic and blood-letting, still the dietary consisted exclusively of fish. The taste of the piscivorous multitude may not have been dis-

* Vol. i. p. 23

criminating when regaling on well-concocted conger, and ling, and halibut, disguised under various condiments and sauces, . . . on which the genius of the artist who presided over the culinary department must have been called into full play, . . . they may have thought the difference slight between fish and flesh.* He finds, too, when noting the applause which followed a singularly dull speech of the good Archbishop, with a glance all our readers will appreciate, the opportunity of suggesting that its enthusiastic reception only proved 'that Warham was endued with sweetness of voice and a natural eloquence, such as we ourselves occasionally witness in preachers who, inferior in point of ability, are surrounded by attentive, applauding, and enthusiastic auditors.' Does the living experience of a Dean of Chichester force itself to light under the statement concerning Collet, that the Dean found it more difficult to contend with the Cretan bellies of the underlings of his Church than to struggle against the Bæotian intellects of his opponents at Oxford?† Nor are the laity altogether spared. It would not require Mr. Croker's ingenuity in suggestion to piece a living name to the remark apropos to some overbearing men in the day of Warham, that 'many a lordly persecutor assumes to be, and has the character of being, a philanthropist.'‡ It is difficult not to believe that the paper of the day had just been thrown down upon the study-table of the Deanery at Chichester, when the sentence concerning the Parliament of 1529 was penned, and the then 'Lords Spiritual were' pronounced 'guilty of the unpardonable fault of despairing of the fortunes of the Spiritual republic.'§

One danger must beset such a writer; he is in danger of forgetting that he is a Church historian, as well as a biographer, and so of indulging in colloquial expressions, which the grave muse of history can scarcely endure: we allude to such expressions, to give but a single instance, as 'the old Duchess who appears to have been folly itself.'||

One other suggestion we would make for the after volumes and the reprints of them—the insertion of a running date in the margin of each page. This would not only be a great assistance to the reader, but it would force upon the writer a stricter observance of chronological order in his narrative, and prevent the tendency to repetition, of which there is room for occasional complaint.

A valuable introductory chapter opens the first of these volumes. In this are well laid down the broad general principles on which all ecclesiastical history must be written and

* Vol. i. p. 175. † *Ib.* p. 289. ‡ *Ib.* p. 280. § *Ib.* p. 380. || Vol. ii. p. 81. read,

read, if 'by history we mean anything more than annals or a dry statement of facts—a corpse without a soul.'*

In this too are contained discussions (after the manner of dissertations) of subjects which could neither be passed over without manifest incompleteness or introduced into the text of the narrative without a perpetual interruption of its flow. Thus in this chapter, amongst other matter, three important dissertations will be found: one on the identity of the Reformed with the Early Church of England; one on the supremacy of the Crown; and one on the character of Cromwell (the spelling which the Dean adopts to keep clear the distinction between the Minister of Henry VIII. and the usurping Protector) and his suppression of the monasteries. Each of these is very ably written, and of great importance to all who would understand the Ecclesiastical history of the time. We have already quoted from the first: in the second it is distinctly shown that the assertion of the supremacy of the Crown was no new pretension, first urged at the æra of the Reformation, but had been from time immemorial the claim of the English Crown, enforced or suffered to sleep according to the strength of the monarch on the throne; but always reasserted and perpetually re-enforced by statutory enactments. Forgotten as this is by numbers, no fact in history is more certain. Sir Edward Coke's reports on the case of *Caudrey*, to which the Dean refers, prove conclusively that Henry VIII.'s statute on the supremacy of the Crown was but the giving the authority of a declaratory Act to the old common law of the land. Professor Brewer, in his preface to the '*Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*' (vol. ii.), well sums up the whole argument in these words: 'As a right, though not always as fact, the supremacy of the King had continued immemorial; the usurpations upon that right were resisted and modified by the energy and will of the Sovereign.'

There never was a time when it was more important to make this truth universally known and recognised. For, on the one hand, there is a party—largely represented by the ingenious writer of what we must term the *Romance of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, under the title of a '*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*'—who delight to speak of the Reformation changes as being an abandonment on the part of the Church of England of her claim to be an integral part of the Church Catholic—a spiritual body, with spiritual power given by our Lord through His apostles—and an acceptance of a new position as holding from the will of the State alone her

* Vol. ii. p. 4.

authority and position as a religious body ; whilst on the other side there are those who groan over the utter loss of spiritual liberty at the Reformation, and who, under the garb of a spurious Catholicism, preach disaffection to their fathers' Church. These last conveniently forget that, antecedently to the Reformation, Convocation could pass no canons without the King's consent ; that no bull or ecclesiastical constitution could be published in this kingdom without his sanction ; that the bishoprics of England, being of royal foundation, were filled by the Crown as donatives before it granted to the Chapters the modified rights conferred by the allowance of the *Congé d'Elire* ; and that under the *Congé d'Elire* the Sovereign still so effectually selected the Bishop to be elected that Warham could write in 1522 to Cardinal Wolsey, 'Whereas I am informed that it hath pleased the King's most noble Grace to name to the bishopric of London Master Cuthbert Tonstall, Master of the Rolls, at your Grace's special recommendation, furtherance, and promotion, I thank your Grace, therefore, as heartily as I can.'* Equally oblivious, in their longing for reunion with Rome, are men of this school of the troubles which long before the Reformation embittered the relations of this land with the Papal communion ; nor do they seem to have heard that though the Pope continually renewed his efforts to obtain the recognition of his claim to be the fountain-head of ecclesiastical jurisdiction before the Reformation quite as earnestly as after it, these efforts were resisted and put down by the Crown and by the law of England. These great principles were indeed endangered, as the Dean points out, amidst the various struggles of the Reformation and the Laudian period :—

'The distinction between the royal and the sacerdotal powers was totally disregarded by Crumwell and the unprincipled men who formed the Government of Edward VI. ; and the royal supremacy was too often permitted to encroach on the sacerdotal powers through the weakness, the servility, and want of fixed principles on the part of Archbishop Cranmer. Much injury was done to the cause of the Church through the mistaken policy of our leading ecclesiastics under the unfortunate dynasty of the Stuarts. To strengthen their position against the Romish non-conformists on the one hand, and the Puritan non-conformists on the other, they exaggerated the royal prerogative.'†

But, in spite of these accidental perversions, the doctrine of the Church of England was at all times essentially that which

* Vol. i. p. 213.

† *Ib.* p. 50.

the Convocation declared in 1534, and which Parliament subsequently ratified: that 'the Pope of Rome hath no greater jurisdiction conferred upon him by God in Holy Scripture in this kingdom of England than any other foreign Bishop.*' The Dean quotes at length from Mr. Gladstone's remarks on the Royal supremacy, the clear and memorable statements which set so courageously forward the true position of spiritual freedom, secured alike by law and practice to the Church of England. If the truth on this subject were more generally borne in mind, we should be delivered from those Erastian claims on the one hand, and from those disloyal diatribes on the other, with which extreme men create, renew, prolong, and embitter those dissensions and disputes which so grievously injure the Church's power, and at times threaten even to rend her asunder.

The great figures on the canvas of these volumes are the two Archbishops, Henry VIII., Crumwell, and Cardinal Wolsey. They are all carefully and conscientiously drawn, with alleged warrants for the actions from which their characters are inferred, and with many a Hans Holbein feature, with his lifelike reproduction of the past, and his tender, discriminating touch, as they pass before us.

With no specific attempt to give a character of Henry VIII., we know not any pages in which he so continually reveals himself. Without at all subscribing to the truth of that recent portraiture, in which he is drawn as the model of self-sacrifice—divorcing Catherine, putting to death her successor, marrying Jane Seymour before the block was dry on which Anne Boleyn suffered, all against his own instincts, for the sake of his people—we think there is ample evidence that the opposite view, which represents him as a barbarous tyrant, who never spared man in his anger or woman in his lust, is, to say the least, almost as far from the truth. There were many noble traits marked upon his strong masculine character. In an age of almost universal licentiousness, scandal never fixed a charge upon him, save in the case of the intrigue with the daughter of Sir John Blunt, to which the young Duke of Richmond owed his birth. He was loved as well as feared by all who came into close relation to him. He thoroughly appreciated truth and manliness in others. His relations with Cranmer have often a touching tenderness about them. He believed in his people, and estimated thoroughly the sterling worth and strength of nature which belonged to them. England never stood more

* Wilkes, iii. 767.

alone and yet never held a higher tone than under him. The estimation in which in return the English people manifestly held him is alone sufficient to show the injustice of the utterly black character which is commonly attributed to him. It is quite clear that their loyalty to him living, and their deep regret for him when dead, rested not so much on a nice calculation of the evils which a disputed succession might inflict upon the land, as upon their recognising in him the true kingly embodiment of their own national character. They honoured the intense strength of his will, the geniality which ever lit up those burly features and threw a halo even over acts of violence and bloodshed, his strong and capacious intellect, his large attainments, and the general wisdom which was stamped upon his counsels. Cranmer's affection for him, and his regard for Cranmer, both witness to this character in Henry. The Dean more than once attributes to him an inclination for having his views combated, so long as he knew that he could at the last enforce them as he would. This hardly does justice to the real forbearance and geniality of the man. There were times when Cranmer opposed him on matters as to which any opposition must have touched him to the quick. Such were the Archbishop's letter as to the innocence of Anne Boleyn; such his interference when the Earl of Essex fell. And yet on these, as on all other occasions, he treated Cranmer with unvarying kindness and manifest consideration. These are great qualities for a king—for a Tudor.

In these Lives it is with Henry's connexion with the Church of England that we are most concerned. Any attempt to represent him as what is commonly meant by a Protestant is simply absurd. He began, as every one knows, by being a bigoted Papist; he prided himself on his refutation of the early Reformed doctrines. The imputation that he 'first saw Gospel light in Boleyn's eyes' is in one sense, no doubt, literally true. No doubt it was the almost unrivalled deceitfulness of Clement, the long delays, the inexhaustible treachery of the old man, his incessant trimming between his fear on the one hand of losing England and on the other of provoking the Emperor, which opened Henry's eyes—as nothing could have opened them which did not closely touch himself—to the vast evils of the Pope's usurped supremacy. Thus he was led to take up the old English quarrel of preceding generations. So far as directly regarded the other points in discussion between the Reformers and their opponents, Henry was to the end a maintainer of the old learning. The Act of the Six Articles was specially his own, enacted against the will of Crumwell, then his First Minister, and in spite of the public opposition

opposition of Cranmer. Political necessity made him at one time court the alliance of the German Powers, but he had no real sympathy from first to last with them or with their views. The effect of these peculiarities of Henry's character upon the process of the English Reformation cannot be over-rated. This gave to it, in its first ebullition, its distinctive character of being mainly and pre-eminently a restoration of the independence of the English Church. It steadied and delayed the movement, and it kept the agents close, as no other Reformers were kept, to the old faith, wherever it had not been hopelessly corrupted.

No part of these volumes has been prepared with more diligence and care, or executed with more success, than that which exhibits the character, principles, and actions of Cromwell. The figure stands life-like on the canvas before us, from his strange wandering and doubtful youth, through his ambitious, busy, unprincipled, merciless successes, down to the sudden and overwhelming ruin which in a few short hours buried all his greatness. The Dean has beyond a doubt truly and successfully sketched the strange career, and estimated the character of this man. Trained, after the wild experiences of his youth, under Wolsey, he had acquired the lore which made him in that troubled time—when Francis of France and Charles V. of Spain and Germany had to be played against each other—a great foreign minister. His connexion with the fallen Cardinal seemed at first to threaten, but did indeed beyond anything else build up, his fortunes. Shakespeare's unequalled drama, and the common-place repetition of moralists on history, have tended to create an impression that his fidelity to his ruined master indicated some noble unselfishness in his own mind. We see no trace of such a contradiction, for so it assuredly would be, of every after exhibition of his character. It is true that to a certain degree he clung to the fallen Cardinal; but it was only as the ivy clings to the fallen trunk until it has found another stem around which to entwine itself. Cromwell had no other patron to whom at once to turn, and therefore he adhered to Wolsey. He was far too shrewd an observer of men, and too good a judge of character, to fear provoking any anger of the King by such a short-lived fidelity. Probably he had counted carefully all chances, and was convinced that the King, who would need some one to fill the place which Wolsey had occupied, would be won to regard him favourably by some exhibition of his allegiance to his old patron. It is clear that he was at this time intriguing to be taken into the King's service, for he writes to Cavendish:—'I intend, God willing, this afternoon when my Lord hath dined, to ride to London,

London, and so on to the Court, where I will either make or mar ere I come again.* If he did, as we think, reckon upon this display of fidelity to Wolsey as likely to recommend him to the King, the result fully justifies his sagacity, for Henry at once adopted the services he offered, and with a most pliant alacrity he transferred his fidelity from the fallen Minister to his new master. The Dean suggests, with great reason, that Wolsey's real estimate of Crumwell's character was that of a clever selfish man :—

'I have come to the conclusion that Wolsey had no confidence in Crumwell's sincerity, and that Crumwell did not treat his fallen master with consideration and kindness. He was obliged to defend him, for he had no other course to pursue; but he was in a state of the greatest alarm for his own safety. . . The Cardinal in one letter entreats him as one who had neglected to come to him, when he had been expected to repair to him "as soon as Parliament was broken up." He entices him to come, by saying that he has things to say to him concerning his own self—as if he knew the selfishness of the man.' †

The same conviction, combined with a high estimate of Crumwell's great powers, and his special aptitude from charms of manners for obtaining influence, led the haughty Cardinal to fawn upon the servant in whose fidelity he could scarcely believe. 'My own entirely-beloved Crumwell,' he writes. 'My own aider in this my intolerable anxiety and heaviness.' 'My own trusted and most assured refuge in this my calamity.' 'My only refuge and aid.' ‡ The Dean finds no ground for believing that these were the utterances of a true affection, but bespoke the Cardinal's earnest desire to retain the services of a sagacious man whom he suspected but wished to employ.§

As soon as he was transferred to the King's service he showed himself to be a thoroughly reliable tool in Henry's hand. Throughout he acted on the principles he avowed in that conversation with Reginald Pole (for questioning the veracity of which the Dean says forcibly 'no reason can be alleged except the principle of rejecting every historical fact which does not agree with our pre-conceived opinions'), in which he recommended Machiavelli to him as his teacher, and avowed for himself the intention of 'first discovering what are the secret wishes of the King, and then, in carrying them into effect, making them appear by special arguments to be consistent with the dictates and requirements of morality and religion.' ||

All Crumwell's after life justified this low opinion which his first patron formed of his moral character. His religion was

* Vol. i. p. 129.

† *Ib.* p. 128.

‡ *Ib.* p. 127.

§ *Ib.* p. 128.

|| *Ib.* p. 126.

from first to last dictated by the exigencies of political party, or the claims of his own selfish interest. He threw in his lot with the Reformers, and has been lauded as a saint and 'man of God' by the inaccurate and inveterate Foxe; but neither his character nor his conduct exhibit any marks of piety save that of standing by his faction, and providing for himself. He was greedy of gain, and so rapacious in seizing on and amassing it, that, though utterly profuse and prodigal in spending money, he died possessed of immense wealth. No one trusted him, unless, which is far from certain, the rugged, humorous, quaint Hugh Latimer did so. If Latimer really had any faith in him, it may have been the same defects of his own character which made him offensively facetious and flippant in his letter to Crumwell when appointed to preach at the burning of poor Forest, and 'unhandsomely merry' at the condemnation of Sir Thomas More, or possibly, as we would hope of one who died so bravely for his faith, from the greatness of his own sincerity, which made him unable to suspect or detect the duplicity of the wily statesman to whom the support of such a man was as invaluable as in the present day the support of a great religious leader might be to the irreligious and even profligate head of a political party. Certainly Crumwell's course was not calculated to inspire such trust. He was a zealous supporter of the Reformers when advancing their cause enabled him to suppress the religious houses and enrich himself and his dependents out of their spoils; but when the imperious will of Henry required the enactment of the 'Act of Six Articles, or, as the Puritans, who liked to give hard names to hard acts, called it, the whip with six strings,'* Crumwell acquiesced (for his name stands on the list of the committee from which in fact it emanated): although it declared the truth of transubstantiation, justified the receiving the Communion in one kind, prohibited the marriage of the clergy, and continued private masses, vows of chastity, and the retention of auricular confession. In like manner, zealous as he was against the chantries, or at least against their endowments, yet, as the Dean points out,—

'At a time when he was at the head of the ultra-Protestant party [June, 1529], he leaves twenty shillings to each of the five orders of Friars within the City of London, to pray for his soul. He directs his executor "to engage a priest to sing for his soul three years next after his death, and to pay him for the same twenty pounds." Five or six years afterwards he had occasion to correct his will, when the bequests for prayers to be made for his soul were retained; and it is proved that this was not an oversight, for, as regarded the priest who

* Vol. i. p. 33.

was to pray for the dead, he desired him to continue his services for seven years, and he increased his stipend from 20*l.* to 40*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* What religion he had would appear to be superstition; and the superstition of an irreligious man induces him to seek the advantages whilst he avoids the responsibilities of religion.*

We differ from the Dean's suggestion that the fall of Crumwell was unconnected with the disgust which Henry entertained to Anne of Cleves. It is almost certain that Crumwell had taken a leading part in promoting that marriage. It was a supreme part of his foreign policy to encourage every alliance between Henry and the Protestant Powers of Germany. Crumwell's personal interests were too deeply involved in this, not to make him thoroughly in earnest in securing it. He had offended the Papal party beyond all possibility of forgiveness. He had to bow his head to the heavy storm of the Six Articles, which were designed rather to prevent the Protestant party from wrangling against the six points, than to enforce the six points themselves as matters of necessary dogmatic belief; but if the Roman party regained their power he would too probably have, not merely to bow his head to such an Act of Parliament, but to lose it on the block, a contingency which few men were less ready to court than Thomas Crumwell. Now past experience had shown him how greatly the King's mode of viewing questions was affected by his domestic relations; and Anne of Cleves might be able to effect what the shameful fall of Anne Boleyn had prevented his accomplishing. He was, therefore, bent upon promoting this match. Partly because he wished well to the Reformers, but more especially because he wished for security for himself. The Dean suggests that Anne of Cleves could not have been the occasion of Crumwell's disgrace, because the King 'instead of venting his anger upon Crumwell, confided to him his disappointment, and consulted him as to the means by which he might extricate himself from his contract.' †

'Besides,' he adds, 'it was after her arrival that Crumwell received his earldom.' A study of the original documents not only brings us to an opposite conclusion, but reconciles these facts with it. The King's personal disgust with his contracted Queen was intense; he found too that the political object he had in view in the alliance was not likely to be secured; he regarded the whole matter as Crumwell's arrangement; he had suggested it, he had obtained the flattering pictures and reports of the Queen's beauty which her actual appearance so rudely contradicted, he had even endeavoured to lessen the King's disappointment 'by

* Vol. i. p. 125.

† *Ib.* p. 139.

suggesting that she had a queenly manner.* If she had been a subject of the realm, the King would no doubt have taken at once his course in his own high handed manner. But he feared embroiling the nation at the same time with the Emperor, the King of France, and the German Princes; the threads of the whole mesh-work of foreign politics were in Crumwell's hands, and the King called on him to find a remedy, which would at once set him free from the marriage he hated, and prevent the mischief which, if it were abruptly broken off, he apprehended to the realm, and gave him his earldom to strengthen his hands for the necessary negotiation. It was only when he proved resourceless that expectation turned in the King's mind into disgust; and then the destruction of the lately powerful minister was sudden, not, as we think, because 'Henry delighted to raise his favourites to a giddy eminence of greatness, that their fall might be the heavier when in his caprices or his vengeance he thought fit to hurl them to the bottom of the pit,'† but because there had been accumulating against the day of his disgrace, innumerable causes and instruments of his destruction. 'Crumwell had failed in every promise he had made the King.'‡ As the fruit of his foreign policy the Crown was wholly without allies, the Pope was hostile to the death, the Emperor alienated, Francis was unwon, the German Princes stood suspiciously aloof; at home religious animosities, always peculiarly distasteful to Henry, were embittering the divisions of the lieges; even the dissolution of the monasteries, the only matter in which the great *Malleus Monachorum* had succeeded thoroughly, had been a disappointment. Their wealth, which was to have enabled Henry to govern without a Parliament, had slipped like water through his fingers; his share had gone in gambling and magnificences; a few of his nobles had been greatly enriched, no one more so than Crumwell himself, but the common people, whom the religious houses had supported, were ready to revolt; the friends of the monasteries were made his enemies; Crumwell's boasted Government had been on all sides a failure, and as the crown of all it had fettered the King with a marriage engagement which he abhorred, and from which Crumwell could not or would not help to free him. The course of the minister, a bad, bold, hypocritical, unscrupulous, venal man in the day of his elation, was crowded with acts of cruelty, licence, violence, lawlessness, venality, which could not bear examination. For such a man there could be no intermediate condition between

* MS. Cotton., Book i. p. 418; quoted by Mr. Froude, vol. iii. p. 468.

† Vol. i. p. 86.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 136.

eminence of power which was above punishment, and an immediate certainty of destruction. He stumbled, and the darkening wings of the vultures crowded round him. He fell; and he fell irretrievably and abjectly: pleading for life, the late haughty overbearing minister ended his supplication to the King with the cry 'Written at the Tower with the heavy heart and trembling hand of your Highness's most miserable prisoner and poor slave. I cry for mercy—mercy—mercy!'*

The universal rejoicing at his fall throughout all classes attests the harshness of his rule; the insolence of his conduct in prosperity, and the want of dignity in his evil day. That its immediate cause should have been the King's disgust at the newly contracted marriage, and at his minister for having arranged it, is a remarkable instance of Nemesis. Crumwell, a secret Romanist, had for lucre and power put himself at the head of the Protestants; and by success in negotiating (as a zealous Reformer) this Protestant alliance, he lost his power, his honour, and his life.

In his judgment on the suppression of the monasteries, the Dean holds the scale with the even hand and entire fairness which is so honourably conspicuous in his pages. He shows that it had at all times belonged to the King of right to visit all collegiate and monastic institutions; that eighty-one alien priories, that is, priories in England affiliated to religious houses abroad, had been sequestered by King John; that thirty more had been sequestered by Edward III., restored in the first year of Henry IV., but again suspended in his sixth year; that Henry V. had by Act of Parliament suppressed the alien priories and vested their estates in the Crown; that throughout the middle ages, and before the Reformation was thought of, the creators of colleges, such as Walter de Merton, and William of Wykeham, had found the means of endowing their great foundations from similar sources; that many of these monasteries were no longer the homes of industry, holy living and devotion, but centres of idleness and moral corruption; that the distinction, moreover, between Church property and monastic property was most marked, and that no notion of peculiar sacredness then attached to the holdings of the monasteries; that they were institutions to be judged of simply by their results; and that they had long ceased to effect in any real degree the useful purposes for which they had at first been founded. They no longer sustained either religion or learning, whilst their inmates had for a long period given no eminent person either to the Church or State. 'The secular

* Vol. ii. p. 286.

clergy maintained their position throughout the reign of Henry VII., and with Wolsey at their head through the early part of his son's reign the Regulars had forfeited the respect and esteem of the public.*

The Dean has therefore no professional censures for the resumption by the State of property of which it might justly regard itself as the trustee, provided only that the mode of resumption was fitting, and the uses to which the resumed property was put were of the nature of a *cy pres* redistribution. Under Crumwell's influence he shows that neither of these necessary conditions were observed. Instead of a careful examination of the separate cases of the religious houses, the idlest tales were judged sufficient to justify the dissolution of venerable societies; whilst the rack and other instruments of torture were freely used under the direct personal superintendence of Crumwell, to extort from an unwilling witness or too retentive culprit the secrets they were supposed to hide.† Mr. Tytler, as quoted in these pages, does not scruple after examining the original documents to say, that 'they exhibit Crumwell as equally tyrannical and unjust, despising the authority of the law, and unscrupulous in the use of torture.'‡ At the same time he used without scruple every other instrument to obtain his ends, stirring up the populace against all religion by having 'the ordinances of the Church burlesqued, and things most sacred turned into ridicule by divers fresh and quick wits, by whose industry the country was inundated with pictures, jests, songs, and interludes.'§ The property of the monasteries having by such means got into Crumwell's hands, the purposes for which these estates ought to have been reserved were almost entirely forgotten, and what might have made provision for sound instruction and increased means of public worship was lost in gambling and dissipation, or basely given over to the hangers-on of Crumwell and the Court, to build up private fortunes out of public spoils.

It is well that at the present time the warning which this appropriation of the confiscated estates of the religious houses suggests should be with all distinctness repeated. All experience teaches us that whether or no other curses attend upon such confiscation, the curse of misappropriation has attached itself with unvarying fixedness to all such acts.

The regular series of history in these volumes contains the lives of William Warham and Thomas Cranmer. Warham was Archbishop from 1503 to 1532. He was educated at Winchester and New College, and after leaving Oxford first practised as a

* Vol. i. p. 70.

† *Ib.* pp. 98-99.

‡ *Ib.* p. 119.

§ *Ib.* p. 94.
lawyer

lawyer in the Court of Arches : there he attracted the attention of Archbishop Morton, was brought under the keen eye of Henry VII., and according to the custom of that day was sent, then it seems in Holy Orders, as legal adviser to Sir Henry Poynings on his embassy to detach the Duke of Burgundy from the side of Perkin Warbeck. He soon after became precentor of Wells, Master of the Rolls, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, and Principal of a Hall (St. Edward's) at Oxford, whilst he was actively engaged in the foreign affairs of the English Government, and sent frequently abroad to discharge the duties of a diplomatist. In 1501 he was on the King's appointment elected Bishop of London, though not consecrated, in consequence as it seems of being on one of his continental embassies, for more than a year afterwards. Warham was one of those men whom Henry VII. loved to promote. Able, wary, and moderate, untroubled with any genius, and with whom conscientious principle never knotted itself into a crotchet or subsided into impracticable obstinacy. In 1502 he resigned the Mastership of the Rolls; but could not escape from the trammels of his lay dignity, as before the year was out he was appointed Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; and within another six months was translated to the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury and appointed Lord Chancellor, the pay of which high office when he received it was only 100 marks raised for him afterwards to 200*l.*, and garnished with such moderate perquisites only as a common velvet bag for the Great Seal, value 15*s.*; for winter robes to enable him to sit in Court in December, 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, with certain tuns of Gascon wine.* How must the record of such stinted payments stir the virtuous wrath and kindle the love of such happy times of frugality in the souls of our great Manchester economists. Warham remained Chancellor through the reign of Henry VII., and in spite of many attempts to resign it earlier, it was not until the year 1515 he succeeded in getting free by handing it over to the keeping of Wolsey. Between Wolsey and himself there existed to his death the relations natural to a wise and wary, though somewhat timid statesman, who held the higher ecclesiastical position, with a minister of master intellect, of uncontrollable ambition, and unwearied administrative vigour.

Warham was a reformer before the Reformation. He was the intimate friend of Erasmus; and from an expression in one of Erasmus's letters which has been supposed to be addressed to Warham, the Dean raises the question, Was Warham a married man? It is rather difficult to gather to which side the balance

* Vol. i. p. 183.

inclines as one weighs the evidence in the judgment of the impartial Dean. The expression of Erasmus is unequivocal—‘*Bene vale cum dulcissima conjugali liberisque dulcissimis,*’ Jortin supposes that there is an error in the heading of the epistle, which should have been addressed to Lord Mountjoy. We have no doubt that this or some such solution is the truth. The Dean is quite right in the estimate which he forms of the moral results of enforced celibacy amongst the clergy. ‘Only persons,’ he says, ‘of very strict religious principles objected to the residence of a concubine in the house of a clergyman.’ . . . If the parties were secretly married ‘the marriage was voidable, but [not] void, and if the marriage were proved the legitimacy of the children was not disputed.’ Still a clergyman by marriage ‘violated the canons of the Church or the Statutes of the land, hence the marriage was generally clandestine.’* ‘Wolsey was himself a concubinary priest.’† The Dean seems on the whole to favour the idea of Warham’s secret marriage as accounting for Wolsey’s ‘despotic influence over his mind.’ But this is at once accounted for by the accustomed yielding of the gentle and less vigorous, to the more energetic will and mind; and for ourselves we dismiss the suggestion as wholly incompatible with the records of Warham’s character and conduct. So far from living, as it has been asserted, merely to support his Order, Warham had himself attempted a reform of the ecclesiastical courts, the great abuse of the day, and had begun a visitation of the monasteries. But he found the sons of Zeruah too strong for his trembling or aged hand; and acquiesced in the desire of Henry VIII. for Wolsey’s cardinalate and legantine powers, mainly as it seems in the hope that the red hat and the weight of a *legatus a latere* might make another powerful enough to enforce the reforms which were beyond his own strength and which yet he saw to be essential to the safety of the Church. Wolsey was not generous in his use of the superior powers which this higher authority conferred upon him, and Warham sometimes meekly resisted but more frequently patiently resigned himself to the assumptions of the power he had by acquiescence invoked. For the same reason he seems to have withdrawn himself from public life. The Dean‡ quotes Sebastian Giustiniani as asserting that Warham the peace-loving minister of Henry VII. could not acquiesce in the ambitious projects of Wolsey’s war policy, and so absented himself from the Council when it was resolved to assist the Emperor against the King of France. And this is by no means an improbable solution of his

* Vol. i. p. 319.

† *Ib.* p. 321.‡ *Ib.* p. 254.

retirement.

retirement. In domestic politics Warham and Wolsey were at one: save that Warham somewhat inactively desired the reforms which Wolsey vehemently effected. More than fourscore years pressed upon the venerable head of the Primate, and it was but natural that he should to a great degree withdraw himself from political life, and retire into the learned leisure he so dearly loved. This he shared freely with many of the leaders of the 'new learning.' What he was amongst them, some beautiful sentences of Erasmus have recorded.

'Now Erasmus is almost transformed into an Englishman,' he writes to Abbot St. Bertin. 'Of those who are kind to me, I place in the first place Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury. What genius! What copiousness! What vivacity! What facility in the most complicated discussion! What erudition! What politeness! From Warham, who is truly royal, none ever parted in sorrow! With all these qualities, how great is Warham's humility, how edifying his modesty. He alone is ignorant of his eminence; no one is more faithful or more constant in friendship.'*

So wrote Erasmus of Warham: we, of the present century, might almost fancy that these were Bunsen's words, and that he wrote them concerning Archbishop Howley.

But more than one important matter was yet to trouble Warham's age. First, the question of the King's marriage with Catherine pressed heavily upon him. He took indeed no leading part in helping forward the divorce, yet he leaned strongly to the King's side, and the King would have been well content if the Pope would have committed to him the determination of his matrimonial suit. 'Ther canne,' Henry urged to Clement, 'be no person in Christendome more indifferente, more miet, apt, and convenient than the sayd Archbishop, who hath lernyng, excellent high and long experience, a man ever of a singular zeale to justice.'† It could not suit the crafty policy of the dissimulating Clement to commit the judgment of the King's cause to such a man. But it is a strong argument in favour of Henry's motives, and of the real justice of his cause, that such a man as Warham adhered to him in it till the end.

The other matter which troubled the close of Warham's life was the Act for the Submission of the Clergy. Wolsey had fallen; and in falling drew down upon the clergy the charge of treason for their admission of his legantine powers. They were proceeded against under the *præmunire* statute, and had to purchase their forgiveness by a large benevolence. The King required, for the future safeguard of the supremacy of his

* Erasmi Epist. to the Abbot of St. Bertin.

† Vol. i. p. 374.

Crown, that the clergy should bind themselves to make no canons in their convocations without the King's sanction. This was no sacrifice of any spiritual power which was really theirs. It was altogether in the spirit of the ancient Church constitution of the land. It conceded no lawful power of the spirituality. In making this concession, the spirituality did not profess to receive from the State the power of making canons or constitutions. On the contrary, it assumed that the power of making such rules rested of necessity with the body spiritual, but that it was according to the word of Christ and the teaching of the Apostle that she should not exercise her power within a Christian kingdom, save by a license from the anointed King. To this Warham counselled the clergy voluntarily to submit; and after a long struggle, the course of which may be read at length in the Dean's biography, the concession was agreed to *in verbo sacerdotii*.

It was almost the last act of Warham. Between the hours of two and three on the 22nd day of August, 1532, William Warham was at rest. There does not appear to be the slightest foundation for the assertion that 'he withdrew himself heartbroken into his palace at Lambeth.*' Such men do not die heartbroken, and there had been nothing, if it had been otherwise, to break his heart. The Dean's conception of his character is the true one. He was a reformer, but a conscientious and a cautious reformer. He saw his primacy drawing to its close, marked, with his entire concurrence, by the re-assertion of the Crown's supremacy and the submission of the clergy to it; he feared that after he was gone these admissions might be so enlarged as to sacrifice what he could not have yielded. Against such a course, which might be 'to the hurt, prejudice, or limitation of the powers of the Church, or to the subverting, enervating, derogating from or diminishing the laws, customs, privileges, prerogatives, pre-eminence, or liberties of our metropolitan Church of Canterbury,' he, on his dying bed, signed before the notary his protest, declaring that such in all he had agreed to, he did 'neither will, nor intend, nor with clear conscience was able to consent to the same.'† And so, consenting to a lawful reform, and protesting against what he deemed the licence into which it might be lengthened out, he calmly yielded from his dying hand the crozier he had borne peacefully and with honour through so many a stormy year. Any one who remembers the portrait of him, painted by Hans Holbein, which appeared some two or three years back in the Exhibition at Kensington, will feel how truly the countenance of the man expressed his character.

* Froude, i. p. 369.

† Burnet's 'Collectanea.'

The intellectual, gentle, disciplined face, the refined and well-proportioned features, and the light subdued by quietness which overspread them, well represented the churchman with whom Erasmus loved to converse, and whom Holbein delighted to draw.

Rumour had already fixed on Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, as the successor of Warham; but the King had other views, and Cranmer, who had done good service in promoting the divorce from Catherine, was selected for the post, and duly elected and consecrated with the assent of the Papal authorities. The Dean triumphantly vindicates him from the vulgar charge of having sought and accepted the office, whilst he disbelieved in the doctrines which its acceptance implied him to hold. He did not seek, but shrank from the primacy, and delayed as long as he could venture, after the King's nomination, to return and take possession of it. He was singularly unambitious; his desires pointed to literary ease amidst family life. As he returned to England he married as a second wife, a niece of his friend Osiander. He would not have contracted this second marriage if he had in any degree looked to the primacy. It is 'extreme injustice to represent him as a Protestant in disguise during the reign of Henry.*' He 'was not a Protestant before the commencement of the reign of Edward VI.,' even if, 'in the modern acceptance of the term, a Protestant he ever became.'† 'The real work of the Reformation was the changing of the mass into a communion, and this involved the dogma of transubstantiation. . . . Henry VIII. was dead before Cranmer renounced transubstantiation, and until he did that it is a mistake to speak of him as a Protestant.'‡ The Dean, in clearing him from this imputation, guards himself from being supposed to have any 'inclination to vindicate the character of Cranmer.' We entirely acquit him of such a charge. Though ready generously to find any possible excuse for many of his faults, he sometimes, we think, judges him too severely. An instance of what we mean occurs in the narrative of one of the earliest and most painful acts of Cranmer's archiepiscopate—the pronouncing sentence of nullity on the supposed marriage between Henry and Catherine, where he is spoken of as 'simulating the character of a just judge, when he had deliberately come to deliver an iniquitous judgment. But he never seems to have been conscience-stricken for his conduct on this occasion.'§ Now why is it to be supposed that the judgment Cranmer delivered was in any sense 'iniquitous'? In the expressed con-

* Vol. i. p. 318.

† *Ib.* p. 424.

‡ *Ib.* p. 426.

§ *Ib.* p. 471.

victions

victions of many of the best and wisest men of the day, the dispensation granted by Julius II. for Henry's marriage was, as dispensing with a law of God, utterly void and of no effect. If this were so, the marriage had never really existed; it was voidable, and it was his bounden duty, on complaint, to declare it void. That this was Cranmer's conscientious and deliberate conviction is well-nigh certain. No man had more deeply studied the whole question. No man had more opportunity of knowing that, even at Rome itself, this was the opinion of the Canonists. He may probably have known what Paolo Sarpi records, that when the Pope delegated the cause to the Cardinal Campeggio and the Cardinal of York, in order

'to facilitate the resolution that the solemnities of the judgement might not draw the cause in length, a brefe was framed, in which he was declared free from that marriage with the most ample clauses that ever were put into any Pope's Bull, and a Cardinall sent into England with order to present it after some few proofes were passed, which he was sure would easily be made. And this happened in the yeere 1524. But Clement judging it fitter for compassing his designs upon Florence . . . to joyne himself with the Emperour than to continue in the friendship of France and England, in the year 1529, he sent Francis Campana unto Campeggio with order to burne the brefe and proceed slowly in the cause.*

There seems to us no reason for doubting that with whatever painful sympathy for Catherine, Cranmer must have felt bound as an honest man to give this judgment, and if so to give it clearly and speedily.

The further progress of the reformation of religion is traced in the following pages with a master's hand. The Dean shows that

'Neither Henry nor Cranmer was a theorist. They had no particular schemes of their own to carry. They found the Church of England bowed down by the galling tyranny of Rome, through powers gradually usurped. When they had asserted the freedom of the National Church, and declared the King to be "in all causes and over all persons civil and ecclesiastical within his dominions supreme," they had to legislate not with a view to further their preconceived opinions, but simply to meet the difficulties arising from the circumstances in which they were placed. In an age of inquiry they soon discovered that the Catholic Faith, though always preserved in the three Creeds, had been obscured by superincumbent superstitions; and they sought, as they were discovered one by one, to remove them.†

In this work throughout Henry's reign, he and the Archbishop worked in the main steadily together, though

* His tory of Council of Trent,' lib. i. p. 68. N. Brett's translation, edit. 3.

† Vo. i. p. 491.

'Henry was of a conservative temper and would move slowly, whilst Cranmer, though slow to receive a truth, laboured eagerly when he had accepted it for its promulgation. Both were frequently inconsistent: the one urged on by his passions, the other retarded by his weakness.' *

It was of God's great mercy to this Church and nation, first, that two men of these opposite temperaments were acting together, one from the throne of England, the other from the marble chair of Canterbury, to guide the coming changes; and next, that the changes themselves were but remedies for immediate practical evils. There was in the nation a widespread dissatisfaction with the whole body of Papal corruptions. If the first attack on these had been conducted by one who had once been what Luther describes himself to have been, a 'most mad Papist,' and who in his first intoxication from newly discovered truth had appealed to that feeling, and had found the strength with which to carry his reforms in the passions of the populace, England's Church might have become what the religious systems of Saxony, of Geneva, and Scotland have been. But the first energy of the English Reformation was spent in demolishing the master evil of the Pope's usurped supremacy, and denying its sister vice of his infallibility. Slowly, cautiously, and like an ebbing tide rather than with the violence of a cataract, with reluctant pauses and seeming returns, the stream of feeling turned against those distinctly doctrinal errors which had affected the great mysteries of the Christian Church; and this branch of the Reformation was in consequence approached calmly and dealt with moderately, so that the evil parasites were removed without shaking the truth round which they had wound themselves, and to which they clung. The final separation by synodical act of the English Church from the Roman obedience, was the consequence of the strong reaction of English feeling, when the Pope reversed the Primate's judgment, and required Henry, under pain of excommunication, to put away his new Queen. Then, on the 7th of April, 1534, it was declared in the English Convocation that 'the Bishop of Rome hath no greater jurisdiction given him in this realm of England than any other foreign Bishop;†' and so was finally asserted by England's clergy that separation from the Papacy, which the sealing of the Act of the King's Supremacy with the blood of Fisher and Sir Thomas More proclaimed with so terrible an energy for the Laity. Other reformations panted and paused in their course. It was three years later before the joint influence

* Vol. i. p. 492.

† Wilkins's 'Concil.' iii. 769.

of Cranmer and Crumwell obtained a license from the King permitting the Bible, then called *Matthew's Bible*, to be freely bought and sold, and a command that a copy of it should be set up in every church. Strype records* that the Archbishop rejoiced on that day more 'than had there been given him a thousand pounds,' with him rejoiced a multitude as at the free opening in the desert of the springs of water. 'With what joy,' says Strype, 'that version of the Bible was received, not only amongst the learned sort and those that were noted for lovers of the Reformation, but generally all England over, amongst all the vulgar and common people.' This version, revised by Cranmer, was reprinted in the four following years under the title of '*The Great or Cranmer's Bible*.' The same year witnessed the publication of the '*Bishop's book*,' the '*Institution of a Christian man*,' which dealt freely with many points of Roman error. This has been fixed upon by Professor Blunt as the highest point reached by the tide of reform in the reign of Henry.

The following year, 1539, saw the enactment of the Six Articles, supported by the King, and bravely opposed in the House of Lords by Cranmer. The Dean considers these articles as a measure of policy and not of religion. The King perceived the danger which was accruing to the realm from the spread of religious dissension, and this Act was passed not against a wrong belief on the six points, but against an open contradiction of the still received opinion. In common with Dr. Maitland the Dean believes that 'it was meant to intimidate rather than to hurt.' It was beyond all question, so far as the immediate prospect of the Reformation was concerned, a distinctly reactionary measure. It had one effect which greatly disturbed the comfort of the Archbishop. For it compelled him to send back his wife to her German relations. The enactment which made it felony for a clergyman to live with his wife was mainly aimed at Cranmer, and may account in some measure for the boldness with which at first he opposed the Bill. The Dean's pages contain some amusing traits of poor Mrs. Cranmer's sufferings during her life of semi-concealed matrimony, especially Sanders' story of her misfortunes when travelling with the Archbishop, but packed away for safety in a chest.† His enemies tried hard to wound him from this side. But in this, as in so many other matters, Cranmer had the hearty support of the King. There is nothing which redounds more to Henry's credit than his relations with Cranmer

* Strype's '*Cranmer*,' p. 64.

† Vol. ii, p. 109.

from first to last. Surrounded as Henry was with utterly selfish, unprincipled men, he seems to have delighted in the single-heartedness of the Primate. It was the King who detected the plots formed against the Archbishop, and the King who defeated them. Opposition could not alienate him from Cranmer, and so it was till the unlooked-for end, when, having sent for the Archbishop for the last offices of religion, he died wringing hard the Archbishop's hand in token 'that he put his trust in God through Jesus Christ.'

There is no little light thrown back on Cranmer himself, from this unalterable affection of such a man as Henry. From first to last his character appears to us transparently clear. He was thoroughly honest; devoid of any gifts of genius; patient, laborious, and religious; true to his convictions, but liable to have those convictions varied by the force of circumstances or the arguments of others; he was true to his friends and forgiving to his enemies; with some spasmodic exertions of vigour he was deficient in strength of character; he was easily governed by women—Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard seem equally to have practised on his simplicity; and he became himself the husband of two women, neither of whom leave upon our mind an impress of notable worthiness. 'Black Joan' of the 'Dolphin' may have abused his inexperienced youth; but the second Mrs. Cranmer seems in his life to have manifested little delicacy, and when he was dead to have been voracious of after marriages. But for Henry's constant fidelity and friendly care, Cranmer would hardly have kept his footing in that slippery Court; and after Henry's death it was not long before troubles began to entangle him. Left by Henry's will at the head of the Council of Regency, he soon became almost a cypher in its deliberations. He did, indeed, resist the precipitate haste with which, for purely worldly motives, the Protector sought to carry forward religious changes for which Cranmer was unprepared. For at this time 'he did not hesitate to offer masses for the repose of Henry VIII. and of Francis I.'* Accordingly 'the foreign reformers of the Calvinistic School complained of Cranmer that he was lethargic and lukewarm, unworthy to carry out the Reformation to its full extent even when the cards were in his hands.' One of the reasons assigned by the Duke of Northumberland, in 1552, for desiring the preferment of John Knox, or as his Grace writes it, Mr. Knocks, to the Bishopric of Rochester, was that he would be 'a whetstone to quicken and sharpen the Bishop of Canterbury, whereof he hath need.'† The Dean shows conclusively the falsehood of this

* Vol. ii. p. 226.

† *Ib.* p. 225; and 'Tyler's Original Letters,' vol. ii. p. 142. charge.

charge. He traces the gradual enlightenment of Cranmer's mind as to the doctrine of transubstantiation with the legislation to which it led; he shows the revisions rendered necessary by these changes in the Missal, and gives a succinct and valuable review of our Liturgical offices from Augustine to Osmund, from Osmund to Cranmer, and from Cranmer to Juxon.

The Archbishop was far more at home in these pursuits than in the perplexing public affairs in which the sudden decay of young Edward VI. and the Northumberland conspiracy soon involved him. Here all the peculiar traits of his character come out. His honest reluctance to signing Edward's unjust and unconstitutional will—the overbearing of his judgment by the signature of all the Judges except Hales, and of his convictions by his tenderness to the young King in his agony, and the fatal signature—all are in keeping with Cranmer's character from first to last. The scene is well drawn by the Dean in a few vigorous words: 'Cranmer stood at the side of the couch to receive the last request of one whom he revered as a dying saint. "I hope," said Edward, "I hope that you will not stand out, and not be more repugnant to my will than all the rest of the Council. The Judges have informed me that I may lawfully bequeath my Crown to the Lady Jane, and that my subjects may lawfully receive her as Queen, notwithstanding the oath which they took under my father's will." The King had learned his lesson well. Cranmer still hesitated. He quitted the royal presence, he consulted the Judges who were in attendance, he returned to the sick chamber, he took a last look at his godson, and he signed the fatal document. This, considering the light in which Cranmer had regarded the subject, was an awful fall. He fell; but it was not from fear of death—he fell because he would not hurt the feelings of the dying youth.* Yet to his honour it should be remembered that of the twenty-three names pledged to maintain Edward's device, one name only was withheld from immediate allegiance to Mary when her cause was triumphant, and that was the name of the uncertain but honest Cranmer.

On Mary's accession his long concluding troubles broke at once upon him. He might have fled the kingdom; but deeming it his duty to remain, and over-estimating his strength of purpose, he stood to his post. He was soon imprisoned in the Tower, where he 'found his friends Ridley and Bradford; and five days after in came a venerable octogenarian—as light-hearted, as hard-headed, and as strong-minded as ever—Bishop Latimer. The friends availed themselves of the opportunity to read over the New Testa-

* Vol. ii. p. 301.

ment "with great delectation and peaceful study."* But this was not long to last. His trial and condemnation for treason; his removal to Oxford; his distant view of the glorious martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer; his condemnation; his degradation by the Pope through the triumphant hands of Bonner; followed one another in a rapid succession. Then came the cunning tampering with his weakness of those saddest days of Cranmer's life—the genial dinners, the pleasant games at bowles, the deferential arguments, and all the other crafty wiles of the enemy—and then came their fruit—the first scarcely-extorted and scanty recantation—its aggravated repetition—still, as it seems to us, ever turning in Cranmer's mind on a half-equivocation; on rejecting all heresies and adhering constantly to one holy and Catholic Church; and then, according to the certain course of every man who once allows himself to palter with the simple truth, the utter fall and the shameless degradation. A terrible sadness it was to all true-hearted men—a fearful triumph for the children of lies. We would not by any word of ours lessen all its evil. And yet we cannot but feel an indignation, deep as our sad sympathy for him, with the shallow-hearted critics who—never having known the uttermost bitterness of that storm which was passing over him—the mingled addresses of softness and severity which tried every weak part of his great soul, and who themselves would probably in a less tempest make, if it were possible, a yet completer shipwreck—can find an evil pleasure in insulting and defaming the fallen man.

Better far is it to gather up the lights of his last revival, to remember his bold confession, his patient endurance of every godless violence, his self-revenge upon his traitorous right hand, to see him

‘Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand,

Amid the shudd’ring throng doth Cranmer stand,
Firm as the stake to which with iron band
His frame is tied; from the naked feet
To the head, the victory complete.’†

So Cranmer passes from our view, kindly in character from first to last, persecuting not as Bonner persecuted, from a boisterous cruelty; not as Cromwell persecuted, from the dictates of policy, or for the satisfaction of his greed of gold and selfish lust of power; but reluctantly, on the constraint of principles then universally held to be indisputable, and with perpetual endeavours to save the victims whom he thought himself compelled to

* Vol. ii. p. 320.

† ‘Eccles. Sonnets,’ by W. Wordsworth, 27, p. 394.

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sacrifice. He believed as all then believed, that it was as much a duty to condemn to death the convicted murderer of souls as the convicted murderer of bodies. In common with the other Reformers of that day, he was ready to put men and women to death, not for holding, but for teaching, false doctrines; not for being heretics, but for being heresiarchs. He had not the power of mind or spirit which could raise him so far above the age in which he lived, that he could take a broader view of the great question with which circumstances compelled him to grapple.

That the English Reformation was wrought by men of this calibre is perhaps its most notable characteristic. Undoubtedly it is to this fact that the Church of England owes its absolutely single and separate character amidst all the reformed communions. It bears the mark and impress of the intellectual or spiritual peculiarities of no single man. Herein at once it is marked off from the Lutheran, the Calvinist, the Zuinglian, and other smaller bodies. On each one of them lay, as the shadow on the sleeping water, the unbroken image of some master mind or imperial soul. The mind of that founder of the new faith, his mode of thought and argument, his religious principles, and his great defects were reproduced in the body which he had formed, and which by a natural instinct appropriated and handed on his name. And so it might have been with us too, had there been amongst the English Reformers such a leader. If Wycliffe—the great forerunner of the Reformation, whose austere figure stands out above the crowd of notables in English history*—if Wycliffe had lived a hundred and thirty years later than he did, his commanding intellect and character might then have stamped upon the religion of England the essential characteristic of a sect. But from this the goodness of God preserved the Church of this land. Like the birth of the beautiful islands of the great Pacific Ocean, the foundations of the new convictions which were so greatly to modify and purify the mediæval faith were laid slowly, unseen, unsuspected, by ten thousand souls, who laboured, they knew not for what, save to accomplish the necessities of their own spiritual belief. The mighty convulsion which suddenly cast up the submarine foundations into peak and mountain, and crevasse, and lake, and plain, came not from man's devising, and obeyed not man's rule. Influences of the heaven above, and of the daily surrounding atmosphere, wrought their will upon the new-born islands. Fresh convulsions changed, modified, and completed their shape,

* 'Froude,' vol. ii. p. 13.

and so the new and the old were blended together into an harmony which no skill of man could have devised. The English Reformers did not attempt to develop a creed or a community out of their own internal consciousness. Their highest aim was only to come back to what had been before. They had not the gifts which created in others the ambition to be the founders of a new system. They did not even set about their task with any fixed plan or organised set of doctrines. Their inconsistencies, their variations, their internal differences, their very retractions witness to the gradualness with which the new light dawned upon them, and dispelled the old darkness. The charges of hypocrisy and time-serving which have been made so wantonly against Cranmer and his brethren, are all honourably interpreted by the real changes which took place in their own opinions. The patient, loving, accurate study of Holy Scripture was an eminent characteristic of all these men. Thus the opinions they were receiving from others who had advanced far before them in the new faith were continually modified by this continual voice of God's Word sounding in their ears, and by corresponding changes in their own views. Thus they were enabled by God's grace, out of the utter disintegration round them, to restore in its primitive proportions the ancient Church of England.

Surely, in bringing to an end this review of their great enterprise, we may well say with the late Professor Blunt,—

'God grant that a Church which has now for nearly three centuries, amidst every extravagance of doctrine and discipline which has spent itself around her, still carried herself as the mediator, chastening the zealot by words of soberness, and animating the lukewarm by words that burn—that a Church which has been found on experience to have successfully promoted a quiet and unobtrusive and practical piety amongst the people such as comes not of observation, but is seen in the conscientious discharge of all those duties of imperfect obligation . . . which laws cannot reach—that such a Church may live through these troublous times to train up our children in the fear of God when we are in our graves—and that no strong delusion sent amongst us may prevail to her overthrow to the eventual discomfiture (as they would find, too late, to their cost) of many who have thoughtlessly and ungratefully lifted up their heel against her.'*

* Professor Blunt's 'History of the Reformation,' pp. 233-4.

- ART. V.—1. *The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other Parts of Europe.* By Dr. Ferdinand Keller, President of the Antiquarian Association of Zürich. Translated and arranged by John Edward Lee. London, 1866.
2. *L'Homme Fossile en Europe.* Par H. Le Hon. Brussels, 1867.
3. *Pre-Historic Times; as illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages.* By John Lubbock, F.R.S. London, 1865.
4. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man; with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. 3rd Edition, revised. London, 1863.
5. *Lake Habitations and Pre-Historic Remains in the Turbaries and Marl-Beds of Northern and Central Italy.* By Bartolomeo Gastaldi. Translated and Edited by Charles Harcourt Chambers, M.A., &c. Published for the Anthropological Society of London. 1865.
6. *Habitations Lacustres des Temps Anciens et Modernes.* Par Frédéric Troyon. Lausanne, 1860.

THERE are few readier means of attacking the testimony of an old traveller or historian than to point out that he tells improbable stories: things not perhaps physically impossible, but unfamiliar to the critic's experience, and therefore not set down by him in the catalogue of likely incidents. This kind of criticism, however, has the serious fault of going hand-in-hand with ignorance. The less the critic knows of the world, the more things, of course, seem unlikely to him; and in the long run his assault is apt to strengthen the very evidence it was directed against. It comes out that what the old writer asserted does unquestionably happen somewhere else, and his credit at once stands higher than ever; the unbelieving critic is laughed at, and public opinion turns, by a natural reaction, towards the belief that everything an old book says must be true unless it be proved false. The argument from improbability has in this way been brought to bear against Herodotus, with the effect on the whole of strengthening our confidence in him. Thus fault has been found with his account of the broad-tailed sheep, with their tails fixed by the careful shepherds on little carriages, to protect them from being wounded by dragging on the rough ground; yet, allowing for some extravagance in the dimensions of the tails, we all know there are such breeds. So his stories of the Scythians killing and eating their sick and aged relatives

relatives has been questioned; but ethnologists are well aware that modern tribes have been found practising such horrors, though, like these Scythians, rather in kindness than in cruelty. And among other curious accounts recorded by the Father of History, his matter-of-fact description of certain people of Lake Prasias, in Thrace, in the 6th century B.C., has been treated as imaginary. The houses of these people, he tells us, were built on planks on piles out in the lake, with a narrow bridge to connect them with the shore. The platforms were at first set up by the citizens working in common; but afterwards it became a rule that every man should drive three new piles for each wife he married, they having many wives. Each man had his own hut, with its trap-door over the lake; and they tied the babies by the foot with a cord, to prevent their rolling into the water. They gave the horses and cattle fish for food, which was so plentiful that a man had only to let down his trap-door and lower a basket (probably a wicker fish-trap) into the water, and in a short time he would draw it up full of fish.*

Now, so far from its being impossible that people should choose such a mode of life as this, they have again and again been found living so. There is a record by Abulfeda, the Syrian geographer, of Christian fishermen living in the thirteenth century in wooden huts built on piles in one of the Apamean lakes on the Orontes. The pile-huts of the Papuans of New Guinea were described and drawn, some forty years ago, by Dumont d'Urville, and they are still inhabited. Mr. A. R. Wallace, the naturalist, lived for days in one of their quaint water-villages, with their floors supported on piles carved into rude human figures seeming to stand upon the water—rows of grotesque and somewhat disagreeable savage Caryatides. Still later, Captain Burton mentions a visit to an African tribe, the Iso, who, during some forgotten war, fled from Dahome and established themselves in a lagoon marked in our charts as the Denham Waters:—

‘The Dahoman king is sworn never to lead his army where canoes may be required; these Iso, therefore, have built their huts upon tall poles, about a mile distant from the shore. Their villages at once suggest the Prasian lake dwellings of Herodotus, and the crannoges of Ireland and the Swiss waters. The people are essentially boatmen; they avoid dry land as much as possible, and though said to be ferocious, they are civil enough to strangers. In June, 1863, I moored my little canoe under one of their huts, and I well remember the grotesque

* Herodotus, v. 16.

sensation of hearing children, dogs, pigs, and poultry actively engaged aloft.*

But the habits of such aquatic tribes, ancient or modern, would have attracted little attention, had it not been for a course of discoveries made within the last few years, which have given to the lake-dwellers a prominent place in what we may venture to call the pre-historic history of Europe. The Lake of Zürich happened to be unusually low at the end of 1853; the inhabitants near by took advantage of the favourable moment, walled in plots of low land, and set to work to raise this into useful ground by bringing mud from the flats now left bare by the Lake. In excavating this mud the workmen were astonished to find themselves standing among the piles of an ancient lake settlement, with the implements and rubbish of the old inhabitants still lying round them. Before long, the Swiss antiquaries had explored the margins of other lakes, and had proved that the old description of Herodotus was typical of the life of early Swiss tribes, whose hundreds of water-villages had once fringed the shore-line where the water was not too deep nor the ground too hard for pile-driving. In fact, the great blank spaces that stand for inland waters in the Swiss maps would have been encroached on in a more ancient survey by a bordering of lake settlements, whose names no geographer is now ever likely to restore, though perchance the names of adjoining villages on the shore may still keep up, as such words will do, some mutilated tradition of this earliest local nomenclature. In lakes of North Italy and Germany similar discoveries have since been made, and the crannoges of the Irish and Scotch lakes have been not indeed freshly discovered, but examined by antiquaries with new care, as belonging to the now interesting class of lacustrine works. Had it not been for a loss lately sustained by ethnological science, we might perhaps at this moment have been testing the truth of Herodotus's account of the Pæonian lake-dwellers by commenting on actual specimens of their huts, their weapons, and their fishing implements. With the aid of Sir John Lubbock, and others interested in such inquiries, Professor von Morlot, a zealous Swiss archaeologist, was in the midst of arranging an expedition into Roumelia to dredge in Lake Prasias, when he died, leaving in his will a characteristic bequest to science—his own skull to be set up as a specimen. If the Prasian lake-men ever existed, their remains may be reasonably expected to be still lying there *in situ*; and it is to be hoped that some properly

* 'Memoirs Anthropological Society of London,' vol. i. p. 311.

qualified traveller may ere long carry out the curious research so unhappily interrupted.

Until lately, the only systematic book devoted to lake dwellings was that of M. Troyon, an early and successful investigator, but who wrote with a certain poetic license suited to a young science, of then but seven years' growth, rather than with the more rigid strictness of argument into which the subject has now settled down after seven years more. Dr. Keller, of Zürich, is perhaps the leading authority on lacustrine matters; and now that Mr. Lee has collected and edited his papers in an excellent English translation, this volume must become the main work of reference for archæologists; while less special readers, who avoid elaborate details of antiquarian 'finds,' will yet read with pleasure and profit the general essays on the manner of life and place in history of dwellers in the lakes.

The habits of these people are known with wonderful accuracy; their houses, their agricultural and pastoral pursuits, their manufactures, and even their bartering commerce with foreign lands, are vouched for by good evidence; and yet, in spite of all this, it is utterly unknown what manner of men they were in body, what their language and their laws may have been like, what they believed, and what they worshipped. We are left to judge of their mental and moral condition as best we may, by comparing them with recent races whose material life stands near the same level. For this purpose an excellent manual is available, scientific in matter and popular in expression. In Sir John Lubbock's 'Pre-historic Times,' the lake-dwellers are not drawn in an isolated sketch, but set in their proper niche among tribes of culture more or less resembling their own—men of the Stone and Bronze Ages and the entrance of the Iron Age, the cave-dwellers* and the men of the Scandinavian shell-heaps, the mound-builders of America, and more modern savage tribes taken in a general view.

It need hardly be said that descriptions and drawings, and the rows of flint-flakes and potsherds in museums, cannot give to these old tribes the touch of real human interest that is gained by exploring the very places where they lived. The Swiss lake-dwellers were but savages in wooden huts; but we can stand among stumps of rude posts in a mud-bank or a peat-bog, and shape to ourselves the liveliest pictures of their homes and habits. What impressions these strange old sites leave on the

* We have for the sake of convenience adopted the ordinary arrangement of modern archæologists, but we have grave doubts whether there is such an invariable sequence in the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages, especially in the two latter, as is usually supposed.

minds of observers may perhaps be judged from the following notes of a recent visit to the place of one of the most remarkable lake-towns in Switzerland.

On the railway between Zürich and Chur there is a little station called Wetzikon, in a lowland country backed by the Glarus mountains, but itself only saved from flatness by the undulating hills of 'Molasse' near by. A short drive through the village of Stegen ends in a wide stretch of peat-moor, with the swampy little lake of Pfäffikon in sight a few hundred yards further on. This is Robenhausen, the site of a lake settlement of the Stone Age, some three acres in extent. Not far across the moor we come among places where the piles are standing by scores in little sheets of water. When these piles were driven they were in the lake itself, a mile or so from the shore, and only connected with it by a long pier, also on piles; but since then, in the course of ages, the peat has encroached upon the water and pushed back the lake to a sheet of half its former extent, standing in the middle of its earlier basin. In these spots, however, where the excavators have cut through the thin layer of mould which now overlies the moor, and have then removed a couple of yards or so of peat, and the water has flowed in and filled the excavated space to half its depth, things have been restored to something like their original condition, and the piles again stand in water as they used to do before the deserted village was finally left to be embedded in the growing peat. Piles that have lately been drawn out lie about in heaps. They are posts made of whole trunks of young firs, not even barked when they were set up, though the bark has now often gone; they look fresh and almost new, and though the wood is rotten, the end of each pile, rudely sharpened for driving deep into the mud, still shows every scoop of the stone hatchet with which it was painfully hacked to a point. But this can only be seen while the piles are fresh, for when taken away to be put in collections they have the troublesome habit of shrinking to a sixth of their size while drying, and this they do in a curious way: first there appears a crack lengthwise, which opens out day by day into a wide split down to the centre, till the sides of the wound at last fold back towards each other, like a book opened in the middle and turned back more than wide-open. In this state they are distorted out of all knowledge, so that the way to keep the impression of the tool-marks is to take a plaster-cast from the pile while it is still wet.

The plates in Dr. Keller's book give an excellent notion of the appearance of these patches of old Robenhausen restored, for a while to the appearance of still recent ruins, though only to perish by exposure to the air. Among the piles lies everything which could

could be saved from total destruction by being packed in the peat which was slowly growing and enclosing it during the whole history of the place. The unhewn trunks or hewn boards of the platform fell in if they were not burnt, and lie there still, showing how they were made fast above to the tops of the piles with wooden pins. From each hut rubbish and lost articles were dropped into the water, till the remains of the hut itself came down on top. This natural museum forms the so-called 'relic-bed,' which is simply the lower level of peat upon the lake-bottom. Scoop up a shovelful of it and examine its contents. Lumps of a kind of soppy clay are the remains of the 'compo,' as a builder would call it, with which the platform was thickly plastered. Bits of charcoal are everywhere, and it is not to be supposed that they came from the fire-places above, for only ashes are ever thrown away from a wood-fire; they must always indicate the remains of wood-work that has been burnt down. Sherds of pottery, of course unglazed, but of tolerable quality, come up in abundance; there is no end of the fish-scales and nut-shells; and bones are found by tons, dexterously broken in to get at the marrow. But as Herr Messikomer began to explore, foot by foot, his great rubbish-field, he became aware that these things are not mixed indiscriminately. The contents of each dwelling lie under it: here was a granary, and it was full of corn when it was burnt down, for the charred grains of barley may be scooped up by handfuls, and if you are fortunate you may even secure perfect ears with the beard on; and here was a flax-store, for there is the flax in hanks of spun thread, and in cords, nets, and plaited or woven cloth, and hard by are numbers of the earthenware cones which served for the weavers' loom-weights. It used to be thought that the lake-dwellers must have kept their cows and pigs, sheep and goats, in secure pens on shore; but here it was clearly made out, for the first time, that the cattle were kept out in the lake, for their stalls are marked among the huts by the mass of stable-refuse, and there is even some reason to think that the natives gathered it into manure-heaps to carry to their fields. In one spot the places and sizes of six separate huts were marked out, not by the posts or siding-boards of the huts themselves—for these were no longer to be distinguished—but by finding in each of six places, at equal distances, a set of remains evidently belonging to a separate establishment, namely, the great stones used for a hearth, a heap of corn and a mealing-stone to grind it on, a store of flax with bits of made cloth, and the clay-weights which were all that remained of the simple loom. To map out the settlement in this way is, of course, a task requiring endless care and patience; but Robenhausen has been very fortunate in its

its proprietor and explorer. For the last ten years since he discovered the place, almost as soon as lake dwellings were thought of, Herr Messikomer has been excavating, preserving specimens, trying experiments to realise the savage arts of the former owners of his estate—qualifying himself, in fact, for life in a primæval Stone Age. It must really have been a shock to him when he had the misfortune of finding certain earthen crucibles, with lumps of melted bronze in them, which showed that even at Robenhausen primitive simplicity had not held out quite to the end. But no bronze implement has been found, so that while these melting-pots clearly show the first appearance of an Age of Bronze, it may, at least, be argued that the settlement scarcely survived the intrusion.

As far as topography and other material details go, the history of the place may be made out with the most curious accuracy. Herr Messikomer, excavating at the edge of the Aa Brook Canal, found a state of things which at first puzzled him extremely. Below three feet of peat he came upon the remains of the earthen flooring of the lake-platform, with bits of cloth, charred apples, and such things, among it; but below this the peat began again, and lay for two or three feet above another bed of flooring and remains. At last he came upon a clear section farther on, and found evidence of three settlements, one above another. The first settlers had driven piles in the shell-marl of the lake-bottom; but before very long their village was burnt down, leaving a bed of bits of charcoal, mixed with grains of wheat and barley, bits of thread and cloth and fishing-nets, all charred likewise by the fire, and thus in beautiful preservation for antiquarian purposes. The inhabitants set to work again, drove piles in great numbers, and lived long enough in their new huts for a bed of peat, three feet thick, to grow up beneath them, full of meat-bones and potsherds. Then a destruction like the first took place, and the charred heads of the piles remain to show how the settlement was burnt to the water's edge, while again the layer of charcoal, with the usual relics of corn and fruit, cloth and implements, mark the extent of the burnt village. When it was renewed for the third time, the builders had left off using stems of fir-trees for their piles, and had taken to splitting oak-trunks instead; and such a depth of mixed peat and rubbish had accumulated on the spot since the days of the first inhabitants, that these last ones simply drove their piles far enough into it, not reaching the ground of the lake at all. This new settlement only covered a part of the old site; but it was long inhabited, and, unlike the others, it was not burnt down. It seems, indeed, that the peat had at last grown so high that the lake became a mere bog, and the settlers abandoned

doned their homes. The peat grew till it reached the top of the water, and since then the decaying marsh-plants and the dust have accumulated into the half-foot of mould which covers the whole peat-field. This part is now cut for fuel, and in having it dug in places beyond the limits of the settlement, which were then open lake, Herr Messikomer made one of the most curious of his many acute inferences as to the history of his lake-men. In examining the peats laid out to dry, it is seen that a distinct strip of bog, a few hundred yards wide, running north from the settlement, is full of bits of charcoal; but on both sides of the strip there is none. Now, the deadliest combination of circumstances to a Swiss village is still, as of old, a fire which happens when the furious south wind, called the Föhnwind, blows. There is little help against the conflagration then, and hardly a town in central Switzerland has not at one time or another been thus devastated or utterly destroyed. When ancient Robenhausen was burnt—whether the first or the second time we do not know—the track of the fierce south wind that swept the flames from hut to hut is still marked by the shower of embers which it carried along northward and dropped into the muddy lake.

Elsewhere in Switzerland, in places at the edge of the great lakes, where no peat grows, the alluvial mud deposited in the quiet bays chosen by the old settlers often imbeds the remains of their villages. It was so at Meilen, where the first discovery of them was made in excavating the deep mud-flats; and in other places, where the deposit is shallower, the dredging-machine travelling over the muddy bottom of the lakes still brings up remains in great quantities, though unfortunately much damaged in the process. On such ground the antiquary works with gentler means, dragging a toothed scraper from his boat and bringing up the mud in scoops. Where scarcely any geographical change has happened since the time when the settlements were inhabited, in many places—in the Lake of Geneva, for instance—the remains of the piles may be still discerned under water, standing, as they always stood, and sometimes still five or six feet high from the ground. Among these piles, strange to say, there lie bones, and potsherds, and weapons on the lake-bottom, just as they were dropped so many centuries ago, and the antiquary, paddling slowly above the sites of such villages, sees his specimens lying and picks them up with a pair of tongs made to work with a cord at the end of a long pole. How quiet has been their resting-place for ages, we may judge from M. Troyon's finding in one place a group of earthenware fragments and putting them together into a large and complete vase, and in another securing a pair of bronze bracelets at one haul of the dredge—one greenish
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and incrustated from having lain on the lake-bottom in full sight from boats ever since it was dropped, the other sunk far enough into the mud to have remained as fresh as if but just out of the casting-mould. It was formerly held a doubtful point whether the primitive dwellings were really built standing in the water, or whether they were not rather huts built on the low lake-banks, and protected by pile-dams from the flood. But it is now quite clear that the huts certainly stood on platforms on piles in the water, so that the accumulating peat or mud received all that dropped from them, generation after generation. At Wangen, on the lake of Constance, when the water is low, we can now walk dryshod to the furthest piles of the old settlement; but this is because the mould, sand, and gravel have accumulated over the spot since it was founded, so that even when the water is high part of the village is now on shore. But there has been no general shifting of level in the lakes of Switzerland since the time of the lake-men, and often things are just as they were. It is so at Morges, where the piles of a considerable settlement are to be seen some 500 feet from the shore, and 8 or 10 feet below low-water mark: among them lie some of the old timbers, and a dug-out canoe was to be seen half-buried in the mud. If the townspeople would only build there a group of fishermen's huts on piles, such as actually stood in the last century in the Limnat which flows into the lake of Zürich, we should have the old Morges settlement at once restored to something of its pristine appearance.

In these old hut-platforms we see before us the rude and early type of structures in common use in our wooden piers and bridges, in the pile-built houses of the Low Countries, or of the dismal flats of the lower Mississippi, where the inhabitants cross to their outbuildings on pile-bridges, and talk of the 'high land' when they mean a mud-bank four feet above high-water mark. But the lacustrine dwellings of early Europe show also types of two other constructions still carried on in modern times. One of these is the fascine-work used so successfully by Stephenson in making his railway across the quaking Chat Moss by laying brushwood and faggots, and, as the bog swallowed them up, laying yet more and more, till at last they bore their load. Under similar circumstances the ancient inhabitants of the little swampy Moosseedorf, near Berne, appear to have made their communication with the shore by a road of piled faggots, whose trace is still marked by the remains of cross branches lying in the peat. But they sometimes carried out the same idea on a large scale, and this in early Stone Age times. At Niederwyl, near Frauenfeld, there have been found the wonderfully perfect
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ruins of an island of timber and faggots, built up from the bottom of the little boggy lake, since grown into a peat-moor. The common pile-construction would not have answered here, for the piles would have given sideways, or quite sunk in the soft, swampy ground, under the heavy pressure of the huts; and they were therefore only driven in small numbers to serve as a framework and binding for beds of sticks and brushwood, which were sunk into their places by layers of sand and gravel laid on the top of each; and thus the wooden and earthen layers alternated throughout the pile to the surface of the water. On this artificial island the builders framed a solid structure of logs, and covered the whole with a rude board-platform. On this platform stood the huts, and the stumps of their side-posts were found, with even the skirting-boards which formed the lowest part of the side walls. No doubt we have in the drawings of this platform, as it first came to light, a representation of what the ordinary platforms on piles would have looked like. The thick earthen floor, laid to keep out the damp, was still there, and even the very hearth-stones were in their places on the ground-floor of the huts as when they were deserted. These fascine-settlements were not so common as those supported on piles; in fact, though suited to the peculiar circumstances of a small and swampy pool, they would not have stood against the stormy waves of a great lake, which would have swept away their solid woodwork while passing harmlessly through open lines of piles.

It is out in wider lakes that we find the ancient builders constructing themselves settlements which correspond to our modern breakwaters, such as those of Portland Harbour or Falmouth Docks. They drove piles in the lake-bottom, and then proceeded to drop heavy stones among them from boats or rafts, till the piles stood firmly embedded in a solid stone island. They probably found it easier to raise the bottom round the piles, than to drive the piles into the bottom. Such stone-hillocks under water are not uncommon in Switzerland, and the fishermen call them *steinbergs*. There is a fine one in the Bieler-see, which lies seven or eight feet under water, covering two or three acres of ground; and the piles are still to be seen projecting from it. Of course such a vast structure as this could not pass unnoticed; but Roman remains are found not far off, and till the Swiss antiquaries became alive to the existence of their ancient lake-men, these piles were thought to belong to some Roman work. But the place is, in fact, an immense Bronze-Age settlement, full of most interesting remains. The stones which form the great mound are water-worn boulders of quartz and granite, brought with great labour from the heights above Nidau, while

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at St. Peter's Island, a little way off, where there is another steinberg, a canoe fifty feet long and three or four feet wide, hollowed from a single trunk, was found at the bottom, freighted with stones for banking up the piles: no doubt it had been overloaded and had sunk there. In the Lake of Neuchâtel is another steinberg, that of Marin, which contains in vast quantities the relics of an Iron-Age settlement: such as above fifty iron swords, some with their sheaths, iron lance-heads, shield-plates, hatchets and clasps in profusion, and even a linch-pin and a couple of snaffle-bits.

From such Swiss constructions as these we pass naturally to the stockaded islands of Scotland. The crannogs proper, as Mr. Stuart calls them in his account contributed to Mr. Lee's work, combine in a very curious way both the Swiss types, the fascine-island and the steinberg. A double enclosure of piles of young oak-trees was set up in the lake-bed; the outer palisade to serve as breakwater and fortification, the inner to form the wall of the artificial island, which was made by sinking logs in the bed of the lake, and heaping on the wood a mass of earth and stones. But the group of crannogs of Loch Dowalton in Wigtonshire, when left exposed by the drainage of the lake, proved to be even more exactly like the fascine-islands of Niederwyl and Wauwyl, for their surface of stones rested on layers of brushwood, logs, and stones, down to the lowest stratum of fern spread on the bottom of the loch. In Ireland and Scotland together there are near a hundred crannogs known, but in the Irish ones it was usual to take advantage of a natural island, and to complete it by palisades and heaps of stores into a strong and habitable fortress.

What were the motives that have induced men in so many different places to go out and build their damp and inconvenient abodes in lakes? It is obvious that the main reason which accounts for the existence of houses on piles all over the world does not hold here. The ancient Swiss were not driven by floods to build their huts on high scaffolds, like the Guaranis of the Orinoco, whose fires Sir Walter Raleigh saw gleaming high up among the trees, or like the Burmese, through whose hamlets the traveller in the rainy season passes in his boat. Again, it was held for years, and by some of the ablest Swiss archæologists, that fear of wild beasts was one reason which drove the old inhabitants to live out in the lake; but the notion is untenable.*

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* We should have roundly asserted such a thing to be out of the question anywhere, had it not been for recollecting a remark of one Gasparo Balbi, a Venetian jeweller, who was in Pegu in 1583, who accounts for the houses on piles

The lake-dwellers belong to a comparatively recent period in Europe; the mammoth, the cave-tiger, and the hyæna, were no longer in the land, as in the days of the earlier and ruder cave-men. Their wild beasts were only the bear, the wolf, and the fox, though no doubt the country swarmed with these. But the notion of people living in the water to be out of the way of bears or wolves, is an undeserved slur upon the lowest savage. A bear is, indeed, an ugly antagonist, especially to hunters whose best weapons are but stone-pointed spears and arrows; yet though savages may shrink from even mentioning his dreaded name, call him 'Grandpapa' to propitiate him, ask pardon of his dead carcase, or even put the pipe of peace into its mouth to engage it to take no vengeance, nevertheless between hunger and hatred they get the better of their fears, and kill their bears and eat them. The enemies against whom the lake settlements were built as fastnesses were not bears, but men.

Though the arts of fortification and siege have now taken up means so much more effective than in past times, we can see that in old days such fortresses as the 'Moat' at Eytcham, which was built in Edward the Second's time, with its walls rising sheer from the water, or Leeds Castle; on its three little lake islands joined by draw-bridges, must have been places of great strength. So the stockaded islands of the Irish lakes were the ordinary strongholds of the country from old up to almost modern times. Thus, to quote but one of many records, even in 1567 the official report of one Thomas Phettiplace describes O'Neil as not trusting to his castles for safety, for 'that fortification which he only dependeth upon is in sartin ffreshwater loghes in his country, which from the sea there come neither ship nor boat to approach them, . . . which islands hath in wars to fore been attempted, and now of late again by the Lord Deputy there, Sir Harry Sydney, which, for want of means for safe conduct upon the water it hath not prevailed.' Convenience of fishing and boating has, no doubt, in some cases induced people to build houses in the water; but, on the whole, the evidence as to lake settlements converges to the opinion that safety from enemies was their main motive. Captain Burton's Iso took to the lagoon to be safe from the King of Dahome. Even in 1810, the Dutch in the East Indies were hard put to it to suppress the rebellion of the native lake-town of Tondano; they were obliged

piles as for safety from tigers. Yet even here the real motive was very likely the annual inundation of the country. Respecting the pile-dwellings of Lake Maracaybo in South America, the remarkable statement has been made that the Indians resort to this aquatic life to escape the mosquitos, which infest the shores.

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to build boats to carry cannon to reduce the place; and, having succeeded, they never allowed so dangerous a fastness to be rebuilt. How strong the ancient Prasian pile-villages were, comes out very curiously in a remark of Herodotus, who mentions in quite an incidental way that when Darius sent his General Megabyzus to carry off the Pæonians, he reached Lake Prasias, but the dwellers in the lake settlements there were among the tribes whom he failed to subdue.

Thus, too, security from attack was clearly the motive of the Swiss lake-men of Robenhausen in driving their herds to stables in the lake, along a mile or more of pier from the pasture-lands of Kempten. Against enemies assailing them with spears and arrows from boats and rafts at a distance, and from storming parties clambering up their scaffolds, their position was very strong. But it would be interesting to ascertain whether, like so many savage tribes, the early Swiss had hit upon the device of setting a besieged village in flames from a distance with flights of fire-javelins or arrows. Against such an attack the besieged would have had little chance when the invaders' boats were once in numbers in the lake around them; and very likely the conflagrations, which we know so often devastated the settlements built with such painful perseverance, were frequently the work of hostile hands. M. Le Hon, instead of reproducing Dr. Keller's ideal restoration of a Swiss lake village in peaceful occupation, has chosen for a 'sensational' frontispiece to his work on 'Fossil Man' the moment of a conflagration in the midst of a raging tempest, with the wretched natives plunging headlong into the lake, or escaping in their canoes. On the whole, we prefer the quieter pictures, which show the natives at their every-day work, fishing, paddling in dug-out canoes, or hanging out their nets. Such drawings give great reality to our ideas of Swiss lake-men, while almost all their details have some sort of evidence to rest on, except, perhaps, the circular huts which are still sometimes represented. M. Troyon cleverly calculated the shape and size of these supposed circular huts, from the curvature of the bits of clay-plastering which had fallen into the water, baked to brick when the wattled huts were burnt down. But his ingenious argument has come to nothing on closer examination of these irregularly-warped fragments, and it is undervaluing the constructive skill of the lake-dwellers to suppose them wasting a considerable fraction of the platform-space acquired with such enormous labour, by building circular huts on it instead of the oblong ones usual elsewhere, and of which remains are actually found at Niederwyl.

We have seen that many lake settlements, such as those now
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actually inhabited in the Eastern Archipelago or in Dahome, the mediæval ones of Ireland or Syria, and the more ancient ones still of Lake Prasias, come within the range of written history. But no history mentions the Swiss lake dwellings; they were utterly forgotten by the people who have since lived on the shore hard by and paddled day by day over their sites. There was indeed a paragraph in our newspapers three or four years ago, in which a traveller declared that he had found on the south side of the lake of Geneva a real tradition that people here once lived in villages out in the lake. But stories in the form of tradition are hopelessly vitiated when they embody, as this does, the results of modern scientific opinion. If science had accepted the theory propounded in the early days of the lake-investigations, that the piles were the remains of great beaver-villages, the fishermen of Thonon and Evian might have been now telling as matter of history legends of these gigantic beavers, and pointing in confirmation to the supposed remains of their dams still standing in the water. Unless a tradition of lake settlements can be proved to have existed before 1853, the time when the news of the discovered lake dwellings spread throughout Switzerland, we must continue to believe that they were utterly forgotten up to the time when the antiquaries succeeded in re-constructing something of their annals. These at least touch history at their nearer end, for the latest Iron-Age villages come down to the Gallo-Roman period. Backward from this they extend, we know not how far, into a dark and distant past. Their race, and the dates of their occupation, cannot yet be made out with any approach to certainty; yet we find among the ruins of their homes the materials for determining much of the history of their culture. It will be best to give a brief account of this interesting series of facts and arguments, before concluding with such few and doubting remarks as may be made on their place among European tribes, and their date in the calendar of history.

By all who take an interest in the problem whether or not human civilisation is to be considered a product of gradual development upward from an early savage state of mankind, it will be seen as a highly important fact that the history of the Swiss lake-dwellers is the history of a gradual development in civilisation. They make their first appearance as thoroughly in the Stone-Age as the South Sea Islanders who planted the iron nails in expectation of reaping a crop of these valuable vegetables. At Wangen, or Moosseedorf, or the fascine platform of Wauwyl, there has not been found among the thousands of stone hatchets, knives, and arrow-heads, any trace of metal. They must have lived for many centuries in such places as these, with only

implements of stone, horn and bone, and even these often of lower quality than such as are found among the modern Maoris or Caribs. They used the ordinary stone-flake knives, leather-scrapers, spears, arrow-heads, and celts, of savages all over the world; at Robenhausen the stone hatchet-blade has even been found in its hole in the very wooden club which served as its handle, and at Moosseedorf the little jagged stone saw was picked up in the worm-eaten wooden backing by which it was held. We know to what immense distances the Indians of North America carried their red pipe-stone, how the shells of the great tropical *Pyrula perversa* were conveyed two thousand miles to Lake Superior, how even in Australia the special products of each district, pipe-clay and red ochre, drinking cups and cockatoo's feathers, and especially 'a much-esteemed kind of flint from the North,' are conveyed by barter from tribe to tribe on the vast continent.* Thus it need not in the least surprise us that the lake-dwellers seem to have got their best flint from France or Germany; but it is more remarkable that celts of the beautiful green stone known as nephrite seem to have been brought to them from the East. With bows and arrows, clubs and javelins, they killed the bear, the wolf, the aurochs or bison, and the now extinct urus (*Bos primigenius*); and they hunted stags, wild boars, beavers, and smaller animals, in such vast numbers that game must have been a main item of their food. Like the New Zealanders and many other modern savages, the lake-dwellers were agriculturists, and their rude instruments of stick or stag's-horn are savage enough. They cultivated wheat and barley, and we still find the grain in heaps, as well as the sandstone slabs and pounders with which it was crushed into meal, the flat stones on which the dough was baked, and even the very cakes of bread themselves. But they were herdsmen as well as tillers of the ground, and to match this combination we must look to other than New World or South Sea Island tribes. Perhaps of all people whom we know of direct knowledge, the Guanches of the Canary Islands most nearly represent the same stage of civilisation; these islanders were found in the fourteenth century making hatchets, knives, lancets and spear-heads of obsidian, and axes of green jasper; keeping sheep, goats and pigs, hoeing their barley-fields with sticks pointed with goat's-horns; dressing themselves in skins and woven cloth, sewing their sinew-thread with needles of bone, making mats and earthen cooking-pots, catching their fish with hooks of horn and nets of rush. Such was the early condition of the Swiss lake-tribes.

* A. J. Oldfield, 'The Aborigines of Australia,' in 'Transactions of the Ethnological Society,' vol. iii. (1865) p. 269.

When, in the sixteenth century the Spanish invaders first made their way to Mexico, they found that the builders of that wonderful city, skilful as they were in the industrial arts, yet used stone hatchets, cemented rows of sharp obsidian teeth into their war-clubs, pointed their spears and arrows with the same mineral, and even had themselves shaved with beautifully regular flakes of it, such as may now be seen in our museums looking like fluted strips of bottle-glass. But though using these savage instruments, the ancient Mexicans had learnt, we have no idea how, to make that alloy of copper and tin which we call bronze. Of this they made their hatchet-blades in such quantities that Bernal Diaz and his companions, thinking that the bright metal was gold, set to bartering coloured beads with the natives for them, and in three days got six hundred before they found out their mistake. The Mexicans had in fact entered what archæologists call the Bronze Age, and at a certain period of their history the Swiss lake-tribes did the same. Of course they must have obtained not only their knowledge of the metal but the metal itself from abroad, but they melted it in their own foundries, of which there was, for instance, a considerable one at Morges. The copper and the tin have been found separate, and there occur crucibles with remains of metal, moulds for casting celts, and bad castings broken up for old metal. The possession of bronze at once began to make a difference in the settlements. This is curiously to be traced at Meilen, which almost exclusively belongs to the stone period, but a bronze bracelet and a single bronze celt have been found there, showing that the metal had made its appearance in the village; and accordingly, while most of the piles had been rudely pointed with stone hatchets, sometimes with the aid of fire, a very few were found which had been cut with a metal hatchet. The difference has been well described as like that between a well and a badly-cut lead pencil, and the effects of the increased facility which the bronze hatchet gave in pile-making is seen at once by the Bronze-Age villages being set in deeper water farther from the shore. Thus the piles of these later villages are much more extensively to be seen still under water, in the Lake of Geneva and elsewhere, than the earlier Stone-Age ones; they have not only been left fewer centuries to decay, but their stumps have remained undisturbed in deep water below where the fiercest tempest can reach them.

That most able botanist, Professor Oswald Heer, of Zürich, has studied the vegetable remains found in the lake villages with remarkable results. He has shown, for instance, that the inhabitants lived there both in summer and winter, for the cherries, whose

whose stones remain, must have been ripe in June, the raspberries and blackberries far on in summer, while the sloes and hips did not become eatable till winter began, and the stores of hazel-nuts and beech-nuts might last yet later. Even in the early Stone Age, they cultivated several kinds of grain, the six-rowed barley, various kinds of wheat, including the Egyptian variety, and two kinds of millet; while flax was largely grown and plaited, tied and woven with surprising skill, and we seem to find in their primitive tied fabrics, as compared with their elaborate specimens of real weaving, evidence of progress in the industrial arts during the Stone Age. The loom which they used has been reconstructed by a Zurich weaver, and, strange to say, it proves all but identical with that which has remained in use in Iceland up to modern times.* It may be even possible to judge from the weeds that it was from Mediterranean countries that the lake-men received their grain and flax; for the Cretan catchfly (*Silene Cretica*, L.) is a weed common in the flax-fields of Greece, Italy, and Spain, and it appears in the Swiss lake-dwellings, though it is not found living in Switzerland or Germany; and the presence of another plant, the corn blue-bottle (*Centaurea cyanus*), of which the original home seems to be Sicily, tells a similar tale. This evidence, if trustworthy, would seem to show intercourse between the Swiss lakemen and peoples of Southern Europe; these latter being also in the Stone Age, or why should they not have transmitted their metal as well as their plants? During the Bronze Age new importations took place, and there appear for the first time oats, spelt, and a dwarf field-bean. The results obtained by Professor Rüttimeyer, of Basle, from a study of the animal remains, also indicate a progressing civilisation. In the early Stone Age, the aurochs or bison, and the urus or great fossil wild ox, which Cæsar spoke of as little smaller than an elephant, were very numerous. Foxes were more plentiful than dogs, and their broken bones show that, like the present Esquimaux, the lake-men ate them. But with the introduction of metal weapons, and no doubt in great measure in consequence of it, 'all game or wild animals, which in early ages far preponderated in number over the domestic animals, began to decline in a most marked manner, and became of second-rate importance.' Two races of wild hogs were known in the Stone Age, but when we come to the Bronze Age we find our domestic pig. To complete this picture of a general advance of civilisation, it is to be

* See Tylor: 'Early History of Mankind,' p. 188, and in the proceedings of the Congress of Prehistoric Archæology at Norwich (1868).

observed that with the introduction of bronze came into use instruments hitherto unknown, such, for instance, as the sickle and the sword, while, the general average of art moving onward, the clumsy terra cotta vessels of the Stone Age gave place to earthenware of far higher quality and ornamentation.

When the Bronze Age had endured long enough for important settlements belonging to it to grow up in the lakes, it was in its turn followed by the Iron Age. Now we know very little of the political circumstances under which the Bronze Age superseded the Stone Age anywhere, and in fact only judge by circumstantial evidence that such a change did take place in many districts. But it happens that the introduction of the Iron Age in various countries is a matter of distinct history to us. We know well how with ruin and fire, with slaughter and captivity, with the utter subversion of old creeds and laws and culture, the Spaniards carried the Iron Age in upon the Bronze Age of Mexico and Peru. In the seventeenth century the rude natives of Kamschatka were still in the Stone Age, painfully scooping out their canoes and cooking-troughs with implements of stone; and historians can tell us that it was no gentle wave of advancing civilisation that broke upon them when the Cossack invaders carried their iron and their arts among them. And thus with the savages of America and the Pacific, the transition from stone to iron has been in general accompanied by the violent entrance, not only of new civilisation, but of new civilisers. Such facts as these make us loth to throw aside altogether M. Troyon's theory of the history of his Swiss lake-tribes, that the appearance of the Bronze Age and the Iron Age indicate the entrance of new and dominant races into the country. The early history of Europe is full of records of such invasions. Our own annals take in Romans, Saxons, Normans, at once as conquerors and as bearers of new civilisation; and the evidence is strong that the rude tribes of Lapland and Finland, and the Basques, of whom a remnant survives in the Pyrenees, represent early populations once spread more widely over Europe, but partly destroyed, partly assimilated, and partly driven into outlying regions of the north and west, by invaders who took possession of their lands. But M. Troyon steps on ground not firm enough for us to tread when he lays out methodically the history of an original Stone-Age population, invaded by conquering Keltic tribes with their weapons of bronze, followed at a later time by the Helvetii pouring into the land with their yet deadlier iron swords and spears. As to the lake dwellings themselves, we have seen how the last days of the lake towns of Meilen and Robenhausen correspond with the first appearance of

of bronze, just as the destruction of many a village fastness of modern savages corresponds with the first appearance of the white man in the land with his sword and musket. The distribution of the lake villages on the map changed remarkably while these things were happening. Distributed generally through the country in the early Stone Age, they became more restricted towards the Western Cantons in the Bronze Age; and at last in the Iron Age they dwindled in number to a mere remnant, mostly confined to the two lakes of Bienne and Neuchâtel. It is but a sequence to this course of things, that after lasting on in a few places up to times marked by the presence of Roman coins and pottery, they disappeared altogether, and at last were utterly forgotten.

The Romans certainly were in Switzerland and left their traces there, discernible enough even now; and very likely they followed earlier streams of invading immigrants. But we cannot with any safety reconstruct these early chronicles by inspection of the stone and metal implements of the lake-dwellers. Of such pre-Roman invaders Dr. Keller, indeed, will not hear a word. Refusing to admit evidence of general change of population, he argues that the Keltic tribes who occupied the country when we first hear of it in Roman history were the very people who lived, some on the lakes, but no doubt most in ordinary villages on dry land. The plough must have broken up the site of many an ancient settlement on land, and new towns must cover the place of many others; but there still remain convincing proofs in the ruins of old villages, such as that of Ebersberg near the Schaffhausen falls, that the Bronze-Age people who lived on the lakes were part and parcel of the general inhabitants of the country. In the advance of civilisation among this population, as he judges of them from the remains preserved in the lakes, Dr. Keller sees, not the record of successive invasions, but the general development of culture among an industrious and energetic people. Everywhere he discerns a continuity in the early Swiss history which thus comes before his eyes. He insists on the significant fact that on the introduction of bronze the natives began to copy their old stone weapons in the new material, while in later times there are cases of the bronze types being copied in the iron which had just appeared. This, indeed, does look more like gradual development than the intrusion of foreigners with their ready-made implements. The way in which we find the remains of pile-villages in the lake of Geneva, each lying in the water in front of a modern town, is a striking proof of unbroken residence, as if the lake-dwellers, no longer finding enough advantage from their

their peculiar way of life to make it worth while to continue it, simply removed and built their wattled cottages on the shore. It is obvious, however, that when Dr. Keller thus takes the lake-dwellers to have been Keltic tribes who began their Swiss life as Stone-Age men, he cannot hold the common opinion that the Kelts, with other Aryan tribes, were at least acquainted with bronze when they spread over Europe, and in fact he simply declares that this view 'is unfounded.' Now what is called the Aryan theory, which traces the migration of Kelts, Germans, Greeks, Romans, and Slaves from Asia into Europe, rests mainly on philological evidence; and in spite of the common opinion that the whole Aryan race before its separation was already in the Bronze Age, we cannot see that this is based on substantial proof. Dr. Keller's countryman, Professor Adolphe Pictet, endeavours to prove that his early Aryans were acquainted even with iron; but few ethnographers would accept the ingenious but far-fetched comparisons and etymologies on which he grounds his claim. For the opinion that the ancient Aryans were a Bronze-Age people, maintained by more cautious reasoners, such as Professor Albrecht Weber of Berlin and Professor Max Müller of Oxford, a better case may be made out, but it cannot be considered as conclusive. Let us grant, with the latter philologist, that Latin *æs*, *æris*, Gothic *ais*, Old German *êr*, Anglo-Saxon *âr*, English *ore*, are all forms of one original word, which meant copper, pure or alloyed into bronze; and let us admit the Sanskrit *ayas*, 'metal,' as representing the early Aryan form of this word. If we can secure ourselves against the possibility of later borrowing, we thus have a probability that copper was known before the ancestors of the Roman and the Teutonic stocks became separated from the ancestors of the Hindus. But this argument does not apply to the Kelts, whose separation from the parent stock is held, on philological grounds, to have been very early; so that it lies open, even to the strongest upholders of the Aryan theory, to hold at the same time that the Keltic tribes were Stone-Age men like the early settlers of Robenhausen, if they were not those settlers themselves.* Had human remains been found in numbers in the lake settlements, they might have given important help in deciding the race of their builders: but, strange to say, they have been so seldom discovered, that some half-dozen skulls, not shown to be different from those of the present inhabitants of the country, are the miserably insufficient evidence to be laid

* See Pictet: 'Origines Indo-Européennes.' Part I., p. 161, &c. Max Müller: 'Lectures.' 2nd Series, p. 229, &c.

before the craniologists. Their burial-places have not been traced. We do not even know what they did with their dead; and so, perhaps, miss what we might have learnt from their tombs as to their ideas of a world beyond the grave. As for their religion in general, we find no idols, no temples, no altars, though Dr. Keller, indeed, founds a theory on certain ornamented, crescent-like objects of sandstone or earthenware, found in settlements of the Bronze Age both in the lakes and on the mainland. These he looks upon as images indicating a prevalent moon-worship; but we cannot follow him in his conjectures as to the meaning of these curious objects, and much less use them to connect their makers with Keltic races through an unproved Druidical moon-cultus. Such is in outline the problem as to the nationality of the Swiss lake-tribes, upon which our readers will scarcely wonder that we abstain from offering a decision of our own.

A very few years ago, in fact since the discovery of the Swiss lake dwellings, evidence was prominently brought forward in England to prove that the antiquity of man on the earth far transcended the common estimate of six or seven thousand years, seeing that tribes of men making and using very rude stone implements were already living in the time of the extinct quaternary animals. Since then the enquiry has been taken up with great vigour, and the search in gravel beds and limestone caverns has at any rate placed it beyond doubt that savage tribes of men inhabited Europe while the mammoth, the tichorine rhinoceros, the cave-bear and the cave-hyæna, were still surviving in the land. Various attempts have been made to calculate the age of this period of early human history, and loose as these estimates have been, it seems at any rate to have been very remote. These investigations, however, beside their inherent interest to all intelligent persons, gained a special attention from being looked upon as hostile to Christianity by a large public who accordingly either feared them, or sometimes triumphed in them. But those theologians who most thoroughly understand the bearings of the case see at once the uncharitableness and the injustice of bringing against such enquiries the imputation of heresy. Dates arrived at by the process of adding up generations and years and days, in such computations as that printed in the margin of our Bibles, can scarcely be regarded as limiting the age of the savages of Brixham and St. Acheul, when they would not be put in evidence against the high antiquity of the mammoths among whom these men lived. And however great may be the merit and use of calculations based on the Bible, they carry upon their face the confession of their indefiniteness,

finiteness, and obviously cannot be taken as binding upon men's faith.

It by no means follows, however, that because our minds are open to admit, upon any sufficient evidence, a very ancient date for man's appearance in history, we should therefore take the present vague calculations of twenty or fifty or a hundred thousand years, as being of the nature of scientific facts. We shall do well, instead of straining at possible thousands in this misty chronicle, to hold to the fewest hundreds that will answer the exigencies of the case. And thus, when we find the Swiss lake-dwellers brought in as part of the evidence bearing on the antiquity of man, as they are in three of the works now before us, we must look narrowly and grudgingly at the estimates of their age. No enormous antiquity is indeed claimed for them, but they form, in the treatises of Sir Charles Lyell, Sir John Lubbock, and Mons. Le Hon, a stepping-stone, as it were, in chronology to the yet more ancient tribes of the drift gravels and the Dordogne caves. As direct means of calculating their age, there are brought forward three geological arguments. The first is Herr von Morlot's, based on a railway section through a conical accumulation of gravel and alluvium, which the torrent of the Tinière has gradually built up where it enters the Lake of Geneva near Villeneuve. This cone is remarkably regular in its structure, and in it there occur three sheets or layers of vegetable soil of great extent, each of which must at one time have formed the surface of the cone. The first is about 4 feet below the present surface, and contains Roman tiles and a Roman coin; the second, 10 feet down, contained unglazed pottery and a pair of tweezers, relics of the bronze age; the third, 19 feet down, yielded rude pottery, charcoal, some broken bones, and a human skeleton with a small, round, and very thick skull. Allowing for certain disturbing influences, Herr von Morlot reckons, as we may roughly put it, about fourteen centuries for the accumulation of 4 feet between Roman times and our own, and thence reckons at the same rate of 1 foot to three and a half centuries, back to about 3500 years for the age of bronze, and to about 6500 years to the age of stone. We fail, however, to see that an accumulation of gravel, which was so interrupted and varying that six-inch layers of vegetable mould could be from time to time formed upon it, can be taken, with any confidence, as a regular measure of the lapse of years. Again, M. Gilliéron calculates a minimum of 6750 years, required for the silting up of the valley of the Thièle, from the point where the remains of a lake settlement indicate the former presence of open water, but his ingenious argument requires more

more than one supposition by no means easy to verify. M. Troyon calculates in a similar way the date of the lake settlement of which the piles were found in a peat bog at Chamblon, near Yverdon. This old Roman town, Eburodunum, was once on the borders of the Lake of Neuchâtel, but 2500 feet of new ground now intervenes, and if the lake retreated at the same rate before Roman times, the Bronze-Age lake settlement of Chamblon would be some 3300 years old. Such calculations as these are, Sir Charles Lyell holds, though confessedly imperfect, yet full of promise, and Sir John Lubbock insists with reason on the value of estimates, however crude, if while founded on different data they yet in the main agree in one result.

If we look at the lake remains themselves, and guess how long it must have taken for such large and numerous settlements to have grown up in the Stone Age, before the new series of towns belonging to the ages of bronze and iron, it seems necessary to date their first foundation in Switzerland several centuries before the Christian era. But this general impression of length of time does not readily shape itself into a distinct chronology. If we are to make a stand anywhere, we will make it in a protest against such point-blank assertions as that the Swiss lake villages belong to 'ages ascending far beyond the Pharaohs.' We suppose few chronologers would give to the pyramids of Egypt an antiquity of less than 2000 years B.C. The Swiss lake dwellings, for all we can prove to the contrary, may be as old as this, or even older; but mere possibilities go for little in such matters, and as yet we have met with nothing like an absolute convincing proof that the first lake-man drove his first rudely-pointed fir stem in the Swiss waters fifteen hundred, or even a thousand years, before the Christian era.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Der Epische Cyclus, oder die Homerischen Dichter.* Von F. G. Welcker. 2te Aufl. 8vo. Bonn, 1865.
 2. *Betrachtungen über Homer's Ilias.* Von K. Lachmann. Mit Zusätzen von M. Haupt. 8vo. Berlin, 1865.
 3. *Die Homerische Text-Kritik im Alterthume.* Von Jacob La Roche. 8vo. Leipzig, 1866.
 4. *Homer and the Iliad.* By John Stuart Blackie. 4 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1866.
 5. *The Odyssey of Homer.* Edited by Henry Hayman, B.D. Vol I., Books I. to VI. 8vo. London, 1866.
 6. *The Iliad of Homer, with English Notes.* By F. A. Paley, M.A. Vol. I. 8vo. London, 1866.

7. *The Iliad of Homer, with English Notes for the use of Schools.* Books I. to XII. By F. A. Paley, M.A. 12mo. London, 1867.
8. Ὀμήρου βίος καὶ ποιήματα. Ὑπὸ Ἰωάννου Ν. Βαλέττα. 4to. London, 1867.
9. *Homer's Iliad, für den Schulgebrauch erklärt.* Von K. F. Ameis. Erster Band, Erstes Heft, Gesang I.—III. 8vo. Leipzig, 1868.
10. *On the Comparatively late Date and Composite Character of our Iliad and Odyssey.* (From the 'Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society.') By F. A. Paley, M.A. 4to. Cambridge, 1868.

WHEN the Homeric question has ceased, as ere long it must, to be a theme of party strife among scholars, it will still possess solid and permanent claims on their interest. Apart from the imperishable attractiveness of the poems themselves, the controversy to which they gave rise is of the highest significance as a chapter in the history of knowledge. It is the first-born of the great inquiries which have sprung from the union, in modern criticism, of the scientific with the literary spirit. The publication of Wolf's 'Prolegomena' is a landmark to show the meeting-point of two great intellectual movements—the impulse of learning inherited from the scholars of the Renaissance, and the impulse of physical discovery, which dates from nearly the same period, and is associated with still more familiar names. The progress of the discussion has been as fertile as its origin was propitious. Historical and philological studies have been condemned as failing in results—as turning on questions which can never be settled, or which, if settled, would add nothing of real value to human knowledge. The Homeric controversy offers a favourable field for testing the justice of such complaints. Few subjects appear at first so remote from modern interests, or so deficient in the materials of scientific inquiry. Yet we have only to glance through the series of writers on Homeric subjects to see how various and fruitful a theme it has proved to be. How far we are still from the close of the debate may be gathered from the list of new books or new editions (published within the last four years) which stands at the head of this article. Yet these are but the last stragglers of the army of students by whom this great warfare has been carried on. With each successive champion the issues in dispute have been narrowed, fresh points of view gained, fresh criteria discovered and applied. Even if the main question has not been fully solved, even if it should be thought to be insoluble,

insoluble, still the permanent fruits of the investigation remain, both in the ideas and methods which it has suggested, and the increased knowledge of primitive history and literature which is its more immediate result. Such things are useful in the highest sense of the word, for they are the chief elements in progress towards that insight of the human race into its own nature and capacities which measures the advance from the lower and ruder to the higher and more exquisite forms of existence.

Homer, according to the legend which finally prevailed throughout Greece, was born at Smyrna, and was the son of the Meles, the 'black water' which flowed through the ancient site of that city, and formed the boundary between Æolis and Ionia. The river doubtless owed this honour to the chance likeness between its name and the word μέλος, song; but it was a just instinct which placed the germ of epic poetry on the confines of Æolic and Ionian Greece; in a city which, like the 'Iliad' itself, was debatable ground between the two races. The poem has, indeed, come down to us in a purely Ionic dialect, as the treasure of an Ionic school of reciters, the Homerids of Chios; but its heroes are especially the heroes of Æolic Greece, and its scene is laid in Æolic territory. Hence the claim which each had to share in the glory of Homer. If he was an Æolian, how came he to compose his songs in another dialect? If an Ionian, why did he choose a story in which his countrymen played no important part? How did the Tale of Troy overflow the bounds of its native Æolis, and gain fame in the mouths of Ionic singers in all the chief cities of the Ionian race? The fancy of Greek tradition was satisfied with placing the birthplace of Homer halfway between the two countries, and telling of his travels from city to city, planting, as he went, the seeds of epic poetry. Modern critics, no less struck with the union in the 'Iliad' of elements from different Hellenic nationalities, have generally felt that the personality of a single poet is not an adequate meeting-point even for two such streams as the influences of Æolic and Ionian life, still less a sufficient origin for the many schools in which Greek epic poetry is found to flourish in after-times.

The 'Iliad' is attached to the Æolian settlements of Asia, and to the country of Æolis itself, by circumstances which prove an intimate and original connexion. It belongs to the Æolians through the memories of their European ancestors and the traditions which were their title to the new seats. Of its two chief heroes, Achilles and Agamemnon, the one is a Thesalian prince, the champion of an Æolic nationality, the other
represents

represents the great Pelopid family, whose descendants were claimed as their first leaders by the Æolic colonists of Lesbos and of Cyme. The assembling of the Greek fleet at Aulis in Bœotia points still more distinctly to the Æolic migration; for it is hardly consistent with the traditional picture of Agamemnon, 'the king over many islands and all Argos,' but is sufficiently explained by the historical importance of Aulis as the starting-point for emigrants from Bœotia, Achæa, and the other parts of European Æolis. On the other hand, the 'Iliad' is no less intimately connected with the history and geography of the country to which the Æolic migration took its course. The prophecy which is put into the mouth of Poseidon, that the dynasty of Priam should perish, but that the descendants of Æneas were to rule over the Trojans in time to come, is plainly an allusion to a race of Ænead princes then reigning in the Troad. The Trojan catalogue is only less minute than the Greek; probably, therefore, it was nearly as interesting. In this and in many other ways the poet of the 'Iliad' is the poet of both Greek and Trojan, of Hector and Paris as well as of Achilles and Agamemnon. He is, in short, the poet of the actual Æolis of his time, with its native and half-Asiatic legends embedded in the traditions of the Achæan families; as the remains of the indigenous races might still be seen in its mountains or even in its great cities.* Everything points to a war of conquest, but not of extermination, full of stirring events, and leaving a vivid impression on the memories of victors and vanquished: such a war as is capable of awakening a people to that first dim sense of its own historical existence which finds its fitting expression in epic legend. The national character of the Æolic Greeks—a combination of fiery pride with enthusiasm and romantic sentiment—was one that fitted them to be the originators of a body of heroic poetry. The same temperament which afterwards gave rise to passionate lyric poetry must have shown itself in an earlier and simpler age, in short and stirring war-songs, the recitals of real or mythical exploits.

The Ionic character of the Homeric poems rests, in the first place, upon the language in which they have reached us. It has, indeed, been supposed that the Homeric dialect is a mixture of Æolic and Ionic forms, and in particular that the digamma shows the presence of an Æolic element. Such a mixture, however, would be a mere linguistic monster, without parallel in literature. The digamma, as it is called, represents a sound which belonged at one time to all dialects of Greek; and it is

* Herod. V. 122.

known as an Æolic letter merely because it remained longer in Æolic than elsewhere. If, however, the poems were originally and in substance Æolic, when were they carried to Ionia and recast in the Ionic dialect? The main evidence on this subject meets us at a point in Greek history which is early as compared with the period of authentic records, but yet much later than the first outburst of epic poetry. It consists of the well-attested fact that a clan or hereditary school of 'rhapsodists' belonging to Chios, and claiming descent from Homer, made it their profession to preserve and recite the Homeric poems. The earliest authority for the name *Homeridæ* is a passage of Pindar; but the account which is given by the scholiast on that passage carries their history back to the date—unfortunately not certain—of the hymn to the Delian Apollo: '*Homeridæ*,' he says, 'they called at first those of the family (*γένος*) of Homer, who sang his poetry in hereditary succession; but afterwards also the rhapsodists who were no longer persons tracing descent from Homer.*' This passage contains in a few words the history of one of the most important social revolutions of the ancient world. The primitive system of caste which confined every occupation within the circle of particular families was gradually relaxed in Greece, and the principle of free association in guilds or trade-brotherhoods took its place. This transition was effected, like so many others in history, by introducing the new relation under cover of the old forms. The family tie, with its rights and duties, was extended by a fiction to those who were not related by blood; and so by degrees, as the original supposition of consanguinity became more unreal, the exclusiveness of the clan was less enforced. The Gentile names of this kind which have been preserved are in most cases taken directly from the common art or calling, and not from any real person. The celebrated priestly family of the *Eumolpidæ* claimed descent from the mythical Eumolpus, son of Poseidon, who was the first priest of the Eleusinian mysteries, and initiated by the goddess Demeter herself. In reality, as the etymology of the name suggests, they were the 'sons of good chanting.' In the same way the *Dædalidæ* were so called from the cunning works (*δαίδαλα*) in which their skill lay; and Dædalus was imagined to account for the historical existence of the family. We may fairly suppose that the same process has taken place in the gentle craft of minstrel. The name 'Homerus' can hardly mean anything but 'fitted together,' 'harmonious'; and this is an epithet as applicable to the verse of the ancient minstrel as 'dædal' to the contrivance of the

* Schol. Pind. Nem. II.

mechanician. If so, the Homerids, instead of being the descendants of a person Homer, are in truth united by being the 'sons of verse,' and Homer, like Eumolpus or Dædalus, is the personification of an art and the eponymous ancestor of an hereditary guild. The existence therefore of this form of social union proves their antiquity and importance as a school of reciters, but does not of necessity carry us back to the origin or earliest diffusion of the poems.

The Ionian character, formed of the pliancy of merchants and tributaries, joined perhaps to the softness of a partly Asiatic race, was one which led them rather to recount and adorn the deeds of others than to furnish the materials for a history of their own. Their dialect soon became especially that of narrative as well as of speculation, and their genius was eminently fitted for the production of great and harmonious unities in the domain of art. The passionate and, so to speak, anarchic elements were too strong in the Æolic temperament to permit them to achieve a permanently great work, either in literature or politics. Among the Dorians this side of the Greek character was forcibly restrained in at least one illustrious instance by the stern hand of discipline: among the Ionians it was subdued by the predominance of the intellectual qualities, breadth and clearness of thought. Is the 'Iliad' to be regarded as the first in the number of Ionic works? We have seen that the poem itself points with abundant evidence to the neighbouring cities of the Æolic colonists as the centres of its interest. Yet at the furthest point to which we can trace its external history it appears as a great Ionic epopee, the heirloom and the support of a guild of Ionic reciters. How are we to bridge over the gulf which lies between those two stages of its history? How can the same body of poems be Æolic in its original materials, the theatre of its action, the interests to which it was first addressed, and Ionic in its ultimate form, in its language, in the guardians and expounders of its treasures?

Although the complete solution of this problem lies beyond the range of authentic history, there are indications in the poems, as well as analogies from the epics of other nations, which enable us, at least, to narrow the conditions within which the solution must lie. The argument between the rival races, it may have been remarked, has turned chiefly on the 'Iliad.' The story of Ulysses is too fanciful and too devoid of local and national interest to be connected in the same way with any one part of Greece. Yet from another point of view the full and lively picture of the epic singer which we owe to the 'Odyssey,' offers a social problem hardly less suggestive than the question between Æolis

Æolis and Ionia. The condition of the poet is in a great measure the reflection of that of his art; the Phemius and blind Demodocus of the 'Odyssey' are types of a period of poetry, and as such may be compared, on the one hand, with the scanty notices of the same kind which are to be found in the 'Iliad,' and on the other with the poets and reciters of later times. Such a comparison, embracing the character and position of the singers, the form and compass of their songs, the manner of their performance, is fruitful in indications of the artistic and social development of the epic. In particular the contrast between the earlier *αἰδοί*, or singers, and the later *ῥαψῳδοί*, or reciters, as Welcker has drawn it out, is interesting in itself and doubly significant if it can be put side by side with the ethnological transition, as it may be called, of the poems themselves from Æolic war-songs to an Ionian 'Iliad.'

The picture of the singers is drawn by the poet of the 'Odyssey' in vivid colours, and with evident sympathy. They are a distinct class, the 'tribe of singers' (*φῦλον αἰδῶν*), beloved and instructed by the Muses. They are a calling (*δημιοεργοί*), and make a livelihood by their art, living in a great man's house, or coming to banquets with their lyre, and singing what is required of them. Phemius, on the compulsion of the suitors, sings of the piteous return of the Greeks; and Penelope, painfully moved by the song, prays him to give one of many other songs which he knows. He himself boasts that the Muse has planted many *οἶμαι*, courses or ranges of song, in his soul. The Phæacian Demodocus sings at the feast of the quarrel of Ulysses and Achilles, and the sufferings of the Greeks, 'as though he had seen all himself, or heard it from an eyewitness;' the same day he sings of the loves of Ares and Aphrodite, and of the taking of Troy by the wooden horse. In the 'Iliad,' however, singers are nearly, if not quite, unknown. It is Achilles himself who sings the tales of heroes (*κλέα ἀνδρῶν*); it is Paris himself who bears the citharis; the events of the 'diviner foretime' are told in speeches of Nestor and Phoenix. Whatever the reason (a subject to which we shall return hereafter), there is no doubt of the fact that in passing from the descriptions of the 'Iliad' to those of the 'Odyssey,' we leave a state of society in which the hero himself in the intervals of warfare sang short lays to his own lyre, and find ourselves in the age of poems long enough to task the memory of trained minstrels, and to pass away the days of a refined and luxurious court.

The next point at which epic poetry meets us in Greek history is that which is marked by the appearance of the famous
Homeric

Homeric family or school already described. One of them has happily departed so far from the impersonal reserve of the older bards as to speak of himself or at least of his stock of poems in language which was long thought to be that of the great poet himself. In the farewell lines at the end of the hymn to the Delian Apollo, sung at the great festival of that island, he commends himself to the favourable recollection of the Delian maidens. When a stranger asks who is the sweetest singer that comes round to them, they are to answer in chorus, 'a blind man who dwells in rocky Chios, the glory of his songs is chief among those that follow after.' 'We, too,' the poet continues, 'shall bear your fame how far soever we go among men;' promising, it would seem, in the name of the Homerid brotherhood, though it is for himself that he bespeaks their remembrance. Scanty as are the materials of this picture, there is enough in the mere tone of the passage to show a marked advance from the Phemius and Demodocus of the 'Odyssey.' The humble minstrel, singing in the great man's hall the lay which the guests require, and not partaking in their guilt if it is not of his own will that he came to their feast, is very different from the rhapsodist making his round among the Ionian festivals, and offering in the name of a poetical clan to repay his hearers in kind for the praise which they should bestow. The greatest difference, however, is that which appears in the manner and occasion of poetical displays. In Homer there is no trace of recitation without the lyre, or of epic poetry at religious festivals; and there is only one reference, that which occurs in the story of Thamyras, to contests for prizes in the art. In the course of time the measured chant of the 'singer' gave place to declamation, the lyre was exchanged for the symbolic rod or branch of olive; and, finally, complete epics—chiefly the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' but also other poems of the cycles, which in most cases are known to have passed under the name of Homer—were recited, not by single minstrels, but by competing rhapsodists. These changes go to the essence of the epic art. It was one of the strongest points insisted on by Wolf that there must be a relation between the inner development of a poem and the mode of its representation. 'If Homer had no readers,' he argued, 'I cannot understand what could have led him to the design or conception of long poems connected by a consecutive series of parts.'* The great festivals (*πανήγυρις*) with the contest (*ἀγών*) of recitation offers the only solution of this difficulty. A long poem could be given with full effect by employing several

* Prol. exii.

rhapsodists in succession; the rhapsodists were brought together by instituting prize competitions. The first traces of competitive or 'agonistic' recitation go back to a very early period. Even in Homer the Muses 'answer one another with beautiful voice;' and their singing is called an *ἀγών* by the author of the 'Hesiodic Shield of Hercules.' The lamentation for Hector in the 'Iliad' is performed in turn by Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen. Rhapsodists are found at the Delian festival, at Sicyon under Cleisthenes, at Salamis in Cyprus—where the Cyclic poem, called the Cyprian verses, was recited—and at Athens in the time of Solon and Pisistratus. Of these the Athenian rhapsodists are so much better known, from various circumstances, than any other, that they may be taken with advantage as specimens of the class.

The different notices connecting Solon, Pisistratus, and Hipparchus, with the literary history of Homer, if they hardly deserve the celebrity which they have gained in the controversy, are of considerable importance for this part of the subject. Whatever the truth may be as to the share of each of these statesmen in the collection or correct edition of the poems, there can be no doubt that the rules by which their recitation was conducted represent the ancient practice of at least one great Athenian festival. The orator Lycurgus quotes a law of Solon—to whom, it must be remembered, the orators are apt to ascribe all the more ancient parts of the Athenian code—providing that at the celebration of the Panathenæa Homer should be the only epic poet recited. The important rule that the rhapsodists should follow one another according to the order of the text—that as it is expressed, they should recite *ἐξ ὑποβολῆς*, 'taking one another up'—is assigned to Solon by Diogenes Laertius, and to Hipparchus by the author of the Platonic dialogue of that name. The authorities for Pisistratus himself are later and less worthy of attention. That he or Hipparchus should have had the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' copied for the use of the rhapsodists seems a natural corollary from the laws just quoted. Perhaps, too, it was felt that the monarchical sentiment which prevails in Homer, and especially in the 'Iliad,' was likely to soften opposition to the Pisistratid despotism. This copy, however, if it was ever made, did not survive to the time of the Alexandrian grammarians. Among the editions which they quote as authorities for various readings, there is no mention of an Athenian text. The only point on which all the authorities are agreed is that Homeric poems were produced in a complete form at the Panathenæa. Yet this scanty nucleus of fact is full of meaning for the history of Greek art. The place of the
rhapsodists

rhapsodists was as important in the period to which they belonged as that which was filled in the creative age of the drama by the tragedians and actors who competed in the Athenian theatre. The Panathenaic festival lasted for several days, and thus gave ample time for a complete recitation of the 'Iliad,' carried on, as it was, for many hours by successive competing rhapsodists. Nor is there anything in so vast a performance which was alien to Greek tastes or habits. The dramatic exhibitions of the annual Dionysia were at least as great a tax on the spectator's leisure and patience. Such things were not, as with us, the entertainment of an idle hour; they were of an essentially sacred character; and the absorbing sense of enjoyment which pervaded the multitude as they hung on the lips of the actor or the rhapsodist, had in it no small element of religious exaltation. In both cases, and indeed in every department of art, the Greek genius, as Welcker has most happily observed, showed itself as much in the representation of its great works as in their original production. 'No other nation,' he has said, 'has hit upon a machinery for the diffusion for the epic so well suited to its original destination for oral recital, and at the same time to the greatest compass which it reached from its own inner development. It needed for this the Greek Panegyris and the Greek enjoyment of high poetry; the manner of performance fitted for the purpose was not hard to find.'*

As the rhapsodist can be traced in his development out of the minstrel of the 'Odyssey,' so the rhapsodist of the splendid period of Athens may be compared with the earlier type of the same calling, which is furnished in the Homerid of Chios. The chief point to be noted is the dissolution of the earlier Gentle or clannish relation. In a primitive society, the tie which held the Homerids together was peculiarly fitted, if not absolutely necessary, for the preservation and transmission of great works. Many of their songs, we may be sure, were worthy of the immortality which the blind man of Chios claimed; and if a poem of surpassing merit was produced by one of the clan, its best chance of living was to be found in the trained memories of his poetical kindred. Such a work at once belonged to a partnership, in which the individual was of little account, but in whose keeping it soon came to be guarded with the care and jealousy due at once to the secrets of a craft and to the title-deeds of a great family. In the Athenian period the preservation of poems had been secured by the art of writing; the family tie of the guilds of rhapsodists had been loosened to bursting, and the func-

* 'Ep. Cycl.,' vol. i. p. 370, ed. ii.

tions which they performed in watching over the creations of the earlier period had been undertaken by the State. The progress of civil society shows its influence in this as in other aspects of life. The reciter is no longer 'of the kindred of Homer;' laws take the place of family tradition; men no longer look to the blind man of Chios, but to the lawgiver or the statesman, to tell them who is the poet whose songs are to 'hold the chief place in time to come.'

Let us now turn from this external view, as it may be called, of the history of the Homeric poems, and attempt to retrace in imagination the growth of that internal unity whose date and origin have been the subjects of so much controversy. Was the 'Iliad' the work of an Æolic minstrel, as Professor Blackie thinks? Or did it grow up in a school such as that of the Chian brotherhood? Or was it constructed as Wolf maintained, out of 'ballad' materials by Athenian poets working under the direction of Pisistratus?

It is one of the chief merits of Welcker's great work that by reconstructing the history of the various works once ascribed without distinction to Homer, and afterwards known as the Epic Cycle, he has withdrawn the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' from the perplexing isolation in which they formerly stood, and exhibited them in their historical character as the first of a long series of once familiar poems. The immediate result of the chronological prospective thus gained was to throw back the date of the 'Iliad,' as a complete work of art, to the beginning of Greek history, and therefore to a period when epic composition was still a living faculty. In the Alexandrian age, it is shown by Welcker, Zenodotus the grammarian did for the whole body of epic poetry what Pisistratus was supposed to have done for the 'lays;' he arranged it into a complete and continuous narrative, following the order of time from the earliest point of mythical history. The first poem in the Trojan part of this 'cycle' was the Cypria, which began with the judgment of Paris, and brought down the course of events to the point where it was taken up by the 'Iliad.' The Æthiopis of Arctinus continued the story again from the death of Hector to that of Achilles. Then followed the 'Little Iliad,' by Lesches, and the 'Capture of Troy,' by Arctinus: poems which appear to have covered to some extent the same ground. The 'Returns,' attributed to Agias, fill up the space from the fall of Troy to the beginning of the 'Odyssey': and the whole cycle ends with the 'Telegonia' of Eugammon. Of these poets the earliest, Arctinus, is referred to the eighth century B.C.; the latest, Eugammon, is of the sixth. The 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' it is shown by Welcker, are the fixed points round which

which the minor epics group themselves, the foci, as it were, of the system in which these revolve. The other poems of the cycle are related to Homer as imitations, and also as supplements; and in these two characters they presuppose in their original a certain epic form adopted, and a certain portion of narrative marked off from the general stock of legend. So far it seems that we are on firm ground; but we must beware of seeking to carry the force of these arguments from the inferior poets back to the author or authors of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Even if the 'Odyssey,' as some think, is the first 'cyclic' poem extant, that is to say, the first poem formed by extension of the plan of the 'Iliad' to another part of the legend, the 'Iliad' itself is still unexplained. There is no analogy, either in the ancient accounts or in the nature of the cases, between the authorship of the 'Iliad' and that of the later poems.

Homer had long been regarded popularly as the author of the whole epic cycle: it was only when literature was studied with something of the scientific spirit that ancient critics began to detach poems from the general Homeric stock, and to ascribe them to individual poets of more recent times. The fact that certain poems continued to pass under the name of Homer no more proves his historical reality than the works assigned to Dædalus (to recur to a former illustration) prove a single ancestor for the Dædalids. Moreover, there is no *primâ facie* reason to suppose that the 'Iliad' itself was produced in the same way as those later poems which took it as their basis and model. They derived their conception of epic poetry from the 'Iliad.' Whence did the author of the 'Iliad' himself derive it? Welcker's discoveries, therefore, although they make it highly probable that the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' existed at an early period as individual poems of something like their present compass, leave the problem of their authorship to be solved by other considerations.

It is now an acknowledged truth that in a sense the 'Iliad' is much older than its present shape. 'Not only the separate materials,' Professor Blackie admits, 'but the general scheme of the Iliad existed in the Hellenic mind before Homer.*' It might be added that the bond of connexion which unites the materials together must have grown more definite and comprehensive with the growth of the earlier songs into short cycles of narrative. The progress of epic poetry must have been accompanied by an education of the audience which would gradually fit them for poems of a wider range and more sustained interest.

* Vol. i. p. 205.

It is difficult to imagine the transition from short songs to a single great poem without intermediate steps such as the lays of Phemius and Demodocus in the 'Odyssey.' It is through the ever-widening sweep of these 'ranges of song' that a people gains the increased knowledge of their national heroes and the increased grasp of the events of their legendary history, which prepares them for the architectonic proportions of a true national epic.

In order to apply these remarks to the Trojan story, it is necessary to consider the origin and diffusion of those Æolic legends which have been shown to constitute the basis of the 'Iliad.' Here we are met by the vexed question of the historical reality of the expedition of Agamemnon. We cannot do more than indicate the view which we believe to be the true one, viz., that whatever historical matter may be embedded in names or detail, the story in its main outlines is purely mythical. The admirable and penetrating discussion in Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece' proved the uselessness of seeking in this class of narratives for any nucleus of historical fact. The further question of the source of the various myths was one on which he hardly entered, beyond pointing out in each case how the story recommended itself to the people among whom it is found to have prevailed. The following, for example, is his explanation of the origin of the Trojan story:—

'To the Æolic and Ionic colonists, a cluster of men from various Greek tribes who had migrated to Asia Minor and acquired for themselves settlements by extruding the prior occupants, it was pleasant to imagine a supposed expedition of their gods and heroes to the same shores in some distant period of the unknown past; the victory so obtained by these superhuman persons gave to their descendants what may be called a mythic title to the territory which they occupied.'—*Westminster Review*, vol. xxxix. p. 316.

Although this theory explains the popularity and diffusion of the legend it does not explain its origin. It is observed by Mr. Maine, with his usual accuracy and penetration, that nothing in law springs entirely from a sense of convenience; that 'there are always certain ideas existing antecedently on which the sense of convenience works, and of which it can do no more than form some new combination.*' A similar remark is true of mythology. The desire for a particular kind of legend is not sufficient of itself to create the legend; it can only 'work on certain ideas,' certain types or forms which already exist, and which it can select, combine, and fill with new colouring and detail. The

* 'Ancient Law,' p. 233.

wish becomes father to the thought only by arresting and quickening the floating germs of narrative which fill the mental atmosphere of the people. The question which Mr. Grote's theory leaves unanswered is, What are the germs or outlines out of which the Trojan story was formed? It would lead us too far to enter upon the wide subject of comparative mythology, the science from which a complete answer to this question may perhaps be sought. Even without going out of the narrower circle of Greek tradition we may derive valuable suggestions from the comparative method. If, as the *Æolic* element in the '*Iliad*' implies, the Trojan story was wholly or in part derived from certain types of narrative being localised in the Troad by its Greek colonists, we may fairly expect to find the same or similar stories elsewhere, agreeing in their outlines but differing in the actors and the scenery. Accordingly the main incidents of the '*Iliad*'—the abduction of Helen, the anger of Achilles, the taking of Troy—are found repeated with slight modifications in the mythology of other parts of Greece. Theseus, like Paris, carried off Helen, and the Dioscuri led an expedition into Attica for her recovery, which exhibits on a smaller scale the essential features of the expedition of Agamemnon. Another tradition, apparently Messenian, represented her as carried off by the twin heroes Idas and Lynceus. Again, the anger of Achilles finds an almost perfect parallel in that of Meleager, as told in the ninth book of the '*Iliad*.' Finally the taking of Troy is an exploit of Hercules as well as of Agamemnon. These coincidences seem to show that even if there is an historical element in the story, if Agamemnon is as historical as the Dietrich or the Attila of the '*Nibelungen Lied*,' the incidents of the '*Iliad*' are not a mere distortion of actual events, but originally and properly mythical: that the myth is the primary and essential, the history only the secondary and accidental, ingredient. The same facts throw no less light on the ready diffusion of the story. Recognising an element which underlies the distinctively *Æolic* parts, and is common to the whole of Greece—if not also, as comparative mythologists tell us, to the Aryan family of nations—we can more easily understand how the local versions of the legend might be fused together, and the particular type which events made most popular be accepted in Greek art and literature. The germs of the '*Iliad*,' in short, existed everywhere: it required only the circumstances to which Mr. Grote points—the history of the Greek colonies, and the feelings and motives that grew out of that history—in order to furnish a soil in which these germs should become fertile. It remains to ask how they grew or were formed into a great epic.

Were

Were the question put for the first time to an appreciating reader of the 'Iliad,' in what it appeared to him that the unity of the poem consisted, his first answer would probably be that its one subject is the siege of Troy. Looking at it again, and considering the many parts of the siege passed over in silence, and especially the want of any account of its capture, he would be led to seek the basis of its unity rather in the characters of the actors engaged, and, above all, in the overwhelming greatness of its chief personage. Yet, if he looked for a poem describing the life and exploits, or even the Trojan exploits, of Achilles, the 'Iliad' would still fall short of such a theme; for it contains only the deeds and passions of a few days: a brilliant and characteristic episode, but still only an episode, in the life of its hero. The one subject which underlies the poem is that which the Muse at the outset is invoked to sing—the wrath of Achilles. It is on the progress of that wrath, and of the grief in which it is afterwards swallowed up, that the highest interest of the 'Iliad' turns. These three things—Troy, Achilles, the wrath—may have been the central points of the poem in the different stages through which it passed in gradually assuming its present form. The interest awakened in Asiatic Greece by the stories of the Trojan War must soon have produced a body of 'lays,' or short epic narrative poems, turning on different parts of the siege of Troy or the conquest of the Troad: and in these the place of favourite and invincible hero was occupied by Achilles. The reasons for this preference can hardly be discovered from Greek history. Achilles was not a chieftain of any of the great historical cities or tribes of Greece; he is 'less of a king' than Agamemnon. Yet his wrath is the incident of the whole body of Trojan legend, which has taken the firmest hold of the Greek imagination, and has become the centre on which the plot of their great epic mainly turns. Such a result must have been reached by a double process. First, the personality of Achilles, as it was conceived by the primitive tradition, must have exerted in itself an overpowering attraction on the story. Secondly, the incident of a wrathful inactivity must have been felt to be peculiarly fit to be the turning point of a long poem. This fitness appears to consist in the facility which it offered for the addition of episodes, celebrating the other national heroes of the different Greek States. The relation of these episodes—for such the books which celebrate minor heroes, like Diomedes and Menelaus, have always been felt to be—to the main action is the chief problem which a theory of the 'Iliad' has to solve. Up to a certain point, however, the motives which have led to their introduction may be clearly traced. Achilles, it has been observed,
does

does not represent any of the great historical divisions of Greece, and his overwhelming superiority could fix the imagination of the whole Greek race upon him, and raise him to the place of national hero, without provoking the ever ready jealousy of the different States. Along with him, however, there were many other local heroes—the princes of Argos, of Salamis, of Elis, of Crete—who met on the ground of the national epic, as their cities were represented at the great Hellenic festivals, or as their several dialects were fused into a common Hellenic tongue. For these figures the singers had to find places in their lays second only to that of Achilles himself. Each came in this way to have an *Aristeia*, as it was called by the ancients, in which his countrymen and descendants found matter for patriotic exultation. Since all recognised and were familiar with the surpassing prowess of Achilles, the difficulty must have been to find a sphere in which their exploits should not be thrown into the shade by him; and it was an obvious device to reconcile these conflicting claims by singing of the glory which the other princes gained while the national hero remained in wrath in his tent. This feature of the lays thus formed brought them into the same period of the siege, and gave them a thread of connexion which would otherwise be entirely wanting; for the parts of the *‘Iliad’* which give the post of championship to Diomedes, to Ajax, to Agamemnon, and to Menelaus, have almost nothing in common, except that Achilles is tacitly or expressly represented as absent. By the operation of this process, working unconsciously in the hands of different minstrels, a body of lays may have been produced possessing a remarkable unity of time and place, but little or no internal adaptation to one another; attracted in the first instance to the siege of Troy, as the central point of Greek mythical interest, and then becoming concentrated, for the reason just explained, on the particular point of the siege marked by the wrath and withdrawal of Achilles.

Another reason for preferring this particular episode of the war, and leaving uncelebrated the seemingly more interesting epochs of the death of Achilles and the capture of Troy, may perhaps be found in the different versions of these events prevailing in different parts of Greece. The references to the capture of Troy in the *‘Iliad’* are quite vague. In the *‘Odyssey’* the curious story of the wooden horse is found for the first time. Another account gives the glory of the final victory of the Greeks to Neoptolemus, another to the invincible arrows of Philoctetes. These differences probably belonged to different local forms of the legend, and were eliminated by the gradual spread of epic poetry,

poetry, and the consequent demand for what was in harmony with universal Hellenic feeling.

These suggestions as to the motives which operated in gathering the early lays of *Æolia* into the unity which they possess in the 'Iliad' are equally compatible with any view of the authorship of the poems. They only require as a postulate that the poem in question should be of the kind which German writers call the *Volksepos*, a popular or minstrel epic, as opposed to the *Kunstepos* or epic of literary culture. In the case of poems such as the 'Æneid' or the 'Paradise Lost,' we may inquire into the sources from which their materials are drawn, the models which they have followed, and the like. On the other hand, with epics which are the spontaneous and indigenous productions of a people, like the 'Iliad' and the 'Nibelungen Lied,' the first questions relate to the manner in which the materials of legend have come together into a complete form. The author of the literary epic starts with former poems before him as his models, and merely adopts the form of art which they have sanctioned: whereas the authors of the true popular epic have no definite models; they are engaged in creating the rudiments of their art, and therefore they can only produce great and comprehensive works by gradually enlarging and improving upon those of their predecessors. In their case the laws of poetical construction do not work consciously in the mind of a single poet, but unconsciously, in the form of natural tendencies to selection and agglomeration, in the minds of many. These principles have been confirmed by comparison of the epics of various countries—the Teutonic, the Carolingian, the Indian—and are so well understood that the question of authorship has now a very different meaning from that which it had at the beginning of the controversy, or which it has for other periods of literature. It no longer refers to the materials of the poems, nor even to their general scheme and arrangement, but only to the ultimate form which they received.

In the immortal preface which was written by Wolf for his critical edition of the 'Iliad,' he insisted chiefly on two points—first, that the poems were not originally written; and, secondly, that they were not gathered into their present form as a single connected poem until the age of Pisistratus. The former of these propositions has long since passed into the domain of undisputed truth. The latter is so far from being admitted, that the more clearly Wolf is seen to be right in regard to the oral character of the poems, the less are the inferences accepted which he founded upon it. The oral preservation of popular epics is so thoroughly established, that the date of the first introduction of writing into

Greece

Greece has lost its original importance for the Homeric question. The arguments of the 'Prolegomena' have therefore, in great measure, dropped out of the controversy. Lachmann's work, consisting of two comparatively short papers, read, the first in 1837, the second in 1841, to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, has been the chief influence in directing the course of the inquiries to which the 'Prolegomena' gave the original impulse. His object was to show by actual examination of the text the number and limits of the shorter 'lays' out of which the complete poem was composed: and the school of Homeric criticism thus founded, called by its opponents the *Kleinliederjäger*, or small-song-hunters, is so far from having been superseded or exploded that Lachmann's two papers have been republished by his distinguished pupil, Professor Haupt, under the title which stands at the head of this article, and his vein of criticism has been pursued further in the 'Iliad,' and even extended to the 'Odyssey.' His arguments, expressed for the most part with almost enigmatical conciseness, turn too much on minute detail to interest general readers. His earlier paper, which dealt with the first ten books, seems to be generally regarded as the more important of the two. In the later part of the 'Iliad' his dislocations and re-arrangements are much more violent, and the distinctness of the lays so obtained is less clearly marked. In both, however, the method is open to objections of a fundamental kind. Difficulties of chronology, for instance, of which so much is made, are quite as likely to have escaped the notice of the original poet as of the supposed compiler. The time will probably come when Lachmann's dissection of the 'Iliad' will cease to be regarded as a solution of the great problem; but his essay must remain as a monument of the power of his critical genius in detecting and placing in the most vivid light a mass of discrepancies and inequalities which had escaped all former students of Homer.

The important theory of the structure of the 'Iliad,' which was first proposed in this country by Mr. Grote and has since been adopted in Germany by Friedländer, may be regarded as a reaction from the extreme sceptical views of Lachmann to a modified and defensible conservatism. Profoundly dissenting in general from Lachmann, and at the same time feeling that his objections had left the question in a different position from that in which they found it, and especially that the first ten books presented peculiar difficulties to the old belief, Mr. Grote was led to a theory which is for these Books substantially Lachmann's; while he maintained that the rest of the poem, as far as the end of Book XXII., formed part of a complete and consistent whole.

According

According to him, Books I., VIII., and XI.—XXII. constitute the original poem celebrating the wrath of Achilles. Books II.—VII. and X. are unconnected with the main theme, but are detached poems, belonging to the wider subject of the Trojan War; they are, therefore, an extension of the original plan, and convert the poem from an Achillêis into an Iliad. The objections which he brings against Book IX. go still further. He considers it not merely an excrescence, but one which destroys the organic unity of the whole. His arguments principally turn on the fact that the battles and other events of Books II.—VII. do not harmonise with the promise made by Jove to Achilles, 'to honour him, and mightily to distress the Achæans.' We expect a battle in which the Trojans should be victorious, and Agamemnon at once driven to confess his helplessness in the absence of his injured rival. Instead of this, Achilles is almost forgotten; while other chieftains, especially Diomedes and Ajax, successively fill the place thus left vacant on Homer's canvas. Again, at each point of junction of these Books with the rest of the poem, Mr. Grote notes a difficulty in the course of the story. The mischievous dream which Jove sends at the beginning of Book II. produces no effect; the construction of the rampart at the end of Book VII. is wanted indeed to explain the succeeding Books, but needless in reference to the events which have occurred up to that time.

In judging of such points a modern reader is liable to two opposite errors. He is apt to compare the structure of the 'Iliad' with that of works which are intended to produce their effect on a first hearing or reading, and which therefore cannot afford to overtax the memory and patience of their audience; and he is also apt to have in view the slow and often interrupted perusal which he himself gives to the 'Iliad,' instead of thinking of the recital of the ancient singer or rhapsodist, listened to for hours or even days in the court of an Ionian prince or the assembly at a great festival. Such an audience would not give way to impatience because the promise of Jove, so fatal to their heroic ancestors, was tardy in its accomplishment. They would feel about the catastrophe that, as Homer might himself say, if the Olympian Jove does not straightway bring it to pass, yet one day he will. The whole story was so familiar, and lay so vividly before their eyes, that the devices by which a modern novelist or playwright marks the current of his narrative were then needless. The exploits of Diomedes and Ajax are used—we can hardly say, are intended—to fill up the narrative, to bring out more decidedly the final failure of the Greeks, and to cover their defeat with a halo of individual glory. Yet it is by no means

means true that Achilles is quite forgotten at any part of the 'Iliad.' Direct allusions, indeed, might have been interpolated afterwards; but there is a tacit recollection of Achilles that cannot be so easily explained. To take a single example: if Hector challenges one of the Greeks to single combat, the name of Achilles is the first that would present itself to the hearer's mind. He may be forgotten when the attention is absorbed in following the career of Diomedes, but not when we are expressly invited to consider who are the chief warriors of the Greeks. If, then, nine champions appear, and Achilles is not of the number, is he not more vividly remembered by this fact than by the mention of his name? In such a case one of two things must be admitted: either that there were lays in which all the principal Greek princes figured except Achilles—which is highly improbable—or that passages such as the one just adduced were composed with reference to the part which the wrath of Achilles plays in the story.

The ninth Book, which contains the account of the embassy to Achilles, is held by Mr. Grote to be inconsistent with the whole subsequent course of the story. The grounds for this judgment are stated in an elaborate note to his 'History of Greece;'^{*} but it would require too much space to enter here into the discussion of this question. We must content ourselves with saying that, even if Mr. Grote's theory be untenable in the precise form in which it is put by him, still it remains an important contribution to the structural analysis of the 'Iliad.' The facts on which it is based—'the greater continuity of structure and conformity to the opening promise, which are manifest when we read the Books in order, I., VIII., XI. to XXII., as contrasted with the absence of these two qualities in Books II. to VII., IX. and X.'—still require an explanation. We venture to think that the disputed Books are not a later extension, but the oldest part of the 'Iliad.' The mere fact of these Books being found in the earlier part of the poem is in favour of this modification of Mr. Grote's theory. In the next place, their more detached and fragmentary character makes it more probable that they are of high antiquity: for the advance of poetical culture must have brought with it increased appreciation of the qualities of unity and completeness in narrative. Again, several well-known difficulties, such as that of Priam's not knowing the Greek chiefs by sight, may be removed by supposing the lay in which they occur to have belonged originally to a different part of the war. The description of the single combat of Paris and Menelaus in

^{*} Vol. ii. p. 240, edit. 1851.

Book III. gains very much in force and meaning if it is supposed to be the long-expected encounter of bitter enemies. We then understand better the joy of Menelaus on seeing Paris, 'because he thought he should take vengeance on the wrong-doer;' and the laughter, which Hector says will be raised against him among the Greeks, 'who supposed he was a champion of the first rank because of his noble form.' This view is still more necessary to explain the message brought by Iris to Priam at the end of Book II., when the Greek army is put in motion for an attack. 'Still,' she says, 'are endless words dear to thee, as ever in peace; but a war not to be bent aside is arisen. Surely, I have often mixed in the fightings of men, but never yet have I seen such a host.' In any case it seems less likely that the symmetry of an original Achillêis should have been spoiled by incongruous additions than that these should be remains of the songs of an earlier generation of singers. It is difficult to believe that Greek poets would have fallen back from any step once gained in the progress towards artistic completeness. It is easier to suppose that the original 'Tale of Troy' was wrought into a poem celebrating especially the great national hero, than that a true Achillêis suffered the poetical degeneration involved in becoming an Iliad. The epic, as we have it, will bear very well to be regarded as an Achillêis, with fragments of earlier and simpler lays embedded, like fossils, in the larger and more perfect work.

The last two Books of the 'Iliad,' in Mr. Grote's opinion, are probably additions to the original Achillêis: 'for the death of Hector satisfies the exigencies of a coherent scheme, and we are not entitled to extend the oldest poem beyond the limits which such necessity prescribes.' It is true that the perfection of art is attained only when all the parts of a work are evolved from a central idea, and no episodes are introduced except such as are necessary to the production of the total effect. In the 'Iliad,' however, it may fairly be doubted whether this kind of finish is to be found throughout. The successive Books are not out of relation to the main subject, but they fit on somewhat awkwardly to one another. Hence the element of truth which lies at the root of the most opposite views of the 'Iliad,' from that of the ancients, who regarded it as a model of dramatic completeness, to that of Lachmann, who sees in it a mere patch-work. The last two Books are examples of this uncertainty of structure. They are so far germane to the poem that they complete the picture of the appeased Achilles, and bring to its consummation the calming down of passion and the acquiescing in the inevitable which give the latter part of the 'Iliad' its peculiar tone.

tone. This dramatic propriety, however, does not extend to the form of these two Books. It lies in the story and in the thought, but not in the workmanship. They have little external connexion with the preceding Books, and their omission would cause no sense of incompleteness, but rather the reverse. This is especially true of the concluding description of Hector's burial. The funeral rites paid to a fallen enemy are profoundly suited to express the cessation of both wrath and grief: and the passage itself is solemn and full of tragic repose. Yet there is a felt inappropriateness in making it the conclusion of a poem of which Hector is not the hero: and therefore, judged by later rules of art, it is abrupt and disappointing. We have become accustomed in poetry, as in music, to hear the keynote of a composition struck at its close.

The discussion has hitherto been confined to the 'Iliad.' Wolf himself drew the strongest contrast between its looser structure and the artistic unity—the *admirabilis summa et compages* of the 'Odyssey;' and Mr. Grote has said with reason that the discrepancies of the latter would not have attracted notice had it not been for the much more serious difficulties in the former. Indeed the unity of the 'Odyssey' is not only greater, it is also different in kind. The 'exigencies of a coherent scheme' are perfectly satisfied. To turn to it from the 'Iliad' is like passing from the grouping of Giotto to that of Titian. Every part is now subordinate to the principal figure; every episode is felt to be a step in the development of the plot. There is no loss of poetical perspective, such as we see in the Aristeia of Diomedes or the speeches of Nestor. The narrative is moreover of much greater complexity. Not only successive but simultaneous threads of story are carried on so as to blend together into one equable tissue. Compared with this the 'Iliad' is like those lower forms of animal existence whose vitality is diffused throughout their structure. In the 'Odyssey' we recognise an organic life, residing not so much in the separate parts as in the united whole. It would follow that whatever reason there is for rejecting the conclusions of Lachmann and his school for the 'Iliad,' must apply with much greater force to any similar attempts made towards the dissection of the 'Odyssey.' We do not mean to deny that the 'Odyssey' like the 'Iliad' may show traces of gradual growth in the various parts of the story; but every inequality of this kind is smoothed over in the artistic finish of the completed work.

These observations seem to go far towards deciding a question which has divided Homeric students since the dawn of criticism. At one time, as we have seen, the whole Epic cycle was indiscriminately

indiscriminately attributed to Homer. By degrees the ancient critics agreed in refusing the name to all except the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' although several of the others, the 'Thebais' for instance, continued to be popularly regarded as Homeric. With regard to the 'Odyssey' there was not the same unanimity; a considerable minority, known as the Chorizontes, or separatists, classed it with other cyclic poems; the majority followed Aristarchus in giving it with the 'Iliad' to a single Homer. In such a matter no great weight can be attached to the mere balance of ancient opinion, especially on the affirmative side. If there was no distinct contradiction of fact, such as Herodotus notes between the 'Cypria' and the 'Iliad,' and if the intrinsic merits of the poems were not glaringly unequal, the natural tendency of the ancient critic was to follow tradition. The fact that there was a difference of opinion is almost enough to throw the burden of proof on those who maintain the unity of authorship. Modern scholars, however, have found in the comparison of parallel epochs of literature an instrument of investigation wholly denied to the ancients, and only partially known till within the present century. The principal conclusions obtained from this source have been so well stated by M. Emile Burnouf, in an article in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' (Oct. 1, 1866), that it is unnecessary to do more than indicate the results of his discussion.

Of three great epopees—the Greek, the Indian, and the Frankish—the two whose formation is known, are shown by M. Burnouf to have followed the same law. Rude songs celebrating the ancient gods and heroes are as old as the Germanic races. They were composed before or after the battle by the chieftains themselves. In the eleventh century they are transformed by a gradual and spontaneous process into longer poetical compositions bearing the name of *Chansons de gestes*, and sung by *jongleurs* to the accompaniment of a simple lute or guitar. The subjects are still in the main historical, 'adding to the reality only the expression of popular enthusiasm and the simple admiration which transforms men into heroes.' The same development took place in the remotest part of the Indo-European world. A caste, that of the *sîtas*, filled the place of the western *jongleurs*, and sang *Chansons de gestes* under the name of *purânas*. Again, in both countries as poetical workmanship grew more skilful, the simple reality of the early poems began to pall upon the national taste. The result was in the French cycle the class of *Romans d'aventures*, in the Indian that of *kâvyas*. In these, as time went on, imagination more and more supplanted the sobrieties of history. Applying these facts to the analogous circumstances of Greek

Greek epic, M. Burnouf has little difficulty in deciding that the 'Iliad' is a *Chanson de gestes*, the 'Odyssey' a *Roman d'aventures*. One of the circumstances by which this relation between the two poems is established—the superior completeness and symmetry of the 'Odyssey'—has been sufficiently dwelt upon. Another point, hardly less decisive, is to be found in the incidents and characters. The 'Iliad' is much more historical in spirit. Its personages are national gods and heroes, the scenery is real; the events are in harmony with national feeling and with probability. The 'Odyssey,' on the contrary, is fantastic and improbable, taking its hearers to distant or imaginary countries, and dealing with strange and monstrous beings, neither human nor divine. The simple machinery of the 'Iliad' which merely required the belief in the Olympian deities, is replaced in great part by agents like Circe and Polyphemus, and by objects endued with magical powers, such as the wind-bag of Æolus and the ships of the Phæacians. The transition which has been observed in so many mythologies from heroic legend to fairy tale, with the consequent predominance of the magical and romantic element, is hardly to be traced in the 'Iliad,' but is a prevailing characteristic of the 'Odyssey.' Since, indeed, the fairy tale element is of very great antiquity in all countries, this difference by itself would not prove much for the comparative age of the Homeric poems. When, however, it is found that the literature of other peoples shows a precisely similar change of type, when in short the 'Odyssey' is seen to be for Greece what the *Roman d'aventures* is for Western Europe, the inference of its later date becomes almost irresistible.

Among the remaining points in which the two poems have been thought to differ from one another, it is needless to say much of the dialect. The Greek of both 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' is the cultivated Ionic, which continued to be the conventional language of epic poetry down to the latest times. Once established in that position by the 'Iliad,' there is no reason to expect that it would materially change even in one or two centuries. More definite arguments are derived by M. Burnouf from the geographical and social elements of the two poems. The 'Iliad' shows an exact knowledge of the Troad and the coast of Asia Minor, but comparative ignorance of European Greece. The 'Odyssey' shows a similarly exact knowledge of the Ionian Islands and the neighbouring parts of the continent, including the Peloponnesus; but the Bosphorus, where the poet of the 'Iliad' is so much at home, has become a mere dreamland. The animals described in the two poems tend to the same conclusion. The lion, an Asiatic animal, is a household word in the 'Iliad,'

the representation of him in the 'Odyssey' is vague and conventional. The panther, the leopard, the locust, all natives of Asia, are mentioned in the 'Iliad' only.

The differences in the religious conceptions of the two poems have been often insisted on. They consist mainly in the separation of the religious from the grosser or merely superstitious elements of the mythology. Olympus itself is no longer a mere earthly mountain, but is idealised as the seat of the gods, ever unshaken and bright; the Olympian gods are of a higher and serener type; Jove is no longer the irresolute arbiter between contending factions, but the supreme beneficent ruler of the universe. Many details are different; Persephone and Artemis are much more prominent, Hermes has become the messenger of Jove, Aphrodite is the wife of Hephæstus.

The progress of morality is not perhaps to be traced so much in any superiority of conduct as in the more conscious opposition of good and evil. Such words as *όσίη*, *όπισ*, *εὐνομία*, *δίκαιος*, *άγνός*, *θεουδής*, either rare or unknown in the 'Iliad,' mark this change in the most significant way. Indeed the whole plot of the poem turns on a moral contest. The catastrophe is the triumph of right in Ulysses, and of virtue and patience in Penelope, with the punishment of insolence and vice in the suitors and the unfaithful servants.

The political development is also distinctly marked. In the 'Iliad' we find the primitive constitution—the military commander, the council of 'elders,' the assembly which listens to the chiefs, and obeys or murmurs—the same as that which was consolidated at Rome into magistrate, senate, and comitia. In the 'Odyssey' the Agora has a freedom of speech and action, subject to the merely nominal presidency of the *γέροντες*, which has passed the point from which the Roman form of government must have started, and reminds us rather of the popular debating assembly such as we find it in the Athenian Ecclesia. The Asiatic type of despotism, which is exemplified in Priam, has no longer any existence.

Among the changes in social condition which have been traced in the interval between the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' the most remarkable is that which concerns the poets themselves. We have already commented on the striking fact that the singers (*αἰδοί*) play a conspicuous part in the 'Odyssey,' but are wholly wanting in the picture presented by the 'Iliad.' The story of Thamyris—the only reference of the kind in the latter poem—does not occur in the narrative, but as an incidental allusion in the Catalogue. The fact that the 'Iliad' is a story of war, and the 'Odyssey' of peace, is not enough to explain this difference.

It

It can hardly be said that singers would have been out of place even in the Greek camp in an age when the exclusion of non-combatants was not strictly enforced; and they might well have been introduced into the descriptions of Troy and the court of Priam, or among the various scenes which covered the shield of Achilles. The difficulty is very much lessened if the 'Odyssey' is the production of a later age. It is only necessary, then, to suppose that in the interval between the two poems the singers had become so important an order in society as to form an integral part of every representation of life and manners. Still, indeed, the matter is not wholly cleared up. It is impossible to imagine the 'Iliad' produced in anything like its present form before the age of rhapsodists and great festivals. How then is this to be reconciled with the silence regarding the order of singers? The true answer seems to be that the poet of the earliest ages is not, like the mirror to which Plato compares him, a 'craftsman who makes himself.' The expression of individual feeling in poetry is a plant of much later growth; and, moreover, the singer was at first the mere assistant or substitute, called in like the physician or the soothsayer to perform functions which properly belonged to the chieftain himself. The reserve thus imposed on the ancient minstrel appears to have become a rule or form of his art, only broken through when the awakened self-consciousness found a vent in iambic and lyric poetry. Even in the 'Odyssey' the representation is traditional or ideal. Phemius and Demodocus sing of the Trojan War and the return of the Greeks when the events themselves are still fresh in the minds of the hearers. This cannot be interpreted to mean that the author of the 'Odyssey' composed his own poem immediately after the return of Ulysses, a pretension absurd in itself, and disclaimed by the poet of the 'Iliad':—

‘ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν.’

What it does prove is rather that the minstrel who sings so well at the Phæacian banquet of the sufferings of the Greeks and the wisdom and prowess of Ulysses, belongs in some measure to the same ideal world as the hero himself and the Phæacian king who is entertaining him: that is to say, the picture is true to tradition and to universal human nature, but is not an autobiography or a realistic copy of contemporary life. And the difference between the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' in this respect must be, that at the time of the second poem the minstrel class had become sufficiently consecrated by time, perhaps by the introduction of a new order of things in the condition of their

art, to be allowed a place without artistic impropriety among the subordinate figures of heroic poetry.

The subject might be pursued into greater detail, but enough has probably been said to show that the later date of the 'Odyssey' inferred from the parallel history of other epic circles is borne out on the whole by internal evidence. This result has considerable bearing on the main question of the 'Iliad.' It shows that nothing can be gained by arguing from the later poem to the earlier. It is highly probable that the author of the 'Odyssey' has seized and carried out with higher technical perfection the conception of epic unity which is implicit and potential rather than consciously present in the 'Iliad.' If, however, the two poems belong not merely to different dates, but to different epochs in the history of epic literature, the burden of proof is thrown on those who hold that their origin and composition is generically the same. The more clearly it is seen that unity of authorship has given the compactness and internal adjustment of parts which are conspicuous in the 'Odyssey,' the more possible does it become that the germs of these qualities which exist in the 'Iliad' may be due to the unconscious co-operation of many singers.

It is time to say something of the latest contributions made in this country to the literature of Homer by Professor Blackie and Mr. Paley.

Professor Blackie's talents are those of a rhetorician rather than of a scholar. His translation, though rough and sometimes inaccurate, is not without a certain poetic ring. The critical part of his book is at least vigorous and entertaining. He employs all the resources of an exuberant vocabulary in pouring contempt on his opponents' views, although he often speaks of them individually in terms of no less unqualified praise. 'Spectacled erudition and critical ingenuity,' 'microscopic inspections,' 'letting our imagination run riot in arbitrary conjectures,' 'frittering away our intellects on puerile etymologies,' 'the taint of misty negation,' 'Titanic exhibition of fruitless learning,'—these are samples of the rhetoric which he hurls at hostile critics. On the other hand, 'sober practical England,' 'healthy poetic instinct,' 'the common sense of common men,' 'the sober historical estimate' which 'belongs peculiarly to the cultivated intellect of this country,'—these are the fair sounding names under which he calls upon the imaginary hosts of his supporters. Such appeals—made against writers like Mr. Grote and Sir G. Cornewall Lewis—are in reality mere invocations of the spirits of indolence and dulness. What
educated

educated public opinion on such matters can England be said to possess, except that of which Mr. Grote and Sir G. Cornewall Lewis are two of the chief representatives? And what are the beliefs which Professor Blackie desires to rescue from their scepticism? Let us take a single example of his method.

After fixing the date of the Dorian invasion, chiefly on the faith of the Spartan registers, about the year 1000 B.C., and showing that at the time of that event, according to Greek tradition, the grandson of Agamemnon sat on his father's throne, and was driven out by the victorious invaders, he continues:—

'We shall not therefore find any difficulty in believing that there was an Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ, three generations before the Doric invasion, that is, in round numbers again, 1100 years before the birth of Christ.'—'Dissertations,' p. 71.

Now that the Spartans should have kept registers of their kings from their invasion of Peloponnesus downwards is sufficiently improbable, and is disbelieved by Mr. Grote and other scholars; but that these registers should be good authority for the traditional pedigree of their conquered enemies, is quite incredible. And this process Professor Blackie terms finding 'Agamemnon and the Trojan expedition by a trustworthy route of direct historical ascent, altogether independent of the "Iliad"' (p. 73). From this there is but one step to the argument in which Mr. Balettas—by an oversight, as we are willing to suppose—quotes an inscription in Iambic verse as having been set up by Theseus. When, however, the same patriotic scholar seriously insists that we have the united testimony of the three tragedians for the use of writing in the heroic times, his arguments ought not to be cited with applause in English critical journals.*

Mr. Paley is a scholar of a very different order from Professor Blackie, and anything proceeding from his pen is entitled to our respectful consideration. His theory is the opposite pole to that of Professor Blackie. We shall take it in the form which we find in the smaller and later of his editions, as the more developed and precise of the two. He believes that 'the compiler of our Homer was an Asiatic living about but probably later than the time of Herodotus,' and that he composed written poems from the old legends of the Trojan war.† He holds that the only 'Homer' known to Pindar, Herodotus, and the tragedians was the great body of cyclic poems out of which, in his opinion, our 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' were formed. Finally, he fixes upon Antimachus of Colophon

* See the 'Saturday Review' of Aug. 10, 1867, in a review of Mr. Balettas' book.

† 'Iliad,' ed. for schools, p. xi. pref.

as a probable or possible author of the two poems. Mr. Paley is therefore more than Wolfian, for he supposes the work of Antimachus to have been much more than a mere compilation such as Pisistratus may have directed out of existing short rhapsodies; and he puts the date of the poems at least a century later, thus bringing them out of the comparative twilight of the age of Solon into the full splendour of Attic literature. The theory has the merit which its author claims of meeting several opposite difficulties of the Homeric question, and in particular of reconciling the unity and completeness of the 'Iliad' with the remote antiquity of its origin. On the other hand it creates a difficulty, or rather a series of difficulties, to which all others are as nothing, namely, that of supposing that the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' quoted by Herodotus, recited under the law of Solon, known and celebrated in many other ways throughout Greece, were quietly supplanted by two different poems passing under the same name, and compiled by a poet of Colophon. Mr. Paley's reasons are not nearly strong enough to meet the antecedent improbability of this supposition. The most plausible is founded on the well-known fact, discussed by Aristotle in the 'Poetics,' that the tragedians made more use of the other portions of the Epic cycle than of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey'; and this is combined by Mr. Paley with the observation, also frequently made, that the tragedians sometimes are at variance with Homer, not merely in details, but in the characters ascribed to leading personages in the story. The answer of Aristotle on the former of these points may still satisfy us. In his opinion, the tragedians found that the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' possessed too much unity and completeness in themselves, that they were, in short, already too dramatic to be made a quarry of subjects for the stage. The 'Æneid,' too, as Mr. Paley notices, is compiled more largely from the cyclic poems than from our Homer. Here Aristotle's reason applies where Mr. Paley's certainly fails. Again, the falling off which some of the great characters have been thought to show from the conception of Homer is taken by Mr. Paley to prove that the tragedians followed 'the more savage old epics which had none of the virtue, the chastity, the gentle humanity that have made our Iliad and Odyssey the admired of all subsequent ages.' Scholars have usually attributed this difference to the exigencies of the stage. Mr. Paley's explanation involves the paradox, that Antimachus of Colophon, or some unknown poet, in recasting the old poetry in an epic form, was able to bring about a moral transformation of the profoundest kind, where Sophocles, 'the wisest and most pious of the Greeks,' could only reproduce the primitive barbarism.

Mr.

Mr. Paley's choice of Antimachus is more than unfortunate. The Thebaid of that poet was well known in antiquity as his, and was in no danger of being confounded with the old cyclic poem of the same name. On the contrary, ancient critics were unanimous in considering his treatment of epic subjects as the very antipodes of Homer. Plutarch contrasts his stiff and laboured manner with Homer's ease and freedom.* Quintilian is no less decisive: 'et affectibus et jucunditate et dispositione et omnino arte deficitur' (x. 1, 53), a verdict which denies him, precisely and exhaustively, the qualities which Mr. Paley's Antimachus ought to have. He was, in short, one of the first of the later scholastic poets, such as the *scriptor cyclicus* of Horace, who treated the epic legends as a body of useful instruction, and therefore versified them not for mere entertainment, but as an aid to the memory; not attempting dramatic unity or effect, but sacrificing everything to what they valued as the true succession of events.

It would lead us too far were we to notice at the same length the various forms which the question has taken in the hands of recent German writers. We shall mention only two names, those of the scholars whose works fall within the period to which we have confined the list at the beginning of this article. Of these, La Roche is a professed follower of the method of Lachmann, although he has now devoted himself to the more neglected but, as we must think, more fruitful field of textual criticism. Ameis, in his short preface, is guarded in his language, and treats the question as still far from a final settlement, but he is no less decidedly a disbeliever in the unity of Homer.

We have thus far followed the Homeric controversy through the varying phases which it has assumed, as the champions of the two great schools have come successively into the field like the heroes of Homer's own battles:

'Swaying in turn the line of even war.'

The chief result of the controversy, and, it may be added, its chief value and significance in the history of criticism, is to be found in the change which the question itself has undergone. It began in the opposition of two sharply contrasted theories, between which it seemed necessary to make a choice. One Homer or many, such were the alternatives; there was no middle term, no question of degree. This absoluteness has now disappeared. There are not two, but many solutions of the problem,

* 'Timol.' 36.

forming so many intermediate links between the original two positions. No one now doubts that the Homeric poems presuppose a mass of earlier literature; the question is only how far the process of construction from the primitive materials was silent and unconscious, how far deliberate and systematic; what part was done by wandering minstrels, what part by schools of reciters, what part by individual genius. No one, again, doubts that the 'Iliad' has a certain unity, but that unity is felt to consist less in the relation of the successive parts to one another than in their subordination to a leading idea, and in the uniform tone and colouring of the poem. The real battleground is the question whether the elements of unity and diversity thus combined—unity of story and of general style, with diversity in the details and in the sequence of parts—may be best explained with or without the intervention, at some point or other, of a single man of surpassing genius. Is it enough that there were many poets, members of schools or families of reciters, who may have gradually extended and perfected the circle of lays, until it reached the dimensions and artistic form of the 'Iliad'? Or must we also suppose a single author, able not only to see in the floating songs of early times the unity of thought which pervaded and animated them, but also to carry out the task of realising this conception?

The ultimate appeal must be to the internal evidence of the poem itself. Can the 'Iliad,' with its sustained movement, its breadth of treatment, its greatness, be the work of a period or a school? Or is the light which it gives, in Mr. Coleridge's words, so 'wide, diffused, universal,' that it must proceed from a primeval constellation or nebulous group, not from a 'bright particular star'? In any country except Greece, at any time except the heroic age of Greece, there would be little doubt. Homer is so much greater than the popular epics of other countries that we might be pardoned for refusing to yield to the analogies which they offer, and for taking refuge in the sentence of Wilson's: 'Some people believe in twenty Homers: I believe in one, nature is not so lavish of her great poets.' How lavish nature was to the Greeks of later times is known from the great works which still remain, and from the many fragments of no less unapproachable excellence which are the wreck of countless others now lost. How lavish she was to that Ionian race whose decaying bloom is seen in the muses of Herodotus, whose pupils and successors are the poets and historians of Athens, is a problem for which the data are wanting. We shall content ourselves with offering a few suggestions on so obscure a subject.

1. The 'Iliad' represents not the beginning but the culmination of a great school of poetry. There is a period in the history of every art when the artist ceases to copy nature, and begins to copy his master or himself, when the art consequently begins to run in certain fixed grooves and to be stamped with a conventional mannerism. Early art is peculiarly liable to fall under the dominion of tradition; and the tendency is soon perceptible in the Greek epic. Even the 'Odyssey,' with its superiority in symmetry and finish, is inferior in the force and freshness of the several parts. The 'Iliad' has all the excellences of a golden age of literature.

2. As the 'cycle' grew out of the two Homeric poems by an extension of plan, and as the 'Odyssey' improved upon the 'Iliad' by a more perfect adjustment of parts, so the 'Iliad' may have been formed by a process in which both these principles were at work. Successive poets may have added to an existing stock, or may have remodelled the cycle of lays which they found. Either process would be animated and controlled on the one hand by the tendency to make the poems an adequate representation of the national legends, and on the other by the artistic impressiveness of such a conception as the wrath of Achilles, and the powerful attraction which it must have exercised on the floating tales of the war.

3. It is difficult to imagine a single man, however gifted, making the prodigious advance involved in passing from short lays to a complete epic. The assumption of a Homeros, as the word has sometimes been explained, namely a compiler or arranger, is only less improbable than the theory which ascribed the same function to Pisistratus.

4. The difference between a mass of ballad literature and a poem like the 'Iliad' is one of style no less than of form and dimensions. Homer belongs to an entirely different world from the common tribe of Teutonic and Romantic minstrels, and their manner, as Mr. Arnold has so happily shown, is a snare rather than a help to his translators. Along with all that is good in the ballad manner—its simplicity, its animation, its plaintive grace—Homer has much that ballads do not attempt. An even and stately harmony in every line and word; a rhythm neither rough nor jingling, neither tame nor boisterous; a style as remote from affectation as from commonplace—these qualities place a gulf between the two forms of poetry which could hardly be bridged over by a single poet. It must have been the work of a period or a school of poetic art.

5. The poetical relations of the Homeridæ to the poems which they

they watched over and recited cannot be accurately determined. In later times it is unlikely that they allowed themselves much licence in tampering with what had become the common property of the Hellenic race, but they were themselves for the most part the sole judges of the treatment due to their poetic heirloom; there was no sense of literary faith to restrain individuals from adding or recasting, as they were prompted by their own poetic feeling. The earliest Homerids were in a very different position, and may have been the creators of the unity of Homer. Their peculiar Ionian genius may have impelled them to combine and systematise into a new and perfect whole the short and isolated lays which they learned from Æolic bards. If other considerations lead us to assign the chief share in this process to schools of poetry and common epic type rather than to individually illustrious composers, a *gens* or clan, such as that of the Homerids, supplies precisely the form under which schools or traditional types of art most frequently appear in the earliest periods of Greek history.

6. Whether the 'Iliad' may be properly called the work of one poet or not, the Greek epic must be the work of many poets, stretching over a considerable period. Essentially indigenous and self-developed, it must have grown from its primeval elements, whatever these were, to its culmination in the 'Iliad' by a gradual evolution of the same kind as that which has formed the history of all the capital products of human genius. Every great style of architecture, every original school of painting or music, every great mechanical invention even, has been produced by an almost infinitesimal series of improvements. It is only because the links in the series remain in some cases, as in that of architecture, whereas they are lost in others, that the process seems to be sometimes continuous, and sometimes not. If this is so in a manner for every creative period, it is especially characteristic of remote antiquity. The personality of early bards and minstrels, in spite of the popular tendency to attribute everything to one great name, is always obscure and indeterminate. On this point we cannot do better than translate some words from Welcker,* with the suggestive illustration which he quotes:—

'There are times in which the love of art is so true-hearted, and the spirit of union so penetrating that the individual forgets himself, and not only represents the society as morally a person, but even feels it to be so. Our old builders' brotherhoods are well known, of which

* *Ep. Cycl.*, vol. i. p. 159.

a thoughtful architect very rightly says: In the Middle Ages there was a strange inspiration, a tendency now almost unknown, to transfer all feeling of self to a corporation, which gathered into a narrow union the artistic growth of whole districts and neighbourhoods, in which all, with a complete renunciation of individual renown, offered their powers of mind and body to a single creation of art. It is thus that things otherwise inconceivable in greatness and completeness were attained, and the heart of the guild-brother was better withal than where they spent themselves in the contest of ambition and jealousy.'

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- ART. VII.—1. *Report on the System of Education for the Middle and Upper Classes in France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland.* By M. Arnold, Esq., M.A., one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. Schools Inquiry Commission Reports, Vol. VI.
2. *Schools and Universities on the Continent.* By Matthew Arnold, M.A. London, 1868.
3. *Rapport sur l'Enseignement secondaire en Angleterre et en Écosse. Adressé à S. E. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.* Par MM. Demogeot et Montucci. Paris, 1867.

FRANCE and England have during the last few years taken a great interest in each other's systems of education. Besides the notices of French education which we continually see in the English papers, and the somewhat interested exaltation of our English school liberty in the discussions of the French Chambers, a Commission for the purpose of inquiry has been issued by either Government. It is curious to compare the two results. M. Demogeot's Report on our Secondary Education is contained in a large volume printed at the Imprimerie Impériale; Mr. Arnold's occupies half the sixth volume of the Appendix to the Schools Inquiry Commission Report, and is also issued in a handsomer and more expensive form. We strongly recommend everybody to buy the Blue-book in preference. It costs only a trifle, and it contains, besides many *pièces justificatives* on which Mr. Arnold's Report is based, Mr. Fearon's Report on Scotch Schools, which will in some measure correct the gloom and despair which must follow on reading Mr. Arnold's volume. The French and English Commissioners had very different qualifications for their task. M. Demogeot, well known in France as a man of letters, has gone through the whole curriculum of the *instruction publique*, he has reached the rank of inspector through that of professor, he is acquainted with all the details of school teaching, and well knows the difficulties which stand in the way of any reform. His stay in England was short, but he had

had spent months before his visit in studying the Report of the Royal Commission on our Public Schools and in making himself otherwise acquainted with what he was likely to see. Those who met him in England were astonished at the intelligence of his questions, and at the amount of knowledge which he already possessed on the subject of his inquiry. Mr. Arnold is also a man of letters, perhaps better known than M. Demogeot as such; he is also an Inspector of Primary Schools; but, to judge from his Report, he knows little or nothing of secondary education in England, and, indeed, has a contempt for the business which he takes no pains to conceal. He considers the profession of schoolmaster unattractive (p. 482); he would rather be even a professor in a French Lycée than a master in an English public school (p. 476), where he would form part of no 'hierarchy, have no position, have little or no time for study, and have no career before him' (p. 474). He evidently is entirely ignorant of the changes which have been made in English education during the last twenty years. Whenever he compares French with English teaching he can only draw on his schoolboy recollections of Winchester and Rugby, and has never regarded the matter from the master's point of view. He does not know where to look for flaws, or where to discover the deficiencies of the system he is examining. He is in consequence frequently deceived. He takes the promises of the official programme as if they were always performed. He is dazzled by the neatness and order of the household arrangements of a large Lycée, charmed, perhaps a little reproved, by the activity of its *proviseur*, and he comes to the conclusion that even a *pion* is not so bad as he is painted. His ignorance of English schools is paralleled by the apparently scanty preparation he made for visiting foreign schools. He is in a constant state of surprise, and his Report is like a traveller's tale of a newly-explored country. 'Englishmen, you won't believe it, but I have seen,' is the burden of his message. Mr. Arnold spent seven months abroad at the Government expense. We wish he had given us a diary of his operations, as Mr. Fearon has done of the six weeks he spent in Scotland. We find very few traces in his Report of personal experiences. By accident or design his visit was arranged during that time of the year when many of the schools he wished to visit were taking their holiday. When he got to Berlin it wanted only a fortnight of the summer vacation. In Switzerland, during the time he was there, the schools were altogether closed. He appears to have visited Rome, but he gives us no account of what he saw there, except that it reminded him of England. The instructions given him by the Commissioners

were

were most ample, too large perhaps for any single person to have executed. They sketched out the plan of an exhaustive work on foreign education, on which any labour would have been well bestowed. But the meagre Report which Mr. Arnold gives us might have been composed without any personal visit at all. Copies of all the French official programmes, and a selection from their large library of works on public instruction, a few books, such as those which Mr. Arnold quotes, the Italian Report, '*Sulle condizioni della Pubblica Istruzione nel regno d'Italia*,' and Dr. Wiese's '*Das höhere Schulwesen in Preussen*,' in the hands of an able literary man, would have produced a result as satisfactory as Mr. Arnold's without paying a sixpence for travelling expenses.

There is another characteristic difference between the two works. The French enquirer is, of course, strenuous for the honour of France. He admits that there is something to be learned from England, but he never forgets that he is the emissary of the great nation. Our education is treated by M. Demogeot with the highest respect, but his extreme politeness is based on a sense of superiority. We believe that M. Demogeot has the strongest wish to engraft English liberty on French method, and that to prepare the French people for such a change is an object very dear to him; but his sense of courtesy as well as of justice prevents him from giving force to his arguments by abuse of institutions of which he does not wholly approve. Mr. Arnold has no such scruples. For once he appears in the character of the true British Philistine. His Report is a good honest grumble throughout; everything foreign is good, everything English bad. One foreign school he thinks is just like another; if he has not seen the Polytechnicum at Zürich he has seen the Polytechnicum at Stuttgart, and they are all very good: whereas in England the masters are bad, and the schools are bad, and the boys are badly prepared, and they are too much crammed, they are examined at the wrong age, they have no love of literature, and even their games are not so good as the foreign gymnastics; and the whole nation is past redemption because not two hundred of us (we confess the impeachment) have read Mr. Arnold's '*Report on Primary Education*,' although it has been published seven years.

We do not propose to accompany Mr. Arnold through the whole of his Report. The greater part of it is occupied with a statement of facts from official sources, very neatly and clearly put, about which no difference of opinion can exist. Twenty-seven pages are devoted to Italy, only fifteen to Switzerland. For this we are very sorry; we believe that there is no country where

where education attains so completely the end it aims at, and where the problem of giving a cheap, useful, and at the same time a free and manly education to large numbers is so successfully solved. Mr. Arnold is of course loud in its praise, but he confines himself almost entirely to the means by which schools are governed and maintained, and to knowledge which can be derived from books. Of the life of the pupils and the professors, and the relations between them, as of the full cost of an education in Switzerland—matters which he was especially instructed to examine—he tells us nothing. Switzerland is pre-eminently a country of schoolmasters. A history of Pestalozzi and Fellenberg would have been as valuable and as much to the point as Mr. Arnold's history of the University of Paris; and we think that Geneva and Lausanne deserve more than the passing allusion which Mr. Arnold has vouchsafed to them. Germany has sixty pages given to her, and this is the most valuable and trustworthy portion of the whole. But here we must complain of excessive meagreness. We get from Mr. Arnold's account no idea of the life of a German school. *Schulpforte* is dismissed in a page and a half. It is a school about which all Englishmen must feel a strong curiosity, as the boasted meeting-place of foreign systems with our own. If Mr. Arnold had spent a week at *Schulpforte*, and given us a picture of the living action of the school, it would have been of the highest value. We believe that an article by M. Esquiros, in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' describing a week spent in the summer half at Eton or Rugby, would do more to spread abroad a knowledge of English education than any number of statistics. If Mr. Arnold had done this for us, he would find more readers. Mr. Arnold was instructed to inquire into the books and apparatus used in schools. A full report on the German school-books would be of great service. Instead of this, we have a statement which, although technically true, is misleading, and a tirade against English school-books which is unfounded and uncalled for. Mr. Arnold says that all German school-books must be approved by the Educational Council. But practically there is the most perfect freedom in the choice of school-books and editions. Every gymnasium uses its own, and there is a lively competition between rival publishers. In England he tells us, 'most schools make a trade of book-dealing,' which we imagine is quite untrue of all public schools. 'Half, at least, of our school-books are rubbish,' which is again untrue. Mr. Arnold will find, if he inquires, that the books used throughout our classical schools have nothing to equal them in France; that Dr. Smith's dictionaries and manuals have no rival

rival in Europe or America. These hasty statements can only be explained by Mr. Arnold's ignorance of the present state of English schools, and are drawn from his hazy recollections of thirty years since.

But the portion of Mr. Arnold's Report which is most characteristic is that which relates to France. The French schools received the first fruits of his attention and enthusiasm when he had not as yet lost any portion of interest in his subject. It is here, also, that the comparison with England is drawn in the deepest shadow. We have ourselves seen something of French education, and we differ very widely from the conclusions to which he would lead us. The public mind seems already to have been influenced by this account of our neighbours' institutions. M. Duruy is the model of a Minister of Education; and his extreme activity, backed by the strong personal interest of the Emperor, is likely to invite us to a similar course. There is a symmetry and preciseness about French arrangements which is tempting and alluring to the official mind. We are destined, we hope, soon to have a Minister of Education in England; and he will in all probability borrow some ideas from across the Channel. It is for this reason most important that we should get a clear conception of what French education really is. We propose, therefore, to examine Mr. Arnold's account at some length in those particulars where we dissent from him.

After a long history of education in France, and an account of the organisation of the Ministry of Instruction, Mr. Arnold gives us a description of the *École Normale*, the *pépinière* of professors, and of the professors themselves. The *École Normale* is undoubtedly one of the glories of France; it provides the very best instruction which the country can give to 110 young men entirely free of charge; and the admissions to it are granted solely by competition, without favour or patronage. Mr. Arnold thinks that the establishment of such a school in England should be the first step to the improvement of our teaching staff. But we must remember that the *École Normale* stands in place of both our Universities. The real representatives of these 110 *bourses* of 40*l.* a year each are our Balliol and King's Scholarships, our Oriel and Trinity Fellowships. At Oxford alone, 90,000*l.* a year are given away in prizes for learning. The 12,300*l.* of the *École Normale* are very poor in comparison. The professors of the *École Normale*, distinguished as they are, are not superior to the teachers of Oxford and Cambridge; whereas the moral education of the two places cannot be for a moment compared. The young men of the Normal School, whose ages vary from eighteen to twenty-eight, are under the very
same

same surveillance as the schoolboys of the Lycées. The place of *pion* is supplied by men a few years older, who wish to prosecute their studies farther, and who answer to the young fellows of our colleges who stay up for the purpose of reading. When we visited the École Normale we saw the pupils in the playground, some swinging, some playing leapfrog or prisoner's-base, with a fair sprinkling of *maîtres d'études* watching them from the windows. This surveillance is continued at night. It is true that the beds in the dormitories are screened by partitions, but at the end sleeps the *maître d'étude*, with a window which rakes them all; and our cicerone told us that it was his duty to come out whenever they made a noise, which was not seldom. Does Mr. Arnold really prefer this to the freedom and manliness of our college life? The intelligent young man who showed us round stared in surprise at what we told him of our English liberty, he exclaimed, 'Voilà le self-government appliqué à l'éducation.' In this matter we certainly prefer anarchy to authority. But after all, the Normal School is chiefly a political engine; the lectures, the conferences, the studies, are narrowly guarded by the Minister; and if the pupils applaud the teaching of a too liberal professor, the school is summarily broken up, and the career of so many men is ruined. We can imagine that a despot in England would be glad to collect under one roof all the holders of scholarships in Oxford and Cambridge, and to teach them contemporary history according to the interests of his dynasty.

From this school proceed the body of French professors, and there follows in Mr. Arnold's pages a comparison of French with English teachers, which is anything but complimentary to the latter, and which in our opinion is extremely unfair. He says 'the service of public instruction in France attracts a far greater proportion of the intellectual force of the country than in England,' and quotes as examples MM. Nisard, Pasteur, and others who are professors in the Normal School, and have nothing whatever to do with the Lycées. The Professors of Oxford and Cambridge, of University College, and King's College, London, and of Owens College, Manchester, could furnish as illustrious names as those he has enumerated, and would in France be all under the Minister of Education, whereas MM. Taine and Prévost Paradol have no more to do with public teaching than Mr. Gladstone or Sir Roundell Palmer. But the masters of our chief public schools are, we should say, in ability, education, and social position decidedly superior to the similar class in France. They have gained greatly by being brought up to a late age with those who are to follow other careers, instead of being confined

to a special place of education. Many of our bishops have been schoolmasters. The late Archbishop of Canterbury was a master at Eton. The Rugby masters of the last twenty years have given a distinct impress to English education by filling nearly all head-masterships of newly-established schools. It is well known that the colleges of our Universities cannot restrain some of their best tutors from taking places in schools which give them a reasonable income and enable them to marry. We could quote the authority of a high official of the University of Cambridge, that during a long experience he had seen a larger number of the ablest University men devote themselves to teaching than to any other profession. Which does Mr. Arnold suppose is the most distinguished body of men, the masters of public schools or the school inspectors? And in France both one and the other would form part of the Public Instruction. Mr. Arnold says, 'a French professor has his three, four, or five hours' work a day in lessons and conferences, and then he is free, he has nothing to do with the discipline or the religious teaching of the Lycée, he has not to live in its precincts, he finishes his teaching and then he leaves the Lycée and its cares behind him altogether.' This goes to the root of the matter; that such is the life of a French Professor is the great blot on all French teaching, which it is impossible to improve until this blot is removed. A French teacher knows nothing of his pupils except their names, he is never brought face to face with them in friendly and familiar intercourse. They spend a dull and cheerless life under the eye of a common drudge whom they hate and despise, and from week to week they have not a human soul with whom they can take counsel or from whom they can ask advice. Of the Proviseur they know nothing. The Censeur knows only the best and the worst boys, whom he is called upon to punish or to praise. They sleep, dress, dine, under the *pion's* eye, and are drummed into class in single file where the Professor whom they never see but then doles out the history or the geography of the hour and the day from which he may not depart a hairsbreadth, after which they march back to their dreary studies to prepare for the mechanical teaching of another professor. This Mr. Arnold prefers to the free and affectionate intercourse of English tutor and pupil, and an education based on those principles which his father sacrificed his life to propagate and diffuse. A probationary master at a public school is in the position of a French professor. He receives a certain salary to teach in class without the care of a house or pupils. But if he is at all fit for his profession he looks anxiously for the time when he will be brought into nearer and closer union with those

of whom he is obliged to see so little. Winchester, Wellington College, and Marlborough, are adopting the system of boarding-houses which was before confined to Eton, Harrow, and Rugby. It is now an established principle of English teaching that the influence of character on character, and of soul on soul is the chief end to be attained, and that imparting knowledge is second and inferior to it. The honest and entire devotion of self to others is more worth having than all the pedagogic precepts of a Normal School. M. Demogeot is not of Mr. Arnold's opinion. He considers that the English schools attract the flower of the Universities, but that the material thus obtained is not made the most of from a want of a proper arrangement and subdivision of the subjects to be taught. But he expresses the highest admiration of our boarding-house system, and proposes that similar arrangements shall be established in France, and the care of them given to distinguished professors after a certain number of years' service. M. Duruy, when he was professor, saw that this was the only means by which a really efficient education could be given. He took upon himself for the love of teaching what Mr. Arnold calls 'the trying post of teacher, governor, pastor, and man of business all in one,' and turned out, as M. Demogeot says, pupils as cultivated as himself. The great success of M. Duruy as Minister of Education is due to his intimate practical knowledge of every branch of the profession, and it is greatly to the credit of the Emperor's sagacity that he selected so able and energetic a servant from a comparatively obscure position.

Mr. Arnold next proceeds to describe the *maîtres d'étude*, of whom we are glad to see that he disapproves. The fact of their existence is a disgrace to any system of education, and those who are interested in the subject may read an account of them, of course slightly exaggerated, in M. About's novel 'L'Infâme,' written by one who is less enamoured of French education than Mr. Arnold. Then follows an account of the work of the Lycée taken from the official programmes. Mr. Arnold says that 'after the elementary division, a boy's access to each division is guarded by an entrance examination.' He does not add that this examination is a mere form, and that only very few are prevented from going up in order. In reality the Paris Lycées are greatly undermastered. The classes consist of fifty or sixty boys, all of the same age, and doing the same work without regard to attainments or capacity. The few best boys are overworked in order that they may cast a glory on the Lycée by getting a prize or an *accessit* at the annual examination at the Sorbonne. The mass are neglected because all the work must be corrected by the professor in class, and there

there is no opportunity for studying individual peculiarities because there is no personal contact between the teacher and the taught; the worst, like Léon Bréchet in the 'Infâme,' either scrape through by the help of others, or are requested to leave the Lycée, a punishment which is becoming more rare, because as Cæsar is master of the world they have no place to which they may betake themselves.

Mr. Arnold gives a glowing account of the Lycée St. Louis. As he had previously admired the leisure and freedom from care of the French professors as compared with their English brethren, so now he is delighted with the activity of the *proviseur*. 'Constantly appealed to with a rain of letters, messages, meetings, applicants, visitors, perpetually beating upon him, he seemed to suffice to all claims, and to suffice not only industriously but smoothly; but he began his work, he told me, at five in the morning.' These posts are the prizes of the professoriate, so that the teacher who would rise must cultivate those habits of business which Mr. Arnold has represented as the special bane of our own schoolmasters. But as Mr. Arnold remarks with exquisite *naïveté*, 'every one who has had opportunities of observing, must have been struck to see how much work Frenchmen seem able to do, and to do with spirit and energy.' The various arrangements of the Lycée are recounted with undeviating praise. We are only requested to make allowances for the difference of habits and nationality. Our own impressions of the Lycée St. Louis were not so favourable. The long dormitories seemed to us uncomfortable, the small lavatories in the middle of the room insufficient, the refectories overcrowded, filled with little tables with marble tops, but no tablecloths. We went to the top of the house to see the prisons, of which Mr. Arnold makes no mention; they are like the *piombi* of Venice. In one of them was a bed; and the servants told us that the boys were sometimes condemned for four or five days, and had to sleep in the solitary confinement which is the French substitute for an English flogging. The ordinary offence for which boys are imprisoned is disorder in class. The rooms for study are commodious, but they are the boys' only sitting-rooms. Each boy has a cupboard behind his sitting place. The *maître d'étude* was in each case sitting at a desk reading a newspaper, but not helping or answering questions. The whole arrangements reminded us of some of the more recently-founded English schools, and the advantage of the comparison was not on the side of the French. The cleanliness and order of English Catholic schools, such as that attached to the Oratory at Birmingham, are far superior to anything we have seen in France.

Mr. Arnold admits, with some reluctance, that the French boy is probably overworked, with ten or eleven hours given to study and only two to meals and recreation; but he enters into a defence of gymnastics which is to us entirely incomprehensible. He apparently believed the statement of the master of a *pension*, who told him that when he took his boys on long excursions, 'the English boys, vigorous at first, knocked up sooner than his French boys.' This, Mr. Arnold remarks, is the old reproach of the Latin races against the northern barbarian, that 'he is lusty, and melts and gives way in the sun.' We would suggest that the Frenchmen are not a Latin race at all, but are the descendants of those very Gauls to whom this taunt was applied by the Romans. But whatever superiority exists in boyhood certainly disappears in after life. If it were not so, the Alpine Club would long ago have dissolved into non-existence, and we should see Frenchmen scaling Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, and Englishmen riding with parasols up the Montanvert. We are told further, that gymnastics do not flourish in our schools because they are too much of a drill and a lesson, and that the 'young English *pensionnaire*' is easily damped in exercise by a sense of constraint or rule. The truth is, that gymnastics do flourish where they have been introduced, but merely as a *pis aller*. The English boy has so much to do that is better for him. But what can show more complete subjection to rule than the training of a Harrow boy for the Eleven, or of an Eton boy for the Eight? They both require a perseverance, industry, and a surrender of individual will to corporate action far more than gymnastics. Mr. Arnold, we suppose, would reply that it is the 'Celtic element' in a school that secures the victory at Henley or at Lord's. He says 'that long school-hours are inevitable results of placing large boarding-schools in the heart of large cities,' as if the boys of Westminster and Charterhouse were not full partakers of our English games, and that 'a body of professors, such as the Lycées of Paris are proud, and justly proud of possessing, is hardly to be obtained out of a large city,' a statement which, with the example of Göttingen, Tübingen, Bonn, and Leyden before our eyes, appears the culmination of absurdity. Is the standard of Charterhouse masters likely to be lowered when the school is moved into the country? Mr. Arnold blinks the real reason why the recreations of a French school are like everything else, arranged by rule and programme. It is the necessity of never-ending surveillance. The fundamental theory of a French Lycée is, that a boy is never to be left unwatched for a single instant day or night; and this, we are bound to admit,

admit, is most faithfully and completely carried out. This is of itself destructive of any free and manly exercise, and it is useless to search about for any mere subtle or recondite reason. The French boy when he is come to manhood envies and tries to emulate the pursuits of Englishmen. But he copies that which is worst in them, the glittering form and the extravagant dissipation of sport, instead of the vigorous core which underlies the evil. In Italy the summer is too hot, and in Russia the winter too cold, to adopt the bracing practice of English games. France has no such excuse, and we are happy to think that all M. Duruy's reforms are tending gradually to implant a spirit of self-reliance and self-government in French schoolboys.

There follows in Mr. Arnold's pages a statement so entirely without foundation, and so opposed to what we believe to be the truth, that we cannot imagine the authority on which he makes it:—

'The French Lycées, however, are guiltless of one preposterous violation of the laws of life and health committed by our own great schools, which have of late years thrown open to competitive examination all the places on their foundations. The French have plenty of examinations, but they put them almost entirely at the right age for examination—between the years of fifteen and twenty-five, when the candidate is neither too old nor too young to be examined with advantage. To put upon little boys of nine or ten the pressure of a competitive examination for an object of the greatest value to their parents, is to offer a premium for the violation of Nature's elementary laws, and to sacrifice, as in the poor geese fatted for Strasburg pies, the due development of all the organs of life to the premature hypertrophy of one. It is well known that the cramming of the little human victims for their ordeal of competition tends more and more to become an industry with a certain class of small schoolmasters, who know the secrets of the process, and who are led by self-interest to select, in the first instance, their own children for it. The foundations are no gainers, and nervous exhaustion at fifteen is the price which many a clever boy pays for over-stimulation at ten; and the nervous exhaustion of a number of our clever boys tends to a broad reign of intellectual deadness in the mass of youths from fifteen to twenty, whom the clever boys, had they been rightly developed and not unnaturally forced, ought to have leavened. You can hardly put too great a pressure on a healthy youth to make him work between fifteen and twenty-five; healthy or unhealthy, you can hardly put too light a pressure of this kind before twelve.'

If any proof were wanting, this paragraph would be enough to show Mr. Arnold's entire unfitness for the task to which he has been set. It misstates the practice of the English schools, it entirely misconceives the results of that practice, and it shows a complete

complete ignorance of the kind of pressure by which French boys are made to work. As the foundation scholarships of Charterhouse and Christ's Hospital are still supplied by private patronage, Mr. Arnold can only refer to the practice of Eton and Winchester. Thirty years ago these great foundations were nearly useless. Admission was granted by nomination. A boy, entered a collegier at Eton at nine years old, would go of due course to King's College without examination, would obtain his fellowship after three years' probation, and be provided for for life. Even these advantages were not enough to attract candidates. The seventy scholarships at Eton remained unfilled, and King's College occupied one of the lowest places in the University. Now there is a keen competition for every scholarship at Eton: there are eighty candidates for ten vacancies, and the honours gained by King's men in the schools surpasses in number those of any other college in the University. This has been entirely the result of throwing open the scholarships to public competition. The Eton collegiers are confessedly the picked boys of England. There is no trace in them of nervous exhaustion. At the age of 18 they carry off the highest honours of the school; at 20, when, according to Mr. Arnold, they are languishing in intellectual deadness, they are gaining Pitt and Craven scholarships; and King's College, recruited entirely from them, has produced four senior classics in the last eight years. Winchester has followed the example of Eton with similar success. These two schools have drawn to them so large a proportion of the clever boys, that other schools have established scholarships in self defence. The system has been at work long enough to have shown its vices. If the charges brought against it by Mr. Arnold had the slightest foundation, the collegiers at Eton would long ago have fallen a prey to the hardy race of conquering oppidans. But if Mr. Arnold can plead ignorance as an excuse for these mistakes, he can make no defence for his heartless description of the able and worthy men who prepare boys for these examinations. So far from pressure being put upon boys of 8 or 10, candidates are allowed to compete for their foundation at a later age than the usual period of admission to the school. The examination is so arranged that cram is powerless to secure success. The work of preparation is no special industry. Boys who gain places on the foundation at Winchester and Eton are drawn from precisely the same schools that supply the ordinary commoners. Only the ablest are encouraged to compete. We would add that the preparation given in the best of these English *Vorschulen* is extremely good, and that there is no country where the elementary education

of boys intended for public schools is in the hands of so many able and accomplished men. In the French schools, on the other hand, there is an entire absence of examinations; the boys move *en masse* from class to class. The examinations for prizes by men unconnected with the school which constitute our *inspection* have nothing corresponding to them in France. M. Demogeot admits that our inspection is excellent, and that of his own country deficient. The great motive to exertion in a French school is the final examination at the Sorbonne. Once a year the highest classes of all the Lycées are examined together; prizes and *accessits*, or certificates of proficiency, are lavished in profusion; and the great object of a school or a boarding-house is to obtain as many of these as possible. These triumphs are advertised in the columns of French newspapers, and we never read the list without feeling a pang at the torture by which the result has been produced. The veil is lifted by M. About in his novel, 'L'Infâme,' which we have before alluded to. The son of a poor pedlar has distinguished himself in a provincial school. The enterprising director of an *institution* seizes the opportunity. The father is brought to Paris and pensioned in a garret, where he dies miserably; the boy receives a free education on the condition of obtaining the great prize at the Sorbonne. He is worked to death, and breaks down in the examination, and has to earn his living as a *pion* in the house where he has been brought up. This picture would be worthless as a caricature if it contained no truth. We have heard but one voice of complaint from French parents of the unnatural forcing of the best boys, and the gross neglect of the general mass.

Mr. Arnold goes on to say that the bursarships in Lycées are given on the ground of poverty; and he wishes the commission to remark how we suffer from the 'feudal and incoherent organisation of our society,' and how we gratify 'an ignorant public's love of claptrap' by throwing everything open to competition. 'Such a public ought to be gratified with Mr. Arnold's Blue Book. We would only answer that at Eton College very valuable exhibitions and scholarships are given in precisely the manner of which Mr. Arnold approves; but that the Public School Commissioners, who have at least as much 'special acquaintance with educational matters' as Mr. Arnold, recommend strongly that they should all be awarded by competitive examinations.

After a description of Vanves, which is situated in the country, and which is, we hope, the type of the Lycées of the future, we have a statement of the expense of French education. This, if not carefully read, is apt to mislead. There is no doubt that for boys who board at home France, Germany, and Switzerland offer

offer a very admirable education at a very low rate. It is a disgrace that England does not do the same, and her first effort in educational reform should be directed to this end. But, for boarders who live at the schools, French education is at least as expensive as our own. A boy who pays 40*l.* and 60*l.* at the Lycée Louis le Grand submits to poor accommodation, scanty fare, a uniform dress, and dirty linen. At Sainte Barbe, where things are better, they pay 120*l.* a year. The *proviseur* of the Lycée Bonaparte told us that some boys cost their parents 7000 francs or 280*l.* a year, which would equal or exceed the extreme expense of Eton or Harrow. We found a *pension* in the Rue de Rocher charging 80*l.* a year for the accommodation of a very indifferent English boarding school. Another house we visited, which was perhaps that of M. Cousin, mentioned by Mr. Arnold, asked 140*l.* for the use of a separate room. But these rooms were only used for sleeping, and were not accessible during the day; so that the expense of separate fires, meals, and attendance, is entirely prevented. In this house there were sixty boys. An Eton master, with thirty boys, charges 120*l.* for board and tuition; a Harrow master, with six or seven, charges 160*l.* But in both these cases the standard of comfort is higher beyond comparison.

Mr. Arnold passes by Sainte Barbe with a slight mention, as if it were merely a boarding-house for the supply of the Lycée Louis le Grand. It is in fact the school which best deserves the name of a 'French Eton.' It was founded in the middle of the fifteenth century, and its history, which has been written by M. Quicherat, is the history of secondary education in France. It has a distinguished set of professors: *esprit de corps* among old Barbistes is stronger than at any other French College, and the firmness of its *proviseur* saved the cause of classical studies during the first Empire. As a private institution it is a formidable rival to the establishments for education provided by the State.

Then follows a description of the communal college at Boulogne. At the end of it we are told that the degree of Licentiate means more than an Oxford or Cambridge degree of Master of Arts, for which there is no examination; which is only true if we admit that the inferior degree of Bachelier is equal to our Bachelor of Arts. The degree of Bachelier is given to boys when they leave the Lycée, and is merely a certificate of proficiency in school studies. A Master of Arts must have matriculated at a college, and have submitted to a full course of college and university teaching. 'But I should like to see,' says Mr. Arnold, 'in any one of our considerable towns over
against

against Boulogne—Dover, Ramsgate, Canterbury—a public school with a staff of thirteen functionaries holding degrees, literary or scientific, from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or London.' We do not as a rule place public schools in considerable towns, but Mr. Arnold may see what he wishes at Canterbury or at Brighton, Lancing and Hurstpierpoint. After an account of the Jesuit school at Vaugirard, which is one of the best and most interesting in the neighbourhood of Paris, Mr. Arnold remarks that the 'cosmopolitan character of France is well shown by the number of boys from different parts of the world whom one finds getting their education in her schools.' Mr. Arnold would find just the same in England. There is a considerable American colony at Rugby. Our public schools do not receive Roman Catholics, but Oscott, Birmingham, and Salt Hill, have pupils from every nation in Europe. We have found that French education is generally distrusted and disliked upon the Continent, although, from its method and regularity, it is very easy to imitate.

We are next informed that the 'modern spirit,' whatever that may be, has 'irrevocably doomed flogging as a school punishment.' We are not told whether the same spirit tolerates imprisonment, which is the *dernier ressort* in French schools. 'The employment of punishments is however certainly less than with us.' It would be difficult to collect statistics, but we should very much doubt the truth of this assertion; and the greater number of school hours must tend rather to increase than diminish the occasions of punishment. Mr. Arnold remarks on the waste of time in class. This is the necessary result of French disciplinary arrangements. The boys must all be in class at the same time, and there can be no repetition and looking over exercises, as with us, while the rest of the class is otherwise employed.

At the end of a short lecture on the rationale of teaching grammar, in which, as usual, the French are shown to be right and the English wrong, we are told that, 'with all the faults of the old Latin grammar twenty years ago, boys of twelve and thirteen did their grammar work a thousand times better than they do it now.' How can Mr. Arnold know anything about it? The old Eton grammars were full of mistakes and absurdities, which a boy learned by heart that he might avoid them in practice. "*Ὅποταν*, we learnt in our youth, '*gaudet optativo*:' a remarkable instance of self-denial, our master pointed out to us, because, although it delighted in the society of that word, it was never by any chance seen in its company.

Mr.

Mr. Arnold concludes his account of French education by a description of the *instruction supérieure*, into which we will not follow him. We would ask those who do, to read as a corrective the articles of M. Renan on the same subject, which have lately been republished in a separate volume. We are very glad to have come to the end of our criticisms, because with a great deal which is contained in the rest of Mr. Arnold's Report we cordially agree. His concluding advice is well worth reading. He points out with justice that the countries he visited—France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and he might have added Austria—consider National Education as an important duty of the State, and that England apparently does not. A better time seems to be approaching. The addresses of candidates for the new Parliament are full of Education, and the appointment of a Minister for that service will be the work of any party that comes into power. But there are two principles on which National Education may be based. The one pays especial regard to the individual; it considers its great aim the development of character; it rejoices in diversity, and cheerfully sacrifices method and order to the vigour of spontaneous enterprise and devotion. We imagined that this policy had been advocated by all the friends of culture from Goethe and W. von Humboldt down to Mr. Arnold himself. The other makes discipline and obedience the test of efficiency; it surrenders the individual to the majority. Instead of following and interrogating Nature in the hidden processes by which she develops the mind of man, it establishes an undeviating rule by which all intellects are supposed to grow. It delights in programmes, and is great on paper; it can be worked by any one, and is capable of indefinite extension. It is naturally a favourite with those Governments who fear the force of free intellect, or who are anxious that all the splendour of the national mind should appear to radiate from their thrones. The one method is English, and the other is French; liberty is just as impossible with the one as it is certain to spring up and grow out of the other.

It is most important that we should examine carefully these travellers' tales of foreign education. Is it, after all, desirable that the literature and science of a country should be placed in professors' chairs which are under the command of a Minister of State? Are not Darwin and Mill and Grote more entirely free to speculate and to publish than if they could be dismissed, like Renan, from the Collège de France, or like the famous Seven from Göttingen? 'Professors and mistresses,' said our English Ernest on that occasion, 'are always to be had for money.' The
multiplicity

multiplicity of German States has secured a freedom to teaching which will not exist when Germany is one. Several of the most distinguished German professors have, to our knowledge, sighed for chairs at Cambridge or Oxford, where they would be members of a self-governing and independent body.

Education in England wants the help of Parliament, not to enact courses of uniform study or to establish some great central and national examination, but to revise statutes which were drawn up for other times, and to set free enormous sums of money for legitimate and fruitful uses. The revenues of Oxford and Cambridge, and the school revenues of every county, would supply an efficient secondary and superior education for the whole country with no other contribution from the State. But in this case self-reform is impossible. The ties and restraints of law can only be broken by Acts of Parliament; and Parliament, if it acted blindly or hastily, would do more harm than good. We arrive, therefore, at the necessity of some responsible person in Parliament who is to organise and direct its action in these matters. The Public School Bill—which is a very small instalment of educational reform—dragged its slow length along for five years, and was at last despatched with indecent haste because it was nobody's precise business to watch over its passage. To redistribute the revenues of our Universities, or to pass a series of measures such as are recommended by the Report to which Mr. Arnold's volume is an appendix, would, at this rate, take at least a hundred years. Let us hope to see a Minister of Education, with just enough power and just a sufficient staff, to take care that the property of schools is on the whole fairly and honestly applied. But we hope we may never see a Minister *à la Française*. We would rather remain barbarians than purchase civilization at such a price. But, whether any action is taken or none, it is most desirable that we should get a true notion of our neighbours' institutions; and we caution everybody from attempting to do so from Mr. Arnold's book. A Commissioner appointed for this purpose should have a thorough knowledge of English education with industry and perseverance enough to penetrate below the surface of plausible arrangements, and should confine himself to describing exactly what he sees. But men gifted with the insight and veracity of De Tocqueville are rare. Perhaps the best plan is to publish translations of foreigners' reports upon their own institutions, and to correct them by examining Englishmen who have been long resident in the country. Dr. Perry's account of the German universities, given before Mr. Ewart's Committee, is worth

worth any number of Commissioners' Reports. Of this we are sure, that any one who is intimately acquainted with the education of France, Switzerland, and Germany, and with the best phases of our public schools, will, without hesitation, award the palm to England.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *The Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-Coast of Yorkshire.* By John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. Second Edition. London, 1855.
2. *A Month in Yorkshire.* By Walter White. Second Edition. London, 1858.
3. *Walks in Yorkshire.* By W. S. Banks. London and Wakefield, 1866.
4. *North Yorkshire: Studies of its Botany, Geology, Climate, and Physical Geography.* By John Gilbert Baker. London, 1863.
5. *Memorials of Fountains Abbey.* Edited by John Richard Walbran. (Surtees Society.)
6. *Fabric Rolls of York Minster.* Edited by the Rev. James Raine. (Surtees Society.)
7. *Fasti Eboracenses. Lives of the Archbishops of York.* By the Rev. W. H. Dixon, Canon Residentiary of York. Edited and enlarged by the Rev. James Raine, M.A. Vol. I. London, 1863.
8. *Handbook for Travellers in Yorkshire.* London, 1867.

ALTHOUGH there is probably no corner of England which is entirely without relics or memorials connecting it with the general history of the country, there are certain districts which, either from geographical position, from accidents of road or river, or (more rarely) from purely political causes, have been centres of action and scenes of important events from the very earliest times. Such, in an especial manner, are the river-basins of the Thames, the Severn, and the Humber; great waterways leading into the very heart of the kingdom: such are portions of the county of Kent, with its fortresses that since the days of the Romans have kept watch upon the cliffs of the opposite shore, and over the landing places at their own feet; and with its venerable cathedral, itself almost a history in stone ranging throughout more than a thousand years: and such, very noticeably, is the whole of Yorkshire. There is certainly no part of England of equal extent which is so rich in historical sites, or which has maintained so decided a political importance from the

the very dawn of history to the present day. The causes are not far to seek. The great North road—the road which Roman legions had constructed, and which remained for long centuries the ‘herepath,’ the ‘armies’ way’ by which English troops advanced to and receded from the Scottish border, and by which the Scots in turn found their way into England—led of necessity through Yorkshire. York itself was not only the great capital of the North, and the scene of many an important meeting between the Kings of England and of Scotland, but, as the seat of the Northern Archbishopric, it was an ecclesiastical centre, with a history and an influence at least as interesting and important as the secular story of the province. And within the last century, as the old causes of prominence were beginning to lose something of their weight, the development of the woollen manufacture began in the West Riding; converting, with a rapidity unknown elsewhere in the Old World, what had been little more than villages into vast towns, and bringing the strong, self-reliant Yorkshire character into sharper and closer contact with the rest of England—a contact which has produced, and is producing, the most marked effects on the constitutional history of this country.

The physical geography of Yorkshire—understanding by that term not only the surface-outlines, but geology and climate—underlies the whole stream of its history, and has affected it throughout. Although the old territory of the Brigantes, and the Roman province which embraced it, extended from sea to sea, comprising much of Lancashire and Westmorland, the more limited boundaries of the present county are strongly marked by nature. The sea stretches round from the Humber to the mouth of the Tees. The Tees itself forms the border on the north. South and south-west the boundary line is carried along the ridge of high wild moorland, part of the ‘back bone of England,’ from which the streams flow on one side into Yorkshire, and on the other into Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire. The short south-eastern boundary between Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire is somewhat less marked; but the great wastes and marshes of this level district were a sort of neutral ground; and here was the ‘gate’ by which the Roman road, like the modern railway, passed northward into the wood-covered Vale of York. The natural limit on the west is very clearly indicated. All the land of Yorkshire rises gradually from the sea till it reaches the water-shed in the mountain-country, stretching from the sources of the Tees to the southern border of Craven. This water-shed forms the line of division; and, as a natural result of the gradual rise of the land, all the Yorkshire rivers flow eastward, and find their way into

into the North Sea. Like the rest of the English streams, they were present at the marriage of the Thames and the Medway :—

‘Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant knights of one faire nympe yborne,[]]
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Wherfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king that Humber hight
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite.*

The epithets assigned to these ‘six sad brethren’ are still as appropriate as in the days of Spenser. Other rivers which, although unrecorded, we can hardly suppose to have been absent on so great an occasion, would, if the poet had characterized them have found themselves in different case. In the time of ‘Great Gloriana’ the Aire and the Calder were, no doubt, silver streams, and the old rhyme may have been true enough—

‘Castleford women must needs be fair,
Because they wash both in Calder and Aire.’

At present, black, defiled, and unsavoury, they call aloud for some powerful and well-disposed Archimage whose skill may restore to them at least a portion of their ancient purity.

The county of York, ‘veined’ by these many rivers, is about the size of the entire Peloponnesus, and is just half as large as the kingdom of Holland, though it may not impossibly contain quite as much ‘dry land.’ Politically, it is divided into but three ‘Ridings;’ but it naturally forms four very distinct districts :—The Cleveland and Hambleton hills and moors on the north-east; the Wolds and Holderness on the south-east; and on the west, the north-western hills and dales extending from Mickel Fell to Settle, and thence west of the Ribble to Clitheroe; and the south-western group stretching along the border of the county from the neighbourhood of Huddersfield to the Ribble on its eastern bank. The comparatively narrow valleys or level districts of Ribblesdale, and of the so-called Vale of Pickering, separate these groups on either side; but the main division, running nearly north and south, is the great Vale of York,—‘the most beautiful and romantic vale in the world,’ said the late Baron Bunsen, ‘the Vale of Normandy excepted.’ This is, in fact, a continuation northward of the central level of England; but it is here really a valley, since it is shut in by hills on either

* ‘Fairy Queen,’ Book IV. c. 2.

side—low and wooded south of York, though still forming a decided boundary—but steep and mountainous to the north, where the vale, from the once powerful lords of the district, is sometimes known as the Vale of Mowbray. The valley may fairly be said to stretch from one end of the county to the other, at least 120 miles; but its central and northern portions are those which possess the most marked character. It was the scene from the central part that Cuthbert Tonstal, Bishop of Durham, ‘a famous and learned man, and one of the greatest travellers into foreign nations of that time,’ pointed out to Henry VIII., during the King’s Yorkshire progress in 1548. The Bishop declared this to be ‘one of the greatest and richest valleys that ever he found in all his travels through Europe, and moved the King to look about him and behold the great mountains and great hills on the east side of the said valley; being called York Wolds and Blackamore; and upon the west hand the high fells of Craven; and all within the county of York.’* The only part of England, at any rate, which can at all be compared to the Vale of York, is the so-called Valley of the Weald, extending between the Surrey hills and the south downs of Sussex. This Weald valley is not so wide as the Vale of York; but is even richer in the depth of ancient oak-forest over which the eye ranges to the opposite heights. The heights themselves, however, are of different character; and are not to be compared in importance with the ‘great mountains and great hills’ which border the northern portion of the Vale of York. Such views as are to be gained under favourable circumstances of light and weather from the Hambleton hills above Thirsk, or from the Cleveland hills further north; from Mowbray Point in the Hackfall Woods, or still better, from the Roman camp of Nutwith above them, are probably unrivalled in England. It is not only that a vast extent of landscape, studded with church and minster tower, with crumbling walls of castle and abbey, and rich with the site of many a famous battle-field, stretches away till it is lost among the grey masses of the opposite hills; but that the whole wide scene, so beautiful and so interesting from its host of associations, is looked upon from a rough foreground, purpled with heather, and broken into deep scars of rock; or, as at Hackfall, from a lofty hill of wood, with a foam-whitened stream dashing onward far below, and then winding out from the hills to glance like a thread of silver across the wide, green landscape. It is the close union of the richest low country scenery with the most pic-

* Observations by Vavasour of Hazelwood, in Hearne’s edition of Leland’s ‘Collectanea,’ vi. 302.

turesque mountain and woodland that gives their special character to these great views over the Vale of York. Separately, as beautiful scenes may be found elsewhere. But the two classes of scenery are in no other part of England brought into so sharp and effective a contrast.

In following the line of the Vale of York on the map, or far better, in passing along it by rail or by road, it will be readily seen that the great roads running from the south of England toward the Scottish border were almost compelled to follow the course of the vale from one end to the other. West of the vale, the mountain-masses, forming the 'backbone of England,' extend nearly to the sea. The hills and wolds on the east, if less lofty and precipitous, are, nevertheless, full of difficulties for even Roman road-makers; and accordingly (although many vicinal ways were constructed, during the period of Roman domination, among the hills that border the great vale), the main road, here known afterwards as the Watling Street, ran through the valley by Doncaster, Castleford, and Tadcaster to York; and from York by Aldborough to Catterick, whence it turned due north to cross the Tees at Piersbridge. At all these places were great Roman stations. The line of this ancient road continued to be that followed by all travellers northward, from the days of the Imperial legions to those in which Sidney Smith warns Lady Grey, 'not to set off too soon, or you will be laid up at the Black Swan, Northallerton, or the Elephant and Castle, Boroughbridge; and your bill will come to a thousand pounds, besides the waiter, who will most probably apply for a place under Government,'—and the Great Northern Railway, which has supplanted it, takes at least as far as York very much the same course. 'There are,' says an old Danish proverb, 'three bad neighbours—a great river, a great road, and a great lord.' A great highway, road or river, may indeed have been no very agreeable neighbour in days when might meant right; but it is to the line of this old northern road that Yorkshire owes a great mass of her historical and romantic associations. Not far from Doncaster it runs through 'merry Barnysdale,' one of the districts specially affected by Robin Hood. Here, with Scathelock, and John, and Much the Miller's son, he came down—

'To Watling Street, to take a prey,'—

lying in wait among the thick woods that then bordered the road. Here he caught the Bishop of Hereford, and made him dance in his boots; and to the good greenwood of Barnsdale Robin's thoughts returned sadly during his detention in the King's court:—

'Me

'Me longyth sore to Bernysdale
I may not be therfro.'

Barnsdale is now for the most part enclosed; but it retains a few patches of ancient wood. Robin Hood's Well still exists by the road-side; and in Skelbrook Park, nearly opposite, is the 'Bishop's tree-root,' marking the site of the oak round which my Lord of Hereford, like Prior Aylmer of Jorvaulx, performed his involuntary dance. Doncaster, where the road crosses the river Don; Pontefract and Castleford—one the mediæval, the other the Roman stronghold guarding the passage of the Aire; and Tadcaster on the Wharfe (with Towton at no great distance)—all testify by the important events which they, or their immediate neighbourhoods, have witnessed, to the fact that a great road, running through the heart of a country, is at least a powerful 'neighbour,' whether for good or for evil.

The great importance which the city of York acquired under the Romans, which she maintained during all the mediæval period, and which on the introduction of Christianity after the arrival of Augustine had made her the seat of the Northern Archbishopric, was another and of course the principal cause of the prominence of Yorkshire in English history. The site of York, 'silvis munita,' in the midst of a great forest district, and on the banks of a strong river, just at the point where the stream ceases to be navigable, is precisely such as was chosen by all Celtic races for their chief 'cities.' It had been the capital of the Brigantes long before the legions of Agricola appeared in the north, and 'the Romans knew well how wise it was, in a strange and savage country, to take possession of a place of antiquity and note, where probably there was the only market in the district, and towards which all the forest paths converged.* York was the true capital of Roman Britain. As we follow the circuit of its venerable walls we must admit—although the scene toward the city with its red roofs intersected by trees and gardens, its many church towers, and the mighty minster towering above all, is sufficiently picturesque—that the surrounding country has but scanty attractions. Yet there is certainly no site in Yorkshire, perhaps none in all the north of England, which more fully satisfies the conditions required for the growth and welfare of a great provincial capital. The Humber, as the Northmen found out long after the Romans and the Angles, is the great highway into the heart of the country. Hostile 'cyules' and 'sea dragons' might sometimes pass up it; but it also conveyed toward York

* Raine, 'Lives of the Archbishops of York,' p. 5.

the merchandise of Flanders and the Baltic, and was in effect the main source of the great wealth and prosperity which distinguished the city long after the days of Elizabeth—

‘Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,
Of all the cities that ever I see,
For merry pastime and companie,
Except the cittie of London.’

The latest increase of importance to Yorkshire has arisen from the development of her manufactures and natural resources. As early as the reign of Henry VII. the woollen manufacture had become of some importance in the county: but it was not until the end of the last century that it began to make those great strides in advance which have long since rendered it the most extensive and most thriving in the world. Natural advantages of soil and country have contributed to this result at least as much as the hard-working Yorkshireman himself; especially the abundance of water, coal, and ironstone, the last of which is indeed a possession which threatens to produce results hardly less important than those brought about by the rise of the woollen manufacture.

These are the main causes of the long-continued prominence and importance of Yorkshire. Many of lesser weight might easily be reckoned, which have had a decided influence in the same direction; but the fact itself is so evident, that in making a rapid general survey of the county we shall do best to follow the course of history, noticing as we go those existing sites and relics which bring before us more powerfully than books can do, the men and events of former ages. A complete history of Yorkshire is a work which still awaits the labour and the learning of an archæological society rather than those of a single student. Meanwhile many districts in each Riding have been illustrated with results of more or less accuracy and value. York itself found a historian early in the last century in Dr. Francis Drake, an antiquary of great repute in his day, and whose ponderous folio published in 1736, is a mine which has been steadily worked by all later writers on the subject. An earlier, perhaps indeed the earliest, contributor to the history of Yorkshire was Ralph Thoresby of Leeds; author of the ‘*Ducatus Leodiensis*,’ the topography of Leeds, and of the ‘*Vicaria Leodiensis*,’ the history of the church of Leeds. Thoresby’s ‘*Museum*’ was very famous, and he contributed many notes on the West Riding to Gibson’s edition of Camden. He died in 1725. Early in the present century his ‘*Ducatus*’ was edited in a magnificent and unmanageable folio by Dr. Whitaker, who published his

his own 'History of Loidis and Elmete' as a companion volume. We ought, perhaps, before mentioning Drake and Thoresby, to have added our stone to the cairn of Roger Dodsworth, the indefatigable compiler of no less than 162 folio volumes of notes, extracts, and copies relating to Yorkshire. Dodsworth was born in 1585 at West Newton Grange in the beautiful valley of the Rye, where, although the old mansion house has been pulled down, its small perpendicular chapel still exists. Most fortunately, he travelled about Yorkshire and made his collections before the troubles of the civil war, when so many stained windows and stately tombs experienced the weight of the Puritan arm. Happily too, he was taken under the shield of Sir Thomas Fairfax, to whom Yorkshire is at least indebted for two great services—the preservation of the Minster windows on the surrender of the city in 1644, and the securing of Dodsworth's manuscript volumes, which Henry Fairfax, Dean of Norwich, gave to the Bodleian Library, where they still remain. Hearne, who himself

'Drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,'

blessed God that He was pleased 'out of His infinite goodness and mercy, to raise up so pious and diligent a person, that should by His blessing so effectually discover and preserve such a noble treasure of antiquities as is contained in these volumes.'

It would be wrong to pass without mention quaint and worthy Thomas Gent, the Irish printer, who after working for many years in York, died there in 1778. His books—why, we can hardly tell—are still the treasures of collectors, and 'tall and uncut' copies command considerable prices. His histories of York Minster, of its famous east window, of Ripon and of Pontefract, contain some curious information which, like Hearne's appendices and dissertations, is generally to be found where it would least be looked for. Of more modern writers the stateliest and most picturesque is unquestionably Whitaker, whose superb folios, for the later of which Turner executed some of his noblest drawings, are sufficiently in contrast with Gent's rudely printed performances. The 'History of Craven' is the best and most complete of Dr. Whitaker's works; but his 'Loidis' remains the most perfect history of the district, and his 'Richmondshire,' though executed when his hand no longer retained its full power, contains much that will always be of great value. Beginning to write at the end of the last century, Dr. Whitaker, besides a true love of nature and a strong feeling for the picturesque, displays a knowledge of mediæval architecture very far in advance of his age. Indeed in examining, as we have lately had occasion to do, the principal

cipal churches throughout Craven, we have found constant reason for confirming his judgment, and for wondering at the skill with which it had been formed, so long before the æra of Glossaries or of Handbooks. In this respect Whitaker is superior to one who in others is a better antiquary and historian—Dr. Hunter—whose histories of Hallamshire and of South Yorkshire formed the worthy labours of a life. But Hunter, although his histories of the several churches are most minute and accurate, seems to have possessed little architectural knowledge; and we are glad to find that a new edition of the ‘Hallamshire’ may shortly be looked for at the hands of Dr. Gatty, himself the restorer of his own fine church of Ecclesfield, where Hunter is interred, and who will, we trust, supply this deficiency in the original work. The district of Holderness has been tolerably well illustrated by Mr. Poulson, who was allowed free access to the great store of documents preserved in the MS. library at Burton Constable. There is an unsatisfactory ‘History of Cleveland’ by a Mr. Graves, published in 1808; and another, though of later date, far more imperfect and inaccurate, by Mr. Ord. We cannot attempt to enumerate the many histories of single towns, some of them very excellent: but we must not leave quite unnoticed Mr. Wellbeloved’s valuable monograph on ‘Roman Eboracum.’

The Yorkshire Architectural Society, of which the headquarters are at York, has done something, but not so much as might be expected, towards illustrating the architecture of the county. In the York volume of the Archæological Institute is Professor Willis’s elaborate paper on the Minster—a paper which no future historian of the great cathedral can neglect with safety. But the society which has done, and is doing, most for the history of Yorkshire, as indeed for that of all the English border, is the Surtees. Among its volumes are Mr. Raine’s ‘Testamenta Eboracensia,’ and the invaluable ‘Fabric Rolls’ of the Minster, also edited by him. Here too are Mr. Walbran’s ‘Memorials of Fountains Abbey’—books which we may hold up as the very model of what such things should be, preserving every scrap of real information relating to the Abbey, and containing a series of notes, historical and topographical, for which no other man in Yorkshire could command the knowledge.* Last but not least in this long catalogue we must place the name of Professor Phillips. It would be ungrateful indeed were he to

* Mr. Walbran is at present busy with a History of the Wapentake of Claro, which cannot fail to be a most important addition to our stores. Claro contains Ripon, Fountains, Knaresborough, and Aldborough; besides the baronies of Spofforth and Kirkby Malzeard.

be omitted in any list of Yorkshire worthies, but his labours of love in the cause of his native county here claim very special recognition. Yorkshire may well be proud of the position she occupies in the history of the youngest of the sciences. William Smith, the 'father' of modern geology, was born at Hackness, near Scarborough. The chair of geology at either university is at this moment filled by a Yorkshireman; and the science itself must pass away before the names of Sedgwick and of Phillips can be forgotten. It is Professor Phillips however who has bestowed such loving pains on the geology of Yorkshire, with every corner of which he is as well acquainted as with his own fireside. Besides his greater work, his volume on the 'Mountains, Rivers, and Sea Coast of Yorkshire' has done much towards making more generally known the great interest and importance of the county. Let us hope that the new 'Handbook,' which gathers within its red covers the stores of many a collector, ancient and modern, will induce many to make themselves acquainted with this noble portion of England before seeking abroad scenery which is often far less striking, and historical relics which should not have for them half the interest of those in their own country.

The relics of Brigantian Yorkshire are for the most part underground. They are contained in those numerous 'houes'* and tumuli that dot the heathy moors of Cleveland, and in still greater numbers the bare, open chalk wolds. These grave mounds, the many foundations of huts that are found gathered into villages on the Cleveland moors and elsewhere, and the remarkable dykes and entrenchments that scar the sides of the wolds and of the hills on the opposite side of the Vale of Pickering, are sufficient evidence that a somewhat numerous population of hunters, and perhaps of shepherds, dwelt on these high grounds for long ages before, and probably during the Roman occupation. But for the full evidence afforded by the contents of the houes we must await the publication of the 'Decade of Northumbrian Skulls,' which is to give us the result of Mr. Greenwell's researches. For many succeeding summers Mr. Greenwell has been exploring the barrows of Yorkshire, chiefly on the estates of Lord Carlisle and of Sir Tatton Sykes. He has succeeded in proving the presence, at one time contemporary, of two very distinct races, characterized by

* This word is connected with the old Norse *haugr*, a 'grave hill'; old Swedish *hög*; Danish *høj*. The Jutland form of the word is *höj*, which in pronunciation approximates closely to the North Yorkshire 'houe.'

different

different cranial formation. Little metal has been discovered, though some fine bronze swords and daggers, found of course in barrows far more recent than those containing flint relics only, are sufficient evidence of its existence; and perhaps the most remarkable fact, which has been rather suggested than positively established, is that one of the two races was probably cannibal. In certain of the most ancient barrows, of a long form (they are sometimes nearly 200 feet in length), nearly always placed, approximately, east and west, and having the interments at the east end, besides a principal interment, remains of many human bodies which had evidently been broken up before burial have been found in the upper part of the mound. Some of the bones were shattered, as if for extraction of the marrow; and it would seem that these relics either formed part of the funeral feast, or were those of serfs sacrificed on the tomb of their master. In this latter case, however, we are puzzled to account for the division and breaking up of the bodies. These long barrows seem in all cases to have been raised by the earliest, or 'long-headed' race.*

Necklaces and ornaments of jet have been discovered in many of these houses, and may be seen in the museums of York and Scarborough; a proof that the cliff treasures of Mulgrave and of Whitby were not less valued by the Brigantian beauty than by her modern sisters. As in every part of Europe, the Yorkshire grave mounds are made the subjects of much curious folklore and tradition, the vitality of which is remarkably illustrated by a story connected with Willy house, a large barrow on the wolds near North Burton. William of Newburgh, the Augustinian canon who was born at Bridlington, within a few miles of North Burton, and whose chronicle terminates shortly before the death of Cœur de Lion, says, that as a man was riding late at night by Willy house (the situation of which is so minutely described that it can be identified with certainty) he heard music issuing from it, and on approaching saw a great company of fairies feasting in a magnificent apartment, visible through a door open in the side of the barrow. A cup-bearer came forth and offered him drink, but the man, who knew the danger of eating or drinking with fairies, seized the cup, and although hotly pursued, carried it off in safety. It was, says the Chronicler,

* A most interesting account of Mr. Greenwell's explorations in 1864 will be found in the 'Archæological Journal,' vol. xxii. In various numbers of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' are some valuable papers on the grave hills of Cleveland, by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, of Danby, whose conclusions, it should be said, are not always identical with those of Mr. Greenwell.

'a vessel

'a vessel of unknown material, of unusual colour and shape.'* Henry I., to whom it was given, sent it as a present to his brother-in-law, King David of Scotland. The story is common to many countries, and resembles that of the 'Luck of Eden Hall' in Cumberland; but here the remarkable fact is that Mr. Wright, whilst busy, in 1857, among the barrows of the wolds, heard the very same legend told of Willy houe; the only variation being that the cup, when brought home, proved to be of 'fairy gold,' and worthless. The story has thus been handed down for more than seven hundred years.

A mile or two south of Willy houe, and on the bank of the same 'gypsey,' or intermittent stream, rises one of the most striking monuments of the primæval period in Yorkshire. This is the Rudstone—a rude, upright pillar, which may possibly be sepulchral, but the true age and character of which are altogether unknown. In Cornwall or in Brittany such a 'mênhir' would call for no special attention: but Yorkshire is by no means rich in stone monuments—certainly not owing to any want of durable and easily worked material. Indeed, although there are a few small circles on the southern moors, and on those between Scarborough and Whitby, the only primitive monuments of any real importance are the Rudstone and the Devil's Arrows at Borough-bridge. The age of the 'Arrows' is a matter of dispute, and it has even been suggested that they mark the limits of a Roman stadium. At any rate, rising tall and massive in the midst of a level field, they are not a little mysterious and impressive, though not more so than the Rudstone, which, covered with blackish lichens, has a most 'eerie' effect when projected against the glow of an evening sky. The fact too of its standing close under the shadow of a Norman church adds something to the sense of mystery which is always produced by these rude monuments. The church may not impossibly have been founded here with some reference to the stone, perhaps to Christianize a place of heathen sanctity.† But this is mere guess-work, and we may have no better reason for invoking the shade of Priest or Druid on behalf of the Rudstone than elder antiquaries had for connecting the

* 'Vasculum materiæ incognitæ, coloris insoliti, et formæ inusitatæ.' W. Neubr. 'Hist. Angl.' L. I. ch. 28.

† The name is 'Rodestan' in Domesday. 'Rood-stone,' the stone of the rood or cross, has been suggested as the true etymology; but there is no trace whatever of any sculpture on it, or of a cross having been at any time placed on the top. There is a village of 'Little Rudstone' about four miles south. *Rudgate* is the name given to a part of the Roman road which crosses the Wharfe near Tadcaster; and near Drewton, adjoining South Cave, a little north of the Humber, is the name of *Rudstone Walk*, apparently marking the line of an ancient road.

latter with the fantastic masses of Brimham Crag, or with the ice-borne rocking stones on the high moors above Settle.

The Roman origin which has been suggested for the Devil's Arrows is only rendered at all probable by the close neighbourhood of the most extensive Roman remains in the county—those of Aldborough, the ancient Isurium. Here too much unwarranted imagination has been at work; and Isurium has been pronounced the capital of *Cartismandua*, without the slightest authority. The place requires no such strained or fictitious interest. There are few sites of Roman towns or stations in Britain where the wide chasm of 1500 years is bridged over so effectually by actual remains. Isurium lay on the *Ermyn Street*, close to the junction of the Ure with the Swale. It rivalled York itself in size and in wealth; and, thanks to the protecting care of Mr. Lawson, the lord of the manor, the proofs of its ancient importance are still to be studied on the spot. A portion of the city wall retains to this day marks of the masons' trowels; tessellated and mosaic pavements, some of great beauty (one, indeed, unique, with a Greek inscription), are scattered up and down the street of the little town; and Mr. Lawson's own museum is rich in those lesser relics which bring the old life of such a place so closely home to us: tickets of admission to gladiators' shows and places of amusement, dice, spoons, knives found with oyster-shells and no doubt used for opening them, deer-horns and bones of wild boar from the forest that closed up round the city in the days of Severus and Caracalla, and pins made from similar bones found in great quantities among the ruins of the pinmaker's house. York herself has not lost all traces of her Roman dignity. '*Decus imperii, terrorque hostilibus armis,*' as she was called by Alcuin, she was full of stately buildings; and the multangular tower which stood at the corner of the city wall, and still rises in the garden of the Philosophical Society, may have been gazed upon by the great Constantine himself. The Museum which adjoins it is full of Roman relics—pavements, altars, and sepulchral monuments—from within the walls of the city itself, and from the line of the great road stretching away to Isurium, along which were the tombs of the inhabitants. But Roman York has been overshadowed by the greatness of the mediæval city. At Aldborough no vast minster lifts its towers against the sky to suggest histories and emotions of a very different character. As far as the village and its environs are concerned, the Romans are still '*terrarum domini.*'

The rise and growth of Northumbria are more obscure than those of any other of the English kingdoms, and the first clear light

light on the early history of Deira, the southern portion of the Northumbrian kingdom, co-extensive with the modern Yorkshire, reaches us from the 'Ecclesiastical History' of Bede. The etymology of Deira—a name so well known from Gregory the Great's famous play of words—is scarcely more evident than that of Bernicia, the half of the kingdom north of the Tees.* But long before the Conquest the old name had been exchanged for that which the county has ever since borne—'Eoferwic-scire,' Yorkshire. The change was probably due in great measure to the Northmen, whose permanent settlement in Northumbria has left traces of the utmost importance on both country and population. Without by any means asserting with Mr. Worsaae that the hardy vigour and self-reliance of Yorkshiremen result entirely from an intermixture of Danish blood, it is nevertheless certain that the Danish element is to this day strongly marked in the dialect, folk-lore, and possibly in the stalwart forms, fair hair, and blue eyes of the population of certain parts of the county. The great division of the county into its three Ridings is without doubt due to the Northmen. Riding is a corruption of 'Thirthing'—a third part or division. The same word—thridjungar, thirdings—occurs as a measure of land in South Norway.

The history of Bede, although it traces carefully the early political events of Northumbria, dwells of course at greatest length and most lovingly on the introduction and development of Christianity and the Church: and possibly owing to the manner in which it has thus been preserved to us, the lingering traces of this early Christian history, the sites and the scenes connected with it, or the few fragments of contemporary buildings, are by far the most interesting relics which Yorkshire still retains of the period before the Conquest. Such especially is Lavingham, now a solitary village among the hills near the entrance of Rhosdale,† not far from Kirkby Moorside. It was here that Cedd, one of four brothers, the most famous of whom was Ceadda or St. Chad, who established the Mercian see at Lichfield, and became the great saint of that cathedral,

* 'Deivyr and Bryneich,' as the provinces are called in the 'Gododin,' may be either true Cymric names or Cymric forms of names imposed by the first Anglian settlers. Deira has, however, been interpreted the 'land of beasts'—*deor*—the 'hunting-ground;' and the great forest which anciently covered the vale of York and all the lower ground of the district may well have entitled it to a name of similar import. Whatever the origin of the word, it seems to be preserved in the modern Driffield, the 'field' or 'clearing' of Deira, and perhaps in the name of Holderness.

† Such is the spelling adopted in the Handbook, where we also find '*Rhosbery*' Topping. In both cases it suggests the true etymology—*Rhos* (Celt.), a moor.

founded

founded about the year 660 a small monastery, which was a centre of religion for all this wild district, still imperfectly, if at all, Christianized; for little more than thirty years had passed since Paulinus had baptized the King at York. But for us the especial interest of Lastingham lies in the fact that Bede collected from the brethren here much of his material for the history of the introduction of Christianity in Yorkshire. We cannot of course retrace here the story of Paulinus and of King Eadwin, a story which has been so often told, and for all the minute details connected with which we would refer our readers to Canon Raine's '*Lives of the Archbishops of York*.' There are two sites in the county which speak more forcibly than any others of the change of faith—the crypt beneath the choir of the minster, and the church of Goodmanham. The crypt, for the most part Norman, contains within it a portion of a wall faced with hering-bone work, and of rude construction; which it is by no means impossible may have formed part of the stone church built by King Eadwin to enclose the wooden oratory in which he had been baptized. At any rate it marks the site of that church, and may be regarded as the germ from which all the towering magnificence of the vast minster above it has been naturally developed. It brings us face to face with the first dawning of that faith which has so completely changed the face of the country, not less clearly and certainly than does the church of Goodmanham—the '*Godmundingaham*' of Bede—which occupies the site of the heathen temple profaned by Coifi the priest, after the famous conference between Paulinus and the King's thegns at the royal villa on the Derwent.

Of Paulinus himself there are few records or traditions.* We can fix with more certainty on the scenes which were daily looked upon by one whose name is scarcely less intimately connected with the early history of Christianity in Yorkshire than that of Paulinus—St. Hilda. Her famous Abbey on the cliff at Whitby—as well when it rose in complete beauty, whilst the lights streaming from its church windows served as a '*pharos*,' as now by its shattered fragments—has helped to guide the seaman into the haven at its feet for more than fourteen centuries. Only a favoured few are still privileged to behold, framed in the great east window—

* The church of Brafferton, near Boroughbridge, is said to have been founded by him, and its position, on a high bank above the Swale, may have been intended to commemorate the baptism of his converts in the river. In the adjoining parish of Easingwold '*Paulin's Carr*' and '*The Cross of Paulinus*' are referred to in an inquisition of the time of Edward I.; thus again connecting his name with the neighbourhood.

'The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air,'

an effect of light and mist said to be curiously deceptive; but the whole place speaks of her; and the 'Domina Hilda,' the 'Lady,' as she is to this day called at Whitby, or the 'Mother,' as Bede tells us she was called in her lifetime by all who knew her—still occupies the first place in the thoughts of all who wander over the ground where in 664 the synod was held which determined the Easter controversy, and where Cædmon composed the first great Christian poem in English. It must have been this prominence of the Lady Hilda that led Sir Walter Scott to people the abbey with nuns in the days of Marmion. After the Conquest it was a house of Benedictine monks; and the abbess who graced the galley of the famous voyage from Whitby to Lindisfarne is entirely a lady of the imagination. But the evening talk of the nuns commemorates the true legends of the place:—

'How of thousand snakes each one

Was changed into a coil of stone

When holy Hilda prayed:

Themselves within their holy bound,

Their stony folds had often found.

They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail

As over Whitby's towers they sail,

And sinking down with flutterings faint,

They do their homage to the Saint.'

It is still asserted that the sea-birds are unable to fly across the territory of St. Hilda without 'doing homage' on their way; and the Ammonites are still 'St. Hilda's worms.' She is said—and the same story is told of St. Keyne and the Ammonites in Somersetshire—not only to have petrified the serpents but to have beheaded them; although the old shield of the abbey, which bore three Ammonites, gave them projecting serpent-like heads. Sir Walter has no doubt to answer for other traditions which have sprung up since the appearance of Marmion, and which make certain tapestry in the old house of the Cholmondeleys, built out of the ruins of the abbey, 'the work of the nuns.'

The abbey over which St. Hilda presided from about the year 666 until her death in 680, like other foundations of that age, contained both monks and nuns. It was the most important school of learning in the north; and five, who afterwards became bishops, including St. John of Beverley, were brethren of the house under Hilda. A sharp contrast to the Whitby sea-cliff was afforded by the quiet wooded valley of Hackness, near Scarborough, where Hilda, in the very year of her death (680) established a cell or small monastery. Here, too, are relics, if not

of

of Hilda herself, of those who must have seen and revered her. In the chancel of the little church, itself ancient, and overshadowed by the branches of stately oaks and ash trees, are preserved the fragments of many crosses, bearing Latin inscriptions, some of which are certainly of the seventh century, and appear to commemorate the first superiors of the Saxon cell.

The leap is somewhat a long one from the days of St. Hilda to those of 'Eadward the King and Tostig the Earl,' but we cannot afford to shorten it. Another church, even more secluded than that of Hackness, takes us to the years immediately preceding the Norman conquest. Above the south door of Kirkdale church, which stands quite alone on the bank of the rocky Hodgebeck, is the well-known inscription—one of the most ancient vernacular inscriptions of its class in Europe—recording the re-erection of St. Gregorius' Minster by Orm, Gamal's son, in the days of Eadward and Tostig. The latter name suggests associations of very different character from those brought to us by the lonely church among its woods. This was the great Earl Tostig, the brother of Harald, who fell, fighting on the side of the Norwegians, in the battle of Stamford Bridge (Sept. 25, 1066), three weeks before Hastings. To find his name thus recorded, in letters carved when he was still all-powerful in Northumbria, gives a strange life to the story of those troubled days; and recalls them even more strongly than the field of battle itself, where, indeed, little is now to be made out of the course of the fight. A piece of level ground adjoining the bridge is still called Battle Flats—preserving the name here which has been more definitely retained at Battle in Sussex; and at Stamford feast, pies made in the shape of a rude tub or boat are said to commemorate the exploit of an Englishman who got under the wooden bridge in a boat, and thrusting a spear through the planking killed a Northman, who alone had defended the passage of the bridge for more than three hours, and had killed forty men. The battle was fought on the Derwent; but the great fleet of Harald Hardrada, the 'King of Norse,' to whom, says the story, his English namesake promised 'seven feet of English ground or as much more as he might be taller than other men,' had passed up the Ouse, and was moored, according to Roger of Howden, a native of this district, at or near Riccal, whence the fighting men advanced across the country, first to York, and then retired, for some reason which is not very evident, to Stamford Bridge, where they seized the pass of the river. The English came on them from York. Three years later, when the sons of Sweyn appeared before York, to make, with Edgar Atheling and the powerful Earl Cospatric (who

(who had under him the whole 'host' of Northumbria), a raid rather than an attack with any chance of permanent success upon the city and its Norman holders, their fleet ascended the Ouse to the very walls of York. Of this, the last warlike appearance of Danes or Northmen within the limits of ancient Northumbria, we are reminded as we look on the sites of the two castles which the Conqueror built in York after his capture of the city in 1068, and which were evidently intended to defend the approach by the river. That on the left bank of the Ouse is marked by Clifford's Tower, which rises on its artificial mound within the walls of the existing castle; that on the right bank stood on Bayle Hill, immediately opposite. Both these strongholds (probably owing to the fact that the city was already in flames, and that much of them may have been of wood) were taken by the Northmen, and their castellans carried off prisoners. It was on hearing this that William swore he would 'destroy all the Northumbrians with one spear;' and that, crossing the Humber, he proceeded to lay waste the whole of the country between York and Durham. Clifford's Tower may retain some fragments of the Conqueror's work, but it is for the most part, although curious and well worth examination, of much later date. It, or rather the keep out of which the present tower has been constructed, was in 1190 (the year after the accession of Richard I.) the scene of human sufferings more terrible than any which had been inflicted by the Conqueror. Within its walls five hundred Jews, who had fled to them for protection with their wives and children, rather than give themselves up to their persecutors first killed the women and children, and then turned their hands upon themselves—repeating in England that fearful story of the siege of Masada on which Josephus dwells with so much horror.

A careful examination of the Domesday record would perhaps show that only certain portions of Yorkshire—and chiefly the rich country lying on the march northward through the Vale of York—were laid waste by the Conqueror. Tradition asserts, however, that one district alone escaped—the territory of St. John of Beverley. It is certain that the reputation of the native saint—'li bons Johans . . . celui ki gist a Beverli'—who was born at Harpham in the East Riding, had already spread widely throughout England. Athelstane's famous grant to the church—

'Als fro mak I the
As hert can think
Or eghe may see,'

whatever

whatever its historical value, may be allowed to prove as much as this. Indeed, at the period of the Conquest and long afterwards, with the exception perhaps of St. Cuthbert at Durham, no saint was regarded with greater reverence north of the Humber than St. John. He took his place with the great champions of Christendom—

‘Come ye from the East, or come ye from the West,
Or bring relics from over the sea?
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the Divine,
Or St. John of Beverley?’

The holy banner which hung above the shrine was carried as a talisman in front of their hosts by both Athelstane and Edward I. during their Scottish wars; and it was one of the three—the others were the banners of St. Peter of York and St. Wilfred of Ripon—which gave protection and served as a rallying point to the English at the battle of the Standard. It may well be therefore that William abstained from ravaging the lands of the church in which the powerful saint was reposing. But Beverley Minster, as it exists at present, hardly takes us back to the Conquest. No part of the church is Norman. All the eastern portion—Early English work of great beauty—must have looked down on Edward I., when he ‘waked a night’ before the shrine on his way into Scotland; and with the exception perhaps of the Perpendicular termination of the nave, the whole church must architecturally have been much in the condition in which we now see it, when Henry V. and his Queen Catherine made a pilgrimage to Beverley after the victory of Agincourt—on which day a miraculous oil is said to have flowed from the shrine ‘like drops of sweat.’ Only in those ancient days, instead of the barbarous yellow wash which now covers the Tadcaster stone, the noble architecture was set forth with gold and rich colour.

Unless in the first years after its foundation, and then doubtfully, Beverley was never a monastic house. If it remained untouched by the Conqueror therefore, it was no exception to the fact that, either during the troubled period of the Conquest itself, or during the ravages of the Northmen before it, every monastery in Yorkshire had been destroyed. It was, however, during the time of the Conqueror, that another great monastery was founded, the church of which is still one of the finest in the county. This was Selby; and the very curious story of its foundation, little known as it is, has nevertheless been told at length by (probably) a monk of the house, towards the end of the twelfth century.* A monk of Autun, ‘fidelis fur et latro bonus,’ warned

* It is printed in Labbe, ‘Nova Bibliotheca Manuscriptorum,’ vol. i.

in a vision by St. Germanus, fled from his convent by night, carrying with him a finger of that saint. After sundry adventures he passed up the Ouse as far as Selby (so called, says the Chronicler, from the seals which haunted the river bay), landed, set up a cross under an enormous oak tree, and spent his time in prayer before the relic. Hugh the Norman Sheriff, passing on the river, saw the cross, and left his tent as a shelter for the 'gloriosus digitus.' The Conqueror granted the land; wooden cells were built; and that great Benedictine Abbey was established which, except St. Mary's of York, was the only mitred abbey north of the Trent. There is an ancient tradition that Henry the Beauclerc, who alone of the Conqueror's children was born after the acquisition of the English crown, first saw the light at Selby. The place had indeed been a royal manor; but neither its monastic historian, nor any early writer, record an event to which Selby may nevertheless have owed much of the royal favour it so long enjoyed. No small wealth must have poured in on the Benedictines to enable them to raise that most stately church, the nave of which exhibits some of the grandest Norman work in the north of England; while the choir is no less remarkable for the delicate beauty of its Decorated piers and tracery. It is as yet, happily, unrestored.

That the chiefs of the great houses which the Conqueror established in Yorkshire were not slow to repair, as far as they might, the ruin caused by the devastation of 1069, is evident from the many small Norman churches scattered over the county, as well as from the great amount of Norman work remaining in others which have been partly rebuilt. The churches of Adel near Leeds, and of Kirkburn in the Wolds, are marked by very rich and singular sculpture, and retain their original ground-plan. The example of Thomas of Bayeux, the first Norman Archbishop, who rebuilt his own cathedral, seems to have been generally followed; and of the Lacys, the Mowbrays, the Percys, and other great Yorkshire barons, there are few of whom a memorial does not now remain in the church or ruined abbey which they built or helped to found, far more perfect than any afforded by their own castles or manor halls. Of the castle of the Mowbrays at Thirsk not a trace remains. The great crusader, Roger de Mowbray, 'who loved the Church so well and gave so largely to it,' is now best remembered by the shattered walls of Byland,—where, however, even the place of his grave remains uncertain. The three principal strongholds of the Percys in Yorkshire, where they were established at the Conquest, and where they ruled over eighty-six lordships long before, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, they became 'Percys oute

of

of Northumberland,' were Topcliffe, Spofforth, and Wressel. At Topcliffe a fir-crested mound alone marks the site of the castle; and the church, dedicated to St. Columba (a proof no doubt of its very early foundation) has undergone such restoration or rather rebuilding, as to destroy all its interest in connexion with the Percys. There are some remains of Spofforth Castle, which was greatly defaced by the Earl of Warwick and Lord Montacute after the battle of Towton: but the church has fared even worse than that at Topcliffe. The cost of repairing the chancel falls of course on the rector: but in spite of vigorous remonstrance from the Yorkshire Architectural Society it has been entirely pulled down, a method of avoiding all future outlay which is at least effectual.* At Wressel, which Leland describes as one of the finest houses north of Trent, dwelling especially on the delights of a study called 'Paradise' in one of the towers,—only one side of the quadrangle remains. The superb Percy tomb in Beverley Minster, or the mailed figure holding a block of wood on the west front of York, and recording, with its fellow, the gift of wood and stone for the fabric by the Percy and the Vavasour, are at least as definite, and more perfect, memorials of the greatest house in the north than any still existing on their ancient domains. For the Lacys, parts of the Castle of Pontefract indeed remain: but hardly a stone is in place which is of earlier date than 1310, the year of their extinction in the male line. This famous castle too, which Swift declared he loved 'because it was in all our histories' is in truth so closely connected with those histories as almost to obliterate all memory of its Lacy founders. To be reminded of them we must go rather to the Priory of Nostel, or to the ruins of Cistercian Kirkstall. It is the same with many another noble house. Skelton Castle, the head of the great barony of Bruce, has lost nearly all its ancient portions; and Danby, their hunting castle on the Moors, interesting and picturesque as it is, was apparently rebuilt long after the Bruces' days, by one of the Lords Latimer. Guisborough Priory, which the Bruces founded, still tells of them, and the lion of Bruce remains on the jambs of the great east window. A cenotaph, possibly of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, has been removed to the existing parish church. At Tanfield, the Manor place of the Marmions has entirely disappeared, with the exception of its ivy-clad gate house; whilst the church contains in its north-aisle an assemblage of Marmion tombs so picturesque with their mouldering effigies and mysterious lights as at once to recal some of Cattermole's finest drawings.

* The rectory, it should be said, is worth 2000*l.* a year.

There are three great castles of the Norman period, however, which, if they do not immediately suggest the fame of their ancient lords, are at least so striking as to call for special mention here. The Keep tower of Richmond, crowning a precipice above the rocky stream of the Swale, occupies a position of such picturesque grandeur as it would be difficult to parallel. And in this case the old lords of the 'riche munt' can hardly remain unthought of, as we gaze on the stern and massive fortress, not 'mouldered into beauty' by time, but still 'frowning with all its battlements' almost as when it came from the hands of Duke Conan's masons. This was the chief place of the Honour of Alan the Red, one of the sons of Eudo Duke of Brittany, who joined William's expedition, and received for his share of the spoil no less than 164 manors in Yorkshire alone. One of the descendants of Alan married the heiress of the Breton dukedom; and it was his son, Conan, who thus became Duke of Brittany and Earl of Richmond, who built the great keep between the years 1146 and 1171. Conan was father of the unhappy Lady Constance, on whom Shakspeare has conferred a more certain immortality than the Duke has gained by his enormous tower. This is one of the most perfect Norman keeps remaining in the country; and those of Dover, of Newcastle, and of the Tower of London can alone be fairly compared with it. From the battlements the view is magnificent; ranging on one side up the wild hollow of Swaledale, and on the other, far over the rich green plain to the distant towers of York and the estuary of the Tees. We cannot wonder that the place has been such a favourite with artists, or that Turner's pencil was so often at work

'Where the Castle of Richmond stands high on the hill.'

A Norman keep of different character, with a position of extreme grandeur, though hardly equal to Richmond, is that of Scarborough Castle. This was built by Henry II. soon after his accession; the castle itself having been already founded by William le Gros, the great Earl of Albemarle (the present Aumâle, on the Bresle river, north of Rouen) who under Stephen had, according to the chronicler, been more powerful north of the Humber than the King himself. As Lords of Holderness the Earls of Albemarle ranked among the greatest barons of Yorkshire; but this did not prevent Henry II. from reclaiming the crown land, including that on which Scarborough Castle stands, which had been alienated to them by Stephen. The keep, which in its perfect condition must have been of enormous strength, and still shows some curious arrangements

for defence near the entrance, fully deserved the epithets '*magna et præclara*' given to it by William of Newburgh. Its present ruinous state is owing to the injuries it received during the two sieges which Scarborough Castle underwent in the course of the civil war, when the chancel of St. Mary's Church below it was more completely destroyed. The magnificent view from the outer ward, where the cliff towers at least 300 feet above the breakers of the blackened sea beach, is one of the great attractions of Scarborough. The town of Scarborough had its burghers and its wide commerce with Flemings and '*Osterlings*' long before its present fashion and importance were dreamt of. Henry II. granted it a charter, and it ranks among the most ancient boroughs which sent members to parliament.

Neither Richmond nor Scarborough, however, suggests such romantic associations as Coningsborough. Here, as we pass through the narrow wall passages and enter the little vaulted chapel in the third story, we cannot, if we would, banish the figures of Ivanhoe and the Black Knight, and of Athelstane the Unready, who reappeared at his own funeral feast. They and their fellows of the romance insist on presenting themselves to the mind's eye far more clearly than Earl Hamelyn of Warrene, by whom the remarkable keep was probably erected in the latter years of the twelfth century. We know at any rate that no part of the building is more ancient than the Norman, and to all appearance the late Norman, period. The peculiar outline of the keep is mainly owing to the enormous projecting buttresses, which give it the appearance of a polygon. A circular Norman keep is not so uncommon; and, indeed, Orford Castle, in Suffolk, nearly of the same age as Coningsborough, is not only circular, but has three great buttress towers projecting even more remarkably than those of the Yorkshire keep.

Strong castles thus arose throughout Yorkshire during the period which followed the Conquest. They were then, indeed, rising in every part of England; but whatever may have been the true feudal relations between England and Scotland, the northern parts of this kingdom were at all times liable to sudden forays, thus rendering the Yorkshire castles of great importance as strongholds, either against or for the enemy. All the more important events in the mediæval history of Yorkshire are to some extent connected with the proximity of Scotland; and it is curious to trace not merely the strength of the castles, but the defences of the manor houses, and even of churches and abbeys, becoming more and more decided as we approach the northern limit of the county. There is, we believe, no example of the peel tower, the squared '*castellet*,' windowless in its lower stories,

stories, so general on the border, farther south than Mortham on the Tees, the name of which is so well known from its occurrence in 'Rokeby.' This, however, is on the Yorkshire bank of the river, and may be said to mark a point from which the houses of the lesser proprietors gradually diminish in means of defence as we proceed southward. Of the churches, many, as at Spennithorne, Middleham, Bedale, possess towers remarkably strengthened and defended. At Bedale the entrance to the tower was protected by a portcullis, the existence of which was unknown until, not many years since, it fell during a thunder storm, and had to be hacked away before the tower could again be entered. The great Augustinian Priory of Guisborough was strongly fortified, whilst other religious houses farther south needed no such protection.

The Battle of the Standard, fought in 1138, was, after the immediate events of the Conquest, the first regularly 'stricken field' in which the English encountered the Scots. A rising ground on a farm called 'Standard Hill,' about three miles north of Northallerton, marks no doubt the position of the famous Standard—a sort of wheeled platform, on which were displayed the holy banners of St. Peter of York, St. Wilfred of Ripon, and St. John of Beverley; and from which Walter l'Espec addressed the assembled host 'with a voice like the sound of a trumpet.' Standard Hill rises in the midst of the great plain, with the Cleveland and the high points of Hambleton not far distant eastward. Here the Yorkshire barons, excited greatly by the zeal of Archbishop Thurstan, then so feeble that he was unable himself to advance beyond Thirsk, met King David of Scotland and his son on the first open fighting ground south of the Tees. The Scots had entered Yorkshire, as usual, by the line of the old Roman road, savagely plundering Northumberland and Durham as they passed along. How completely they were checked by the Yorkshire battle we learn from Abbot Aelred of Rievaulx, who gives us a full-length picture of Walter l'Espec, the founder of his monastery; and a farm called 'Scot Pits,' about a mile from Standard Hill, so named from the pits into which the slaughtered Scots were thrown, is said even now to bear witness to the enrichment which portions of its soil then received. Yorkshire suffered much on this occasion; but not so greatly as either in 1318—when after the fall of Berwick a foray was made southward, and the towns of Northallerton, Boroughbridge, Knaresborough, and many more were burnt, the church of the latter place still showing by the calcined stone of its tower evidence of the great fire of piled timber which the invaders lighted about it, in order to destroy with the tower a

number of fugitives who had taken refuge in it—or as in 1319, when Randolph and Douglas again broke into the county, and Archbishop Melton encountered them in vain at Myton on the Swale—or as in 1322, when after the battle of Boroughbridge and the defeat of the Earl of Lancaster, the Scots, again under the Black Douglas, swept down on the north of Yorkshire, and leaving the main road for the Hambleton Moors, first met and defeated the Earl of Richmond, who was himself taken prisoner, and then made a sudden raid on Rievaulx Abbey, whence Edward II. was compelled to fly in all haste. Two monks guided him over the hills towards York; but his plate and treasure fell into the hands of the enemy, who plundered both Rievaulx and Byland.* A remarkable monument in the neighbouring church of Ampleforth, displaying the effigy of an unknown knight, whose head rests on the bosom of his wife, a position probably unique, has been supposed with great probability to be that of a knight who fell in the battle on the Moors above the village.

In the spring of the same year (1322) Yorkshire had been the scene of the defeat and execution of the 'mighty lord' Thomas of Lancaster, grandson of Henry III., and Earl at once of Lancaster, Lincoln, Leicester, Salisbury, and Derby. The last memorial of the battle of Boroughbridge was destroyed in 1851. This was the little chapel in the market-place which Lancaster entered when summoned to yield, flinging himself before the crucifix and exclaiming, 'Good Lord, I render myself to Thee, and put me into Thy mercy.' The bridge on which the Earl of Hereford, like the Northman at Stamford Bridge, was killed by a spear thrust from below, has also disappeared. That which now crosses the Ure at Boroughbridge is indeed ancient, and may occupy the same site. But the older bridge was of wood. The Earl of Lancaster was carried down the river to York, and thence to his castle of Pontefract, where he had supported such a household as became the wealthiest and most powerful of English barons. In the great hall of his own castle he was brought before Edward II. and condemned to suffer as a traitor. At once (June 19) he was led to execution on the high ground still known as St. Thomas's Hill, which overlooks the castle. Like Simon de Montfort, this great Earl had been the supporter of the popular cause against the exactions of the Crown and of its officers; and in both cases the reverence for the popular leader did not cease with life. The miracles recorded at the

* It is not quite certain whether the King was at Rievaulx or Byland. According to the Chronicle of Lanercost it was the former. Knighton says he was at dinner in Byland Abbey when the Scots came upon him after the battle. (Oct. 14. The date has been ascertained by Mr. Walbran.)

tomb of Simon de Montfort are quite as remarkable as any that are told of St. Cuthbert or St. John of Beverley; and those said to have been wrought at the tomb of Thomas of Lancaster in the Cluniac church at Pontefract were so numerous, and the 'resort of people' so great, that the King 'let close the church doors for no man shall come therein for to offeren.*' In 1390 (13th Rich. II.) Walsingham records the actual canonization of 'St. Thomas of Lancaster;' but his name does not occur in any calendar or service-book; and the fact (which Lord Houghton was the first to point out)† calls for further examination. The Cluniac priory and church have disappeared; but if the site of the high altar (on the right of which was the Earl's tomb) could be ascertained, and the ground properly examined, it might at any rate be determined whether his remains still occupy their ancient resting-place. This has been greatly doubted since the discovery, in 1828, in the so-called 'Priory Field,' of a stone coffin containing the remains of a very large and powerful man. It is supposed that the coffin, which is now preserved in the grounds of Fryston Hall, the residence of Lord Houghton, may have been that of the Earl, removed from the church at the Dissolution.

The relations of the great Yorkshire barons with Scotland were not always like Hotspur's, 'He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work."‡' It is certain that there was an understanding between Lancaster and Robert Bruce, and that the former fully expected assistance from the Scots at Boroughbridge. Here we cannot linger; but there is one site more that we must visit before we have done with the Scots in Yorkshire. On the north side of Wensleydale, rising grey and massive against the russet moors that stretch away behind it toward the crest of the ridge, is Bolton Castle, 'the highest walled house he had seen,' as Sir Francis Knollys wrote to Cecil. It was 'made out of the ground,' according to Leland, by Richard Lord Scrope, Chancellor of England under Richard II., and father of the Archbishop of York, beheaded in 1405. The timber for building it was brought from the forest of Inglewood in Cumberland; and 'dyvers draughts of oxen' were 'layd by the way' in order to convey it from place to place. From the time of its erection until the Long Parliament, the

* Leland, 'Collectanea,' ii. 466.

† See Lord Houghton's 'Observations on the History of the Earl of Lancaster,' in the 'Journal of the Archæological Association.'

‡ 'Hen. IV.,' Pt. I. Act ii. Sc. 4.

Scropes lived at Bolton in the midst of their own followers, and in the greatest feudal state.

'All Richmondshire, its total strength,
The lusty Scrope did lead and guide.'*

They were constantly wardens of the West Marshes, and all will remember the 'keen Lord Scrope,' who figures in the ballad of 'Kinmont Willie.' Bolton however has an especial interest as having been the first stronghold to which Queen Mary of Scotland was conducted after her removal from Carlisle. She was here from July, 1568, until January, 1568-9; and it is a scene in the great hall of Bolton that Christopher Norton describes so picturesquely in his Confession, and that Mr. Froude has transferred to the pages of his history.† The queen was permitted to ride over all the neighbouring wild country, a privilege which a year or two later she would have turned to a better account, since there is a sweep of open moors extending from Bolton to the Scottish border, and Mary 'rode always so fast as to outstrip all who accompanied her.' There is a story that the 'Queen's Gap' on the Shawl at Leyburn—a spot from which the view is thoroughly characteristic of Yorkshire, combining a vast extent of rich low country with a rocky and mountainous foreground—was so named from the Queen having been stopped there whilst attempting to escape from Bolton. But it is most improbable that such an attempt was ever made. The rooms occupied by Mary in the Castle can be pointed out with some certainty; and her signature, 'Marie R.' long remained in one of the windows, till the pane was removed to Bolton Hall, and accidentally broken. It was here that, with Lady Scrope's assistance, the intrigue was commenced between Mary and the Duke of Norfolk which ended in bringing him to the scaffold. Architecturally, Bolton Castle is a very perfect example of a great baronial residence, combining the strength of a castle with the space and various arrangements necessary for a vast household and following. Wressel and Sheriff Hutton were castles nearly of the same date, and very similar; but besides the interest of its wild and solitary position, the comparatively perfect state of Bolton gives it an air of feudal grandeur such as the others can hardly boast at present.

Of the rising in 1405, under Archbishop Scrope and the Percys, which Shakspeare has endowed with such wonderful life, there are but few existing relics. It is one of the associations which cling to Pontefract, in the hall of which castle the 'gentle' Archbishop—

* 'Flodden Field.'

† 'Hist. of England,' vol. ix.

'Whose

‘Whose beard the silver hand of peace had touched,’

was brought before Henry IV. ; and the present dining-room at Bishopthorpe probably occupies the same position as the hall in which Archbishop Scrope and the Earl Marshall were condemned by a certain Knight named Fulthorpe, Chief Justice Gascoign having firmly refused to pronounce sentence on them.* The field between Bishopthorpe and York, in which the Archbishop was beheaded, is unmarked, and his plain tomb in the minster is a restoration, the original having been greatly injured by the fire of 1829. Scrope, like the Earl of Lancaster, became a popular martyr, and the officers of the cathedral were directed to pull down the screen round his tomb, and to pile wood and stone over it, so that access of the people might be prevented. Offerings, however, continued to be made until the Reformation.

That Yorkshire should have suffered much during the Wars of the Roses, was of course to be expected from the great possessions which the chiefs of both houses held in the county. The battle-fields of Wakefield and of Towton still bear witness to that troubled time; and here, too, as we visit them, we can hardly help taking our history from Shakspeare. Yet, although the spot where the Duke of York is said to have fallen at Wakefield, as well as that where the young Earl of Rutland was killed by the ‘butcher’ Clifford, is still pointed out, the age of these local traditions is very uncertain; and the details of both events, as they are given in the ‘Third part of Henry VI.,’ are more than doubtful. The body of York was probably found on the field; although, on its discovery, Queen Margaret’s order was duly executed—

‘Off with his head, and set it on York gates,
So York may overlook the town of York;’

And Rutland, when he fell, was at least seventeen or eighteen,

* This is the famous Chief Justice who committed the heir apparent to prison for an insult to himself. It is, there can be no doubt, untrue that Henry V., on his accession, re-appointed Sir William, as Shakspeare has taught us all to believe—

‘You did commit me,
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done ’gainst me.’

—(‘Hen. IV.,’ Pt. II. Act v. Sc. 2.)

Mr. Foss has proved that, instead of Gascoign, Sir William Hankford was appointed Chief Justice eight days after Henry V.’s accession. Judge Gascoign’s tomb, moreover, in Harewood church, near Leeds, recorded him (the inscription is lost) as having been Henry IV.’s Chief Justice, without any reference to Henry V.

capable

capable therefore of having taken a part in the struggle. There is little left of Sandal Castle, in which the Duke of York rested the night before the battle; and the hill on which it stands is only worth climbing for the sake of the wide view over the field. Human bones, spurs, broken swords, and other relics, are occasionally discovered there; but the true memorial of the battle is the chantry on the bridge over the Calder. Except that on the bridge at Rotherham, also in Yorkshire, this is the only example of the kind which remains in England. It was founded by Edward IV. for the repose of his father's soul, and for those followers of the White Rose who fell at Wakefield. In 1847 it was restored (a word which in this case does not imply destruction), and service is still occasionally performed in it.

The field of Towton, on which was fought the most fatal and destructive battle that England had known since Hastings, is more interesting than that of Wakefield. It is a tract of tolerably level ground, rising gently from the village of Saxton, and sloping west toward the little River Cock which winds round it. The hardest and closest struggle took place in what is still called the 'bloody meadow,' said to be remarkable for producing rich, rank grass. Here is growing a thicket of wild roses, white and red, which may indeed have been planted as a memorial of the battle, but is more probably the work of nature herself, impartial alike to York and Lancaster. Relics of the great fight are frequently turned up; among them a battle-axe, with a handle of black oak, long used by the wife of the miller who found it for 'breaking sugar,' but now in the ducal museum at Alnwick. Many of those who fell were buried in a large trench in Saxton churchyard; where is also the tomb of

‘The Lord of Dacres
Slain in the North Acres,’

according to the local rhyme. The tradition adds that he was shot by a boy out of a 'bour' (elder) tree. We shall be altogether misled if we take Shakspeare for our guide on this battle-field. The 'butcher,' Clifford, whom he brings on the scene, had been killed the day before in a skirmish at Dintingdale; and King Henry, instead of being present to philosophise on the difference between the life of a king and that of a 'homely swain,' was with his Queen at York, where they learnt the result of the battle, and fled at once towards Scotland.

We have seen more than one Archbishop acting as a great baron—Thurstan, on the occasion of the Battle of the Standard; William of Melton at Myton; and Archbishop Scrope. But that their occasional translation

‘Out

'Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war;'

was very far from implying a preference for the latter, or an indifference to the condition of their see, is evident from almost every life contained in Canon Raine's most interesting volume, and from none more decidedly than that of Thurstan. It is hardly too much to assert, as Mr. Raine has done, that after St. Bernard, Thurstan was, especially in the latter period of his episcopate (a long one, from 1119 to 1140), the most active supporter and reformer of monachism in Europe. He was himself the friend and correspondent of the great Abbot of Clairvaux, and it is to Thurstan's influence that Yorkshire was indebted for the introduction of the Cistercian order, and for the establishment of those great monasteries which, as Robert Aske asserted after the Pilgrimage of Grace, were the wonder and admiration of all strangers passing through the realm. It is Rievaulx, and Byland, and Fountains that we recall as the chief monastic remains of Yorkshire; and although the Austin Canons—witness Bolton, Bridlington, and Guisborough—flourished as vigorously in Yorkshire as in Kent, where, in Fuller's words, 'they took as kindly as hops to the soil,' it is probable that the Cistercians were on the whole the wealthier and more powerful order. The first Cistercian house established in Yorkshire was Rievaulx. Its founder was Walter l'Espece, the great English leader at the Battle of the Standard. He, it is said, had lost his only son by a fall from his horse, and then, determining to devote the greater part of his wealth to God, he founded three religious houses: Kirkham, on the Derwent, for Austin Canons; then Rievaulx; and afterwards Warden, also Cistercian, in Bedfordshire. Of Kirkham, where l'Espece's son is said to have been killed,—the spot where he was found was chosen as the site of the high altar,—but a fragment remains, though the quiet river valley is here of great beauty;† but Rievaulx, as well from the interest and importance of the ruins, as from their wild and beautiful position, may claim to occupy one of the highest places on the list of English shrines. It should be approached by the noble terrace formed by an ancestor of the present Lord Faversham, about 1754. The scene in front and below is capable of giving a 'sensation' to the most jaded traveller. Guarded by heather-clad hills, and with more rugged crests looking over from a distance, the great roofless church rises on a green haugh, round which winds the stream of the Rye. The place may well have

* Hen. IV., Pt. II., Act. 4, Sc. 1.

† At present. But ironstone is about to be worked here.

been one '*vastæ solitudinis et horroris*'* when l'Espece founded the Abbey; but in its present state it is, as Miss Wordsworth described it in her journal, such a '*solemn quiet spot*' as one would gladly linger about through a long summer's day. The Cistercians, who were settled here by Thurstan's advice, were apparently sent from Clairvaux by St. Bernard himself. The first two Abbots were, at any rate, his personal friends. The third, Ailred, sent from Rievaulx the colony which founded Melrose, the first house of Cistercians in Scotland. L'Espece himself became a monk here, and was buried in the church.

In 1132, the year after the foundation of Rievaulx, certain Benedictines of St. Mary's at York, dissatisfied with the irregular discipline of that house, took refuge first in Archbishop Thurstan's palace, and afterwards in a place of retreat which he assigned them in the valley of the Skell near Ripon. There, having adopted the new Cistercian rule, they dwelt for some time under a group of spreading yew-trees, some of which still remain; and there they founded the famous Abbey, afterwards so widely known as '*Fountains*,' no doubt from the many springs which (six within the actual site) burst forth in the narrow valley. The rise of Fountains was watched in an especial manner by St. Bernard; and it is in a letter to its third Abbot, Henry Murdac, that the well-known passage occurs in which St. Bernard, anticipating Wordsworth, compares the teaching of the woods with that of books; '*Experto crede; aliquid amplius invenies in silvis quam in libris. Ligna et lapides docebunt te quod a magistris audire non possis.*' The vast landed property of Fountains, extending from the foot of Penygent to Ripon—an uninterrupted space of more than thirty miles—made it one of the wealthiest and most powerful houses in the north. The situation is only less striking than that of Rievaulx, if it is not quite equal to it; but the remains of the church and some other portions are so perfect, and the ground plan of the whole has been so minutely examined and made out, chiefly under the care of Mr. Walbran, that we doubt whether any Cistercian house in Europe—certainly the remains of no other in England—affords better means for studying the arrangements of a great monastery. The whole scene is indeed wonderfully impressive, and we hardly wonder that the eminent French historian of Western monachism should, on entering the great cloister, have flung himself on his knees in an ecstasy of admiration.

Before the first half of the twelfth century was over, six other Cistercian houses were established in Yorkshire. Kirkstall,

* William of Newburgh, i. 14.

Byland, and Jervaulx still show considerable remains. There is less to be seen at Sawley and Roche; and of Meaux little but the site can be traced. But the beautiful situation of each one, strictly in accordance with the monastic verse—

‘Bernardus valles, juga Benedictus amabat,’

not less than the deep interest attaching to the early history of these monasteries—and the ruins themselves, speaking so strongly of the ancient life which they once protected—all combine to render a pilgrimage to every Cistercian remain in the county full of charm and instruction. Nor is it from Cistercian ruins alone that we may learn in Yorkshire. The famous house of Bolton was an Augustinian Priory; and if we cannot yield an unhesitating assent to the traditional story of its foundation, it hardly requires the touch of romance which might be gained from the fate of the ‘boy of Egremont’ to make the ruins, in their delicious valley, one of the most attractive scenes in England. Whitaker compares the situation, with some justice, to that of Tintern; but even Tintern has less of the seclusion and repose which are the great characteristics of Bolton. Its extreme seclusion, however, did not prevent frequent spoliation of the house and of its ‘land and gear’ by the Scots, during the troubled years between 1316 and 1321. More than once the canons were obliged to disperse, taking refuge, on one occasion, within the walls of Skipton Castle. The Augustinians here were famous for their intimacy with the ‘green dragon and the tree of Hermes;’ and they assisted, in his alchemical and astronomical studies, the ‘Shepherd Lord’ Clifford during his residence at Barden Tower. Red deer, descendants of the old stock maintained here by the Priors, still wander among the venerable oaks of the park, which stretches upward toward the crest of Simon seat; and the famous ‘strid,’ where the boy is said to have been drowned (not so named from its being possible to ‘stride’ across it, but from the A. S. *stryth*, tumult), roars between its ledges of rock as in the days when, if we choose to accept the old story, the Lady of Romilly founded the house.

‘Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words, “Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharfe,
A stately Priory.”’

At Bolton and in its neighbourhood it is impossible to forget Turner. Some of his most characteristic drawings, in the noble collection of Mr. Fawkes at Farnley Hall, itself one of the beauties of the Wharfe, represent this part of Wharfedale, and the Bolton woods.

Another

Another of the Yorkshire monasteries is far too remarkable to be passed over in silence. This is the Priory of Mount Grace; a Carthusian house standing in a green and sunny, but very solitary position, under a wooded slope of the Hambledons. There were but nine Carthusian Priors in England, seven of which were founded between 1344 and 1414. Mount Grace is the only one of which any remains of importance exist, and here alone in England the arrangements of a great 'Chartreuse'—so different from those of any other monastery—may be studied. The house was founded in 1397 by Thomas Holland, nephew of Richard II., and the remains of the founder were brought here for interment after his decapitation at Cirencester in 1400. The narrow, aisleless church, indicating that the Carthusians abjured all show and processions, and the separate cells surrounding the inner court, each with its square 'hatch' for the reception of food—are peculiarities which should be compared with what Mr. Street tells us of the Chartreuse at Miraflores near Burgos, still perfect as when completed in 1480. The buildings of the Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiny, the head of the order, are comparatively modern.

Thus rich in monasteries, it is not surprising that Yorkshire should have contributed not a few names to the list of ancient chroniclers and historians. Howden, famous for the largest horse fair in England, is also famous for a noble church, once collegiate, which probably reckoned among its canons Roger of Howden (better known as Hoveden), whose history terminates in the third year of King John. William of Newburgh, a contemporary with Hoveden, and one of the most valuable and independent historians of that age, was a canon of the Austin Priory of Newburgh, which after the dissolution became the residence of the Lords Fauconberg, now represented by Sir George Wombwell. John Brompton was Abbot of Jervaulx; Hemingford was a canon of Guisborough; and the historian of the battle of the Standard is Ailred Abbot of Rievaulx. The Cistercians did not profess to cultivate learning, though they certainly did not altogether neglect it. They were the model farmers of their day, and were probably the earliest horse-breeders in Yorkshire. Jervaulx was famous for a breed of white horses,—'Surely the tried breed in the north,' wrote Henry VIII.'s Commissioner, 'I think in no realm should be found the like to them,' and white horses (far enough of course from the old standard) are still common throughout Wensleydale, at the opening of which Jervaulx is situated. The cheese of Jervaulx—no doubt the prototype of that still famous in the dales—had also a great reputation.

Although the various religious orders must have greatly influenced

fluenced the architecture of the county, not only by their own stately and extensive buildings, but by the many churches erected and cared for by them, the chief stimulus in this direction came from the Minster. The great works in progress there century after century, and ending in the magnificent Perpendicular of Thoresby and his successors, early became as famous and as great objects of pride throughout the county as they still remain. The Minster is indeed a bond of union between the many sects and parties scattered over the three Ridings, and whatever touches it, touches the heart of Yorkshire. But this great church has so recently been noticed in this Journal* in connexion with other English cathedrals that we need not dwell on it here. Memorials of almost every period of Yorkshire history may be found within its walls, and in the records of the great events wherein it has played its part; for there has been no royal visit to York, no meeting of kings or assembly of Parliament, to which the vast Minster has not formed an appropriate background. It was, as we fully believe, from the noble buildings in progress here during the fourteenth century, that the great impetus was given to Perpendicular architecture which led to the erection, in southern England, of such works as the naves of Winchester and Canterbury. In Yorkshire itself it is interesting to trace the influence of the Minster from an earlier period. The squared eastern termination and great width of the choir were characteristics of Archbishop Roger's late Norman work, removed by Thoresby. They are noticeable in many parish churches scattered throughout the county; and the same features, with aisles terminating parallel with the retrochoir, become still more conspicuous in such large churches as were built after the completion of the Minster choir and presbytery. The Archbishops themselves were no niggardly church builders. William of Melton probably assisted to raise the exquisite Decorated church of Patrington, the 'Queen' of Holderness, as it is called in the district, just as Hedon is the 'King;' and Archbishop Rotherham certainly built the greater part of the existing church in the town, from which he was named—'one,' says Rickman, 'of so great beauty that it gives interest even to the murky atmosphere of the town, with the tall black cones of the Masborough forges for a foreground.' These churches, and many others that we could name, all more or less reflect the Minster. Such, for instance, is the case with the church of the Holy Trinity at Hull, —a building remarkable for the use of brick in its Decorated choir,—an almost unique example of the employment of that

* 'Quart. Rev.,' vol. cxviii.

material so early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. Beverley Minster, and the Church of St. Mary, in the same town; Bridlington, where the superb nave of the Augustinians (the choir has perished) still serves as the parish church; and to all appearance Guisborough, of which only the ruins remain, were and are churches of the same general design. Ripon too, where the Archbishops were as much at home as at York, and where the Transition work of Archbishop Roger, and the Early English of the west front are of especial interest, belongs to this class. Some of the Cistercian churches show, as might be expected, a different influence. There can be no doubt that the plans, and probably the design for the churches of the first Cistercian houses in Yorkshire, were brought from Clairvaux or Cîteaux. Fountains especially had a double open arcade, forming a sort of Galilee porch before its west front, which was not only unlike anything in Yorkshire, but anything with which it can fairly be compared in England.

Church 'restorers' have been hard at work in Yorkshire. It is not an agreeable task to censure what in most cases has been the result of very great zeal and liberality; but it is, we fear, the truth that few parts of England have suffered more severely from total and unnecessary destruction of those ancient evidences which, in effect, represent the history of a building. Setting aside such an extreme case as that of the chancel of Spofforth, we could name many churches where Norman arches have been made to give place to Decorated or Perpendicular—merely because one of these latter was the prevailing style,—or where the plain old roof of a village church has been removed, in order that the architect might display his skill in designing one far more fitted for a Minster. Happily, Mr. Gilbert Scott is gathering into his hands such of the more important churches as are thought to need restoration. He, at all events, is no destructive; although we cannot always (certainly not in the case of the very early Decorated tracery removed by him from the Early English windows in the west front of Ripon) subscribe to even his renovations. In the face of so much that is disheartening to every true archæologist, we rejoice in being able to mention one Yorkshire church, the restoration of which appears to us almost a model of true 'preservation.' This is Catterick, a plain Perpendicular building, but of unusual interest, from the fact that the contract for building it (in 1412), made between 'Richard of Cracall, mason, and Dame Catherine of Burgh,' is still in existence, and was edited, to the gratification of all architectural students, by the late Dr. Raine. Here there has been no removal of old work; and we are allowed still to admire the labours

of

of Richard of Cracall, rather than those of any modern intruder. Of the new churches erected in Yorkshire of late years it would be a still more pleasant task to speak. All Souls on Haley Hill at Halifax, the noble gift of Mr. Acroyd, 'Deo et Ecclesiæ,' and the church of St. George at Doncaster, are structures on which Mr. Scott may well be content to rest his reputation. Mr. Butterfield's church at Baldersby is not less admirable than All Souls, either in its architecture or as a proof that the open-handed munificence of former ages has not yet perished out of the land.

It does not appear that the Reformation brought with it nearly so much destruction of church architecture and ornaments in Yorkshire as in some other parts of the kingdom. Many, perhaps most, of the great old families remained more or less openly adherents of the 'old religion.' This it was that made the two great insurrections—the 'Pilgrimage of Grace' in 1536, and the so-called 'Rising of the North' in 1569, so really formidable. For the best and most minute history of both we must refer our readers to Mr. Froude's volumes, here of very great value. Few traces of either 'rising' survive, though we look with some interest on the shield and rebus (the ask or newt) of Aske remaining on the tower of Aughton Church, on the Derwent, close to the ancestral home of the great leader of the 'Pilgrimage;' and to those who can remember anything at Doncaster but the 'St. Leger,' the bridge across the river will recall the famous meeting between Aske and the Duke of Norfolk, after which the insurgents were disbanded. Much of the existing house of Norton Conyers was probably built by Richard Norton, the hero of Wordsworth's 'White Doe,' and the 'Patriarch' who, with his eight sons, was a foremost figure in the 'Rising of the North.' His portrait, and those of more than one of his sons, remain at Grantley Hall (the Nortons are represented by Lord Grantley); and on the top of Rylstone Fell are still the remains of the square hunting tower which figures in Wordsworth's poem. The tradition accepted by Wordsworth, and recorded in the old ballad of the 'Rising'—Percy's favourite among all the ballads—of the execution of Norton and all his sons, is curiously untrue. Only one of the sons was executed. The others, with their father, escaped into the Low Countries.

Events and memorials crowd upon us as we enter on the period of the Civil War. The long presence of Charles himself at York, the great councils held there, and the important State papers issued from the press which was set up in St. William's College, close to the Minster, give an especial prominence at this

this time to the city; and it may almost be said that the war began and ended within the limits of the county. The first open act of hostility was the refusal of Sir John Hotham to admit the King within the walls of Hull (April 23, 1642); and the last strong place in England which held out for Charles was Pontefract Castle, where, after the King's death on the scaffold, his successor was duly proclaimed by the garrison, which did not capitulate until six months later. The field of Marston, only less fatal than that of Towton, is, like most battle-fields, flat and unpicturesque enough; but it can hardly be visited without interest. There is still the ground on which the Marquis of Newcastle arrived 'in his coach and six' about seven in the evening, just as (July 2, 1644) the battle began. A gap in the hedge, which Cromwell is said to have made by riding through it, still remains, and according to local tradition can never be filled up; and the 'Moor Lane' may still be traced through which Fairfax's foot, as they passed, were picked off by the Royalist musketeers. Cromwell is the hero of Marston. The Fairfaxes have their memorials in many different parts of Yorkshire. Nun Appleton Hall reminds us of the first lord who built it, and still more of the third Lord Fairfax, the famous Sir Thomas of the civil wars, and the 'Black Tom Fairfax' of Yorkshire tradition. His tomb remains in the neighbouring church of Bilborough; that of his father disfigures the fine Perpendicular church of Bolton Percy. Dobson's portrait of Sir Thomas may be seen at Gilling Castle, another, and a very beautiful seat of the Fairfaxes, who have been settled there since the reign of Henry VIII.; and the sword of the great general is preserved among Mr. Fawkes's treasures at Farnley. Denton, in Wharfedale, although the house is modern, 'boasts itself,' as Drayton might record it, as having been the birthplace of the two parliamentary generals, and of Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso. On the other side, besides relics of Sir Henry Slingsby at Red House, on the Ouse, including the mutilated effigy of a horse that won the plate on Acombe Moor in 1633, when Charles himself was present, and his tomb at Knaresborough—besides fragments of Sir Christopher Wandesford's hall at Kirklington, and the tombs and 'love-locked' portraits of many a true-hearted cavalier, there is one great memory that overshadows all the rest. To stand before Vandyck's marvellous portrait of Lord Strafford and his secretary, in the library at Wentworth Woodhouse, is literally to be carried back for the time into the heart of the seventeenth century. There, hardly less impressive than in life, are 'those commanding qualities of soul'—we are quoting the words of Hallam

Hallam—'which, impressed upon his dark and stern countenance, struck his contemporaries with mingled awe and hate.'* There are other true 'presentations' of Strafford from the hand of Vandyck, but none so remarkable as this. The old house at Wentworth, in which Lord Strafford greatly delighted, has indeed been pulled down; but the whole place speaks of him; and in the adjoining church is his monument, 'a little mural cabinet' with a small kneeling figure. It was only twelve months before his death that Wentworth became Earl of Strafford, taking his title from the Wapentake, which in its turn is named from the 'street-ford,' the 'ford' of the Roman 'street,' that crosses the Don, near Coningsborough.

After the Restoration, Yorkshire ceases for a time to occupy so conspicuous a place in the history of the country. In the century between 1650 and 1750 no great public event was connected with her,—unless we except the rising of the '45, when Archbishop Herring made such vigorous efforts to procure men and money on behalf of the government, as to put a strong check on the many Jacobites throughout the county, and, in effect, to divert the march of Charles Edward's army. But throughout this period a steady, though as compared with later years a slow, progress was making in the development of those natural resources and manufactures which form one of the chief glories of modern Yorkshire, and with which her name is now connected throughout the civilized world. The results of this development,—the rise and vast increase of the manufacturing towns, the blackened streams and watercourses, with the tall chimneys that everywhere rise beside them, the swarming population, and the network of railways that extends itself in all directions,—mark the great distinction between old Yorkshire and new. But the history of the county is not less represented in the enormous smoke-shrouded hives of Leeds, Bradford, and Sheffield than in her Norman castles or her battle fields; and the most rapid sketch of that history would be imperfect without something beyond a mere reference to them. Yorkshire past and present are indeed sharply contrasted; yet the manner in which they are mingled is one of the most striking characteristics of the county. 'In no other part of England,' writes Mrs. Gaskell, 'are the centuries brought into such close, strange contact'—witness the position of Cistercian Kirkstall, within hearing of the hammers, and blackened by the smoke of Leeds; witness, indeed, the entire valleys of the Aire and the Calder, throughout which many a manor house and grey village church,

* 'Constit. Hist.,' chap. viii.

rich in memorials of ancient days, rises with a strange and almost pathetic contrast in the midst of enormous factories and long streets of gloomy cottages. Modern Yorkshire, in her rapid progress, has by no means destroyed all traces of the past, though she has so greatly overshadowed them; and, on the other hand, all those great works and manufactures which have raised the county to her present position have their roots far back in the middle ages. Middlesborough and Saltaire are legitimate developments from the iron forges and cloth-works with which the Yorkshire Cistercians greatly busied themselves, if, indeed, they were not the first to introduce the latter.

The eminence of Yorkshire as one of the great centres of the world's manufactures, is due to three distinct causes: first, to what Fuller calls the 'natural commodities' of the district,—the abundance of iron and coal, which may be worked with comparative ease; next, to the peculiar formation of much of the country, its mountain character affording 'water privileges' on a very wide scale; and last, but not least, to the character of the inhabitants—'sleath-hounds in pursuit of money,' industrious, active, and intelligent, even beyond the average of Englishmen. The peculiar advantages of the West Riding in these respects were noticed by De Foe during his residence in Halifax in the early part of the last century, long before the present system of steam and factories had developed their real importance. Mr. James, whose excellent 'History of the Worsted Manufacture' was published in 1857, asserts that

'The south-west portion of Yorkshire possesses beyond all rivalry more natural advantages as a manufacturing district than any other in the kingdom, having in abundance, and of the best quality, those three grand requisites—water, coal, and ironstone. Intersected by small valleys, it abounds in rills, brooks, and rivers, excellently adapted either for the working of mills by water-power, or for the use of the "great iron servant of nations," the steam-engine. . . . Add to these essentials, that the rivers could easily be made navigable, and canals formed for the transit of goods—that the district is central, and what is of paramount importance, that the people are industrious and persevering, of indomitable energy of character, delighting in business, neither shunning labour nor fearing difficulties in the prosecution of their enterprises, and one may comprehend how the manufacture—[Mr. James is speaking especially of the worsted trade, but his description is applicable to all the manufactures of the West Riding]—has obtained in such a spot, among such a people, a mighty growth, and become one of the wonders of this progressive age.'

Of the 'natural commodities' on which this 'persevering' people had to bring their energies to bear, by far the most important

important are iron and coal. Jet and alum, found in the lias formations on the north-eastern coast, are also specialties of Yorkshire. The jet of Whitby is well known all over England, and was wrought, as the contents of the 'houes' show us, many ages, perhaps thousands of years, before the Roman invasion. The alum-works, to be seen at Sandsend and elsewhere, are curious and interesting; and the story of Sir Thomas Chaloner, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, was the first to discover alum in England, and to work it, has—thanks to his excommunication by the Pope for his smuggling of Italians from Papal alum-works—a dash of not unpleasant romance. But these are comparatively trifling matters, and their production is entirely confined to the north-east corner of the county. The great Yorkshire coal-field, which contains many courses of ironstone, extends from the neighbourhood of Bradford and Leeds southward on one side into Derbyshire, by Huddersfield, Peniston, and Sheffield; and on the other, into the same county by Pontefract, and along a line drawn a little west of Doncaster. This great district is, however, only a portion of a much larger coal-field, covering an area of about 760 square miles, and comprising parts of the shires of Nottingham and Derby. The entire field supports 541 collieries, and produces annually 12,562,882 tons of coal. The Yorkshire, which is much the largest and richest, portion of the field, contains about 347 collieries, producing annually 8,875,440 tons.

The treasures of this great coal-field have been the strong, sure foundation on which Yorkshire has raised the towering fabric of her present prosperity. Since the great collieries have been largely worked—and this has only been from about the middle of the last century—the wealth which the exportation of coal has brought into the country has been enormous. But this has been the least of many advantages. The courses of ironstone which abound in the coal-field—'black-band' and 'clay-band' ironstones, as they are called, occurring in thin layers, associated with coal seams, shales, clays, and sandstones—could only have been worked to their present great extent, and with the vast results which have resulted from the working of them during the present century, by the help of the coal itself, in the midst of which they are found. Before the invention of railways, it was of great consequence that the means of smelting iron, if the works were to be of real importance, should be close at hand. The Sussex iron forges consumed much of the old forests—'the daughters of the weald,' as they are called by Drayton. In South Yorkshire iron and coal occur together; and the new iron-field, that of the Middlesborough and Cleveland

district, has only been discovered for all practical purposes since railways and steam-engines have done their best to annihilate space and time. Accordingly, it is found that the ironstones of the coal measures have been worked from a very early period. The Romans certainly discovered their value and smelted them; and long afterwards, the monks of Kirkstall and of Rievaulx had their forges, which, as is proved by existing remains, were seldom allowed to be idle. Sheffield was, however, the centre of the old Yorkshire iron trade. Hallamshire abounds in coal and iron; and the five streams which meet at Sheffield, the Don and the Sheaf, the Porter, the Loxley, and the Rivelin, were turned to good account long before their banks were crowded, as they now are, with wheels, tilt-hammers, and grinding-mills. It is possible that iron was worked here in very primitive days; but it is certain that the rude knives, 'whittles,' or 'thwytyls,' made at Sheffield, the prototype of the American bowie-knife, were famous all over England in Chaucer's time.

'A Sheffield thwytyl bare he in his hose,'

we are told of the Forester in the 'Man of Law's Tale;' and they maintained their reputation until the days of Elizabeth, when the Earl of Shrewsbury (1575) presented a case of 'Hallamshire whittles' to Lord Burleigh. At this time, certain of the Dutch refugees,—

'They whom the rod of Alva bruised'—

skilled in working iron and steel, took refuge in Sheffield, and, as they did in other parts of England, much improved the local manufacture. But it was not until the last century that Sheffield began to make any very marked progress in skill of workmanship and in enterprise; and it is since the year 1800 that the town has risen to its present world-wide importance, an importance which, it would almost seem, is trembling in the balance from the suicidal resolutions of its own workmen. The population of Sheffield in 1801 was 44,755. In 1861 it was 185,157. It is steadily increasing; but neither numbers, enterprise, and skill of masters, nor great advantages of site, will weigh in the long run against the mischief of strikes, and the terrorism of trades' unions.

Sheffield, like Leeds and Halifax, belongs to a class of Yorkshire towns, which, although they have only attained their present smoke-shrouded dignity within the existing century, are nevertheless of considerable antiquity as manufacturing centres. We shall have more to say of them presently. Meanwhile we must not leave the more ancient iron-field of the county without a glance at

at such works as those at Bowling and Low Moor; the first in the immediate neighbourhood, the second within a ten minutes' railway journey of Bradford. Both are of great importance; but the Low Moor Ironworks are scarcely exceeded in extent by any in England. They were established in 1796; and it has been computed that the accumulation of cinders and calcined shale, which overspreads the face of the country for some distance round the works themselves, very nearly rivals in cubic bulk the mass of the Pyramids. All the wonders of a great iron factory—the great smelting furnaces, the refineries, the beating and rolling of the red-hot metal, the enormous Nasmyth's hammers, and the shears for cutting plates and bars, 'opening and shutting like the jaws of a huge animal'—may here be seen in perfection. The refineries especially, in which the cold-blast is in full operation, produce an impression on the visitor which is not likely to be soon forgotten. The air-blast is driven by two powerful steam-engines through the main furnaces with an effect which may well be called awful. 'I have listened,' says Sir George Head, 'to a storm on the Atlantic, I have stood on the Table Rock at Niagara; yet never did I hear a sound in Nature equal to this—so terrific, or of so stunning a din.' Iron plates, bars, and railway-tires, sent all over the world, are the principal manufactures here; but guns are also made, and, indeed, all the larger pieces of machinery. Low Moor is probably the best establishment which a stranger could visit who desired to acquaint himself with the nature and resources of the West Riding iron-field. It need hardly be said that it is by no means the only one. Iron and steel works, of great extent and of the most varied character, have been established of late years in different parts of the district, chiefly in and around Leeds. It is said, indeed, that although Leeds was the ancient capital of the woollen district, and still maintains its position, its manufactories of iron and of flax now quite equal its cloth factories in numbers and importance.

No one can fail to be struck with the extent and importance of the South Yorkshire Ironworks, and with the enormous development which they, in common with all other manufactories, have received in the course of the present century. But in actual interest, and in vastness of future prospect, they are far exceeded by the works in progress in what is called the 'New Yorkshire Iron-field;' the discovery of which in the year 1850 must probably be regarded as the most enormous addition of recent times to the resources of this country. This new iron district, extending over a great part of the Cleveland Hills, forms only a portion, though by far the most important portion, of the so-called 'New Iron-fields

Iron-fields of England,' which occupy a broad belt of country from Lyme Regis on the English Channel to Saltburn on the German Ocean. This belt is composed of the upper members of the lias, and the lower members of the oolite series, the ironstones occurring in these formations in two distinct positions. There is no doubt that, like the ironstones of the coal measures, these of Cleveland had been known and occasionally worked in very ancient times; and attempts had been more than once made during the present century to bring them again into notice. But nothing was done until in 1850 Mr. Vaughan himself made the discovery of a vast seam of ironstone lying in the north-west side of Eston Moor, an oolitic hill overlooking the estuary of the Tees. He convinced himself of its excellence, made arrangements for working it, and established his head-quarters at Middlesborough, where a small town and port had risen into existence since 1829, under the influence of the proprietors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. In 1829 the only house on the site of Middlesborough was a small farm, which retained some portions of a cell attached to Whitby Abbey, founded by Robert de Brus in the twelfth century. Since the works of Messrs. Bolckow and Vaughan were established here in 1850, Middlesborough has become an enormous town, with a population (in 1861) of 24,000, still increasing at the rate of 1000 a year; more rapidly no doubt than that of any other place in the world. Many iron-works have sprung up besides those of Messrs. Vaughan. Branch railways bring the stone here for smelting from all the neighbouring quarries; and the dense cloud of smoke that hangs over the place serves as a landmark not only from the high ground of Yorkshire, but from the hills of the 'Bishopric,' and even from some parts of Westmorland. But Middlesborough, the 'youngest child of England's enterprise,' as it has been called by Mr. Gladstone, is certainly neither the pleasantest nor the most comely. Scarcely a blade of grass, and not a single tree, relieve the dreariness of its streets of small houses, darkened by perpetual smoke, which, as the wind sways it, affords at rare intervals glimpses of distant hills or of the Tees, serving only to make the prison of the town more gloomy. The various processes of working iron are of course to be seen here in perfection; but, as in all such places, the imagination must do more than the eye for the visitor to Middlesborough. The iron of the whole Cleveland district—which contained in 1865, 105 furnaces in blast, smelting very nearly one million tons of pig-iron annually—is nearly all exported from Middlesborough. After Mr. Vaughan's discovery it was soon found that many other parts of the hills were rich in metal. Mines and furnaces were established in Rhosdale,

Rhosdale, at Grosmont near Whitby, and elsewhere; and not a year passes without the opening of new veins, and the rising of new smoke-clouds amid the lovely dales of North-Western Yorkshire. The iron, which eventually finds its way to Middlesborough, is sent thence to every part of the world. Its quality is, says Mr. Hull,

'confessedly inferior to that derived from the coal measures, still more to that from the hæmatites of Ulverstone and Furness; but for ordinary purposes, and for mixing with the finer classes, it is of great value. It is, moreover, supplying the enormous demand of the present generation; and, looking to the future, there can be no question that the Middlesborough district is destined to have no rival in any part of the world.*

Middlesborough is, beyond all doubt, one of the most remarkable new 'growths' in England; but returning to the West Riding we encounter a condition of things—a steady increase of population, and a not less steadily advancing change of villages into great towns—which is even more noteworthy. For here it is not the 'natural commodity' of the district which is the main cause of its importance, though of course its natural advantages have largely helped. It is the enormous development during the last sixty years of manufactures, some of which had been planted in the country for many centuries, that has brought about the singular spectacle to be witnessed by the traveller through the valleys of the Aire and the Calder, and over the network of railways that unite them. It may almost be said that the whole country forms one continuous village, where, indeed, the groups of tall chimneys are denser at intervals, but where they are always so near together as to leave little play or space for the free air and open fields of the true country. Throughout this district towns may be seen in every stage of growth. The 'germ' is in most instances a factory, with its dependencies, built at the angle where a tributary stream enters the main river. Sometimes these occur singly. Sometimes a group of factories is found in such a position. There may be seen instances in which houses have spread up and down the principal valley, joining two or more groups of factories; and then again, as at Sowerby Bridge, placed at the junction of the Vale of Ripponden with that of the Calder, the town shows itself as fully formed, with new church and town-hall rising in the midst of wharfs, mills, and houses. Towns such as these are entirely new creations.

* 'The New Iron Fields of England,' by Mr. Edward Hull, F.G.S., in the 'Quarterly Journal of Science,' for July, 1866.

Of the older towns there are two very distinct classes. Those which like Leeds and Sheffield have been centres of commerce from the time when the manufactures which still specially belong to them were first introduced; and those which like Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Barnsley, and many others, have, since the beginning of the century, left their former 'low estate,' to rise into the vast and busy hives of population which they at present are. Of the manufactures represented in them it would be impossible here to give the very briefest list. But as Lancashire is the centre of the cotton trade, so Yorkshire is in England the centre of that in woollens and worsteds. These are the manufactures which, in fact, created the importance of the West Riding, and which are still the main sources of its wealth.

Woollen fabrics were manufactured in this island long before the Roman period. But the first great 'clothiers' in England were certain Flemings, settled by the Conqueror and by Henry I. in different parts of the country, and chiefly in Pembrokeshire. Their trade was largely increased by Edward III., and soon spread extensively throughout the southern and western counties. Thence it was carried northward; and in the reign of Henry VII. it had become of some importance in Yorkshire, especially at Wakefield, Leeds, and Halifax. As yet, however, only the coarser kinds of cloth were made in the North; and it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that any great stimulus was given to the manufacture, or that that of worsted was introduced at all. (Cloth or woollens, it may here be said, are made from short wool; worsteds—the name is no doubt derived from the town of Worsted in Norfolk, like 'cambric' from Cambrai—from long wool.) Halifax seems to have been one of the earliest centres of the cloth trade, and its famous gibbet was first erected in 1541, for the especial punishment of such offenders as stole the cloth hung to dry on 'tenters,' and often left unprotected by night as well as by day. The last execution took place here in 1650, after which year criminals were left to the ordinary course of justice. Cloth was still extensively made in the district; but when De Foe wrote his 'Tour in Great Britain,' about the year 1714, Leeds and its neighbourhood had become far more important. He describes all this country as 'a noble scene of industry and application, which, joined to the market at Leeds, where it chiefly centres, is such a surprising thing, that they who have pretended to give an account of Yorkshire, and have left this out, are inexcusable, many travellers and gentlemen having come over from Hamburgh, nay, even from Leipstick in Saxony, on purpose to see it.' That the trade had not diminished

about

about Halifax, however, is clear, from a description in another part of De Foe's tour; and it must be remembered that De Foe's residence at Halifax gives especial authority to his words:—

'The nearer we came to Halifax,' he says, 'we found the houses thicker, and the villages greater in every bottom, and not only so, but the sides of the hills, which were very steep every way, were spread with houses. In short, we found the country one continued village, hardly a house standing out of speaking distance from another; and we could see at every house a tenter, and on almost every tenter a piece of cloth, or kersie, or shalloon, which are the three articles of this country's labour. These, by their whiteness reflecting the bright rays of the sun that played upon them, formed, I thought, the most agreeable sight I ever saw. . . . Though we met few people without doors, yet within we saw the houses full of lusty fellows, some at the dye-fat, some at the loom, others dressing the cloths; the women and children carding or spinning; all employed from the youngest to the oldest; scarce anything above four years old but its hands were sufficient for its own support.'

The mention of 'shalloon' proves that the worsted manufacture, now the great staple of all this district, had been introduced before De Foe wrote. Halifax was at first the great worsted 'mart' of Yorkshire; and in 1779 was erected its large 'Piece Hall,' a quadrangle enclosing 315 shops for merchants and clothiers, who met here every Saturday to display and sell their goods. But on the rise of the Factory system and the introduction of machinery (both dating from the end of the century), Halifax failed to perceive the vast importance of the impending change. Bradford, on the other hand, adopted both freely, and rose so rapidly in consequence that it speedily became, and has ever since remained, the 'capital' of the worsted district.

Before the rise of factories, and before the first spinning machines, used originally for spinning cotton, were applied to spinning wool, the manner in which the manufacture was carried on was not a little primitive and laborious. The wool was spun in different parts of the country, especially in Craven, and in the dales between Skipton and Richmond.

'The West Riding worsted manufacturer,' says Mr. James, 'had not only to visit the villages in the immediate neighbourhood of Halifax, Bradford, &c., but used periodically to traverse the romantic hills and dales of Craven. Here at each village he had his agents, who received the wool, distributed it among the peasantry, and received it back as yarn. The machine employed was still the old one-thread wheel, and in summer weather, on many a village-green or hill-side, might be seen the housewives plying their busy trade, and furnishing to the poet the vision of "Contentment spinning at his cottage door."

Returning

Returning in safety with his yarn, the manufacturer had now to seek out his weavers, who ultimately delivered to him his camblets, or russels, or serges, or tammies, or calimancoes (such were then the names of the leading fabrics), ready for sale to the merchant, or delivery to the dyer.*

The finished fabrics were brought by the merchants to the open street markets or to the 'Piece Halls,' built at Leeds and elsewhere toward the end of the last century. The cloth market at Leeds was first held on the bridge which crosses the Aire—the various 'pieces' being hung over the parapet. 'The refreshment,' says De Foe, 'given the clothiers by the innkeepers, being a pot of ale, a noggin of porrage, and a trencher of broiled or roast beef, for two-pence, is called the *brigg-shot* to this day.' Little cloth is now exposed in any of the Piece Halls; and the development of the factory system has of course entirely changed the methods of production. The first factory in which the different processes of the woollen manufacture were brought together in one building is thus described in Dyer's poem of 'The Fleece,' published in 1757:—

'Behold in Calder's vale, where wide around
Unnumbered villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air
Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
Upraised, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder and with silent joy
The sprightly scene; where many of busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick
And ever-murmuring sound, the unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise'

It would be curious enough, had we the power to do so, to compare this 'spacious dome' (which seems to have been built in 'Great Eliza's' days for a parish workhouse), with all its contents and processes, with such a manufacturing palace as that of Saltaire. The contrast, and the extent of development, would appear quite as great as between the Bradford of 1801, with its population of 13,264, and the Bradford of 1861, with a population of 106,218. Perhaps no town in England—always excepting Middlesborough—has increased more rapidly since the beginning of the century. It is entirely indebted for its rise, and for its long streets of stately warehouses, to its early adoption of factories, steam-engines, and machinery. In 1800 there were only three factories at Bradford. There are now at least 200; and in the

* 'History of the Worsted Manufacture.'

immediate neighbourhood of the town is that great establishment of Saltaire, which must be looked upon as the very type and concentration of all that modern resource and ingenuity has been able to contribute toward the perfection of machinery and the best arrangement of building.

Saltaire—manufactory, town, and church—has arisen entirely from the energy and wealth of its creator, Titus Salt, Esq., and the whole place bears as strongly as possible the stamp of one strong will. The factory, a mass of plain but good Italian building, covers 12 acres, is six stories or 72 feet high, 550 feet long, and 50 wide; and is throughout fireproof. Wool of all sorts is manufactured here; but the great feature of Saltaire is the manufacture of alpaca fabrics. The alpaca (the wool of which had been spun and woven into stuffs of great beauty by the ancient Peruvians, among whom Pizarro, in 1525, found the animal, called by them 'Pacos,' domesticated) was first brought to England in 1809. Some attempts were made to acclimatise it, but in vain; and the wool had been spun and woven with unsatisfactory result before Mr. Salt, about the year 1836, managed to overcome all difficulties, and 'by combining it with cotton warps, which had then been imported into the trade of Bradford, so improved the manufacture as to make it one of the staple industries of the kingdom.'* It was with the especial object of manufacturing alpaca wool that Saltaire was founded. On the first opening of the factory an entertainment was given in it to more than 4000 persons—a tolerable proof of its capacity. Alpaca is, however, by no means the only wool used here; and the whole process of manufacture—from the cleaning, combing, and washing of the wool, all by machines of great ingenuity and beauty, to the final packing of the finished material—may be studied here with the utmost advantage. The vast length of the rooms, where the eye loses itself in the perspective of machinery, and the ear is half deafened by its clang; the perfect order and cleanliness, and the multitude of well-dressed, healthy-looking 'hands' (about 3000 are employed), although they are characteristics of many a great Yorkshire factory, are especially striking here. The main shafting, moving the machinery, is placed under the floor of the weaving-room, which is thus entirely without the giddy whirl of the gearing, and is comparatively free from dust. This arrangement was first adopted at Saltaire, which is still, we believe, the only manufactory in Yorkshire where it is to be found.

Saltaire is, without doubt, the most striking, the most perfect,

* James.

and we may even say the most 'picturesque' factory in the North of England. But it must be remembered that it is only a type of a class, and of a class that is rapidly extending. Such great factories as those of the Gotts or of the Marshalls at Leeds; of the Crossleys and the Ackroyds at Halifax; and many others that might be named at Huddersfield, at Sheffield, and elsewhere, afford sufficient evidences not only of the enormous advance in scientific skill which has been made since the beginning of the century, but also of the masters' care and thought for the safety and well-doing of their workmen. Before leaving this branch of our subject we ought to mention, if we can do no more, the rise and rapid increase of such places as Batley, the head-quarters of the shoddy trade; of Dewsbury, with its enormous blanket, drugget, and carpet factories; of Huddersfield, certainly the least unattractive of the great Yorkshire clothing towns, with a population of 7268 in 1801, and of 34,874 in 1861; and of Barnsley, a chief seat of the linen manufacture (population in 1811, 5014; in 1861, 17,885). The processes of steel manufacture at Sheffield, and especially the comparatively recent invention of Mr. Bessemer, also demand notice as entering into the history of Yorkshire progress since the year 1800. But there is not one of these subjects that would not afford material for a long article; and we are the less troubled at passing the famous 'Bessemer' process with so slight a glance, that it has been recently described at some length in this Journal.*

We have not said half that was in our minds when we began this article. But in truth each district of the county—Craven, with its grand mountain scenery, its waterfalls and its caverns; Cleveland, with its moors and its winding dales; Holderness, with its fine old churches, its sea-coast, and its geology, would, if treated at all as they should be, fill far more than our present space. Other subjects press on us—the long list of Yorkshire worthies, only a few of whom have been fortunate enough to obtain commemoration in Hartley Coleridge's charming volumes, but of whom we have seen a goodly series of 'presentations' in the Leeds Exhibition this year, and especially the dialect. Here we must try to find room for a few more 'last words.' The dialects throughout Yorkshire belong to the so-called 'Northumbrian English,' Anglian in foundation, but overlaid at different times and in different places by Danish and Norse, and perhaps by Flemish and other varieties of Low Dutch. Northumbrian English prevails also throughout Northumberland and Durham;

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxx.

and, with some variation, in Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire, to the north of the Ribble. 'It is, as might be expected, more like English to the south of the Tees, and more like Scotch as we approach the Tweed, but its essential peculiarities are everywhere preserved.' So wrote the late Mr. Garnett, in 1836;* and since that year the publication of certain works of Richard Rolle, the famous 'Hermit of Hampole,' who died in 1349—his 'Pricke of Conscience' for the Philological Society, and his 'English Prose Treatises' for the Early English Text Society—has afforded the means of comparing the earlier forms of the dialect, for the 'Hermit' wrote in his own 'tongue' for the 'unlered and lewed' people, with those still in use. It would seem that the purest Anglian of the 'Northumbrian English' lingers in the Craven district—least intruded on by Danes or Northmen. Whitaker long ago pointed out, and Mr. Garnett confirmed his discovery, that Chaucer, in his 'Reve's Tale,' makes 'Johan and Alayn,' scholars of Solere's Hall in Cambridge, speak a dialect from this part of Yorkshire:—

'Of oo toun were thei born that highte strother,
Ffer in the North I can not tellen where.'

'Strother' is no doubt Langstrother at the head of Wharfedale; and the dialect which Chaucer employs he possibly copied from what he had himself heard spoken in 'Solere Hall' by some rude Langstrothdale student. A tourist who should pass from this region to the hills of Cleveland would find the difference of speech very marked. Of all parts of Yorkshire Cleveland was that most completely colonised by Danes. Local and personal names, the dialect itself, and even its proverbs and wise sayings, show that the older Anglian settlers must have been either altogether expelled, or reduced to a very small minority. This has been well shown by the Rev. Mr. Atkinson, of Danby—an indefatigable explorer of local antiquities, who is happily placed for the success of his work in the most undisturbed part of the Cleveland district. He is occupied in preparing a complete glossary of this most interesting dialect, which will do for this 'Northern English' very much what Jamieson has done for Scottish.

And here we must stop. Where so much that is attractive still lies hopelessly spread out before us, it is better to turn away our eyes from the pleasant prospect, and to make the historical Yorkshire we have imperfectly traversed '*finis chartæque viæque.*'

* See 'English Dialects,' in the 'Quarterly Review,' for February, 1836.

- ART. IX.—1. *Address to the Electors of the County of Buckingham.* By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli (October 1, 1868).
 2. *Address to the Electors of South-West Lancashire.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (October 9, 1868).
 3. *Letter to a Gentleman on Government Finance.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (August 20, 1868).
 4. *Letters by General Peel and Mr. Hunt on the National Expenditure.*
 5. *Speech of the Right Hon. H. T. L. Corry, on proposing the Navy Estimates, 1868.*

WE are now fairly face to face with the great 'Democratic reaction' from which we have been taught to expect so many signal benefits, and it is possible to estimate in part its first results. Radical authorities have come to the conclusion that the changes will not be so great as were generally anticipated. The new House of Commons will be composed of very much the same material as the old. The quality of the candidates on the Liberal side has disappointed the intellectual leaders of the party, and the addresses which those candidates have issued are sufficient to moderate the expectations of all who fancied that supreme wisdom in the national councils would inevitably follow a wide extension of the suffrage. If the present aspirants to public honours are not remarkable for their prudence or sagacity, they well deserve to be remembered for their attempts to surpass each other in devotion to the interests of the poorer classes. With so many friends eager to serve him, it is strange that the working-man ever found his need of enfranchisement. If Liberal protestations were sincere, he would have no grievances left to redress. There is not a pledge which the Radical candidate is unprepared to give. He sets out with Mr. Gladstone's name as a talisman, and ends with a comprehensive undertaking to forsake any opinions of his own to which the electors may have the least objection. In this pliability he imitates, if he cannot rival, his distinguished leader. The candidates drawn from the working classes are so few that Radical experts have been obliged to invent ingenious theories to account for the phenomenon. No one regards the pretenders who have merely their impecuniosity and their connexion with the Hyde Park riots to recommend them, as true representatives of the English workman. The truth is that the new force has not been obedient to its first impulse. It has been turned aside in favour of a class which no party in the State was anxious to serve, but which was always certain to gain a profitable place in the new system of government. If some old and experienced members of Parliament have bidden
 farewell

farewell to public life, we may rest satisfied that their loss will not be felt, since the principle is now prescribed for us that the educated and the uneducated are equally competent to form a sound judgment on national affairs.

There is one section of our former rulers who deserve all our sympathy. The last representatives of the old Whigs have solemnly abdicated their former functions. The day of their power is over, although they obtain the melancholy privilege of remaining in its shadow by nominating as their successors the men to whom their party had already transferred its allegiance. Revolutionists who drive a monarch from his throne will sometimes permit him to name the person in whose favour he withdraws. This is the concession which has been graciously accorded to the elder Whigs. An organisation has arisen within the circle even of the modern Liberal party, which knows no law but that of continual change. The discontented section of the community have found many leaders claiming the advantages of education or social position, and thus the needy demagogue has been beaten with his own weapons. He has found that he cannot compete with his old enemies even at the trade of agitation. The new confederacy is fast growing in power, apparently to the displeasure, and undeniably to the injury, of the orthodox Liberals. This growth, interesting as it will hereafter be in the history of constitutional government, affects in only an indirect manner the Conservative party. Whatever may be the rate of advance of the democratic theory, there will always be found in this country a large proportion of the people opposed to innovations made for the sake of imitating Governments that have by no means succeeded elsewhere; and this class will form a compact party. The Liberals, on the other hand, must necessarily be henceforth divided into sections, generally antagonistic to each other, although capable of occasional amalgamation for temporary purposes. They may unite to displace their opponents, but their unanimity will be in danger the moment they have accomplished this one object. Each subdivision will have its own ends to pursue, and unless by the application of more stringent methods of party government than we have been accustomed to in England, perfect discipline will be unattainable. It will also be more difficult than ever to ensure steadfast support in the country. Majorities which can be almost instantly changed by popular will are necessarily capricious and uncertain, for the controlling power is liable to be affected by a variety of circumstances which are not in any way connected with definite principles. Personal prejudices, the deliberate misrepresentations of partisans, or the successful appeals of unscrupulous sycophants, may

may disturb the judgment of the people. If the great body of electors, which now includes a majority of persons little familiar with public affairs, was always certain to be influenced through their reason alone, it would be possible to frame a policy which could be carried on over a series of years, and a party honestly managed might hope to retain the confidence of the nation. But reason is not the faculty to which the Radical leaders, as a rule, think of appealing. They argue to the interests or passions of their constituents. Men of this character naturally refuse to own submission to any central authority. Armed with special crotchets of their own, they seek to attract to themselves a knot of independent supporters, and carry on the warfare of guerillas. The effect of these dissensions upon the parties of the hour is of comparatively little moment, but it is impossible not to perceive that they render good government increasingly difficult.

Mr. Gladstone has had some experience of the value of professions made on the eve of an election, and he is able to judge how many of those who now take Liberal vows in his name will be found faithful to him a year hence. He has doubtless looked beyond the question upon which the nation is to give an immediate decision, and studied the situation which he will occupy in the event of his recall to power. It would be strange if he had not discerned that his real difficulties will begin in the hour of his triumph. How is he to satisfy the unnatural coalition which for a variety of purposes are now encouraging him by their support? That which would content the Roman Catholics would drive the Dissenters to fury. Carry out a policy adapted to the wishes of the Nonconformists, and the Roman Catholics, together with a considerable section of Mr. Gladstone's Church supporters, would be at once estranged from the leader. Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity has hitherto failed to devise a method of redistributing the endowments of the Irish Church, or if he has thought of a plan he is afraid to avow it. He treats of the subject in his address with manifest aimlessness. In the absence of a policy, he is reduced to evasions, or irritable denials of the policy which 'perverse rumour attributes to him. Some of his counsellors, indeed, urge him not to busy himself with the future. 'Let us first disendow the Church,' they say, 'and then think what is to be done afterwards.' This method of managing the affairs of a country has the negative merit of novelty. We are to adopt a policy in premeditated disregard of its ulterior consequences. It would consequently be an advantage if statesmen could reduce themselves to the condition of the eyeless fish, which pass an agreeable existence in the dark recesses of a famous cave. The contrivance is eminently agreeable to Mr. Gladstone's

stone's followers at the present moment, although it does not seem flattering to the intelligence of the new constituencies. Government by blindfold is the greatest blessing of which they can conceive. The Romanists eagerly applaud Mr. Gladstone, for they know that whoever may lose by his policy they must inevitably be gainers. Never before did a great statesman declare that his scheme for the tranquillisation of a kingdom began and ended with a single act of destruction. But he is not alone responsible for strategy so eccentric. His party had rebelled against his authority. They had declared themselves a rabble. Two years of exclusion from office had, however, conquered the aversion with which many of the Liberals openly avowed they regarded their leader, and a new rallying point held out the prospect of a general reconciliation. Formidable antagonists might reasonably expect to be remembered favourably if they transferred their opposition to the Conservative party, and helped to bring Mr. Gladstone back to office. Unfortunately for themselves, the allies cannot possibly be faithful to each other, and the extreme wing of the Liberal party foresee a defection similar to that which cost them humiliation in 1866. They are therefore anxious to introduce into use in England some of the engines of party warfare which the ingenuity of an inventive people long ago devised. The rate at which Radical candidates have multiplied bewilders the principal managers. Everywhere a Radical has sprung up in the night, demanding to be a leader unto himself. In nearly thirty instances there were, at the beginning of October, four, five, or even six Liberal candidates struggling for boroughs which returned only one or two members. In the face of so much patriotic ardour, we cannot wonder that some of the elder leaders have suggested the importation of that effective instrument, the nominating convention. By means of this arrangement, a few trustworthy persons in every borough may be appointed to select candidates, force them upon the constituency, and drive intruders from the field. When a well winnowed set of adherents are thus returned it will only be necessary to restrain their action in Parliament, and this could be accomplished by deciding upon all measures in private consultation, and expelling from the party ranks members who showed symptoms of contumacy. Thus strengthened by the nominating convention and the party 'caucus,' practical unity might be restored to the Liberal ranks. At present all is disorder and insubordination; the old bonds are broken, and new ones are not yet made.

If we desire to test the claims of the Liberals to the support of the country, no fairer method can be devised than that of examining their opinions with regard to the questions of the day

which most urgently need settlement. Those questions concern the future relations between labour and capital, the elevation of the poorer classes, the increase of facilities for education, the state of the national finances, and the maintenance or dissolution of the Church establishment. On most of these topics a brief reference is made, as a matter of course, in Liberal addresses; in some of them there are explicit proposals which are not unworthy of discussion. But a tone of audacious cajolery is all that distinguishes the larger number. We find among the representatives of Liberal opinion crude socialistic theories in abundance, intermingled with strangely bitter attacks upon England, and all the institutions which belong to her. Philosophers who are about to quit England, and philosophers who do not propose to render her that service, can find no language too defamatory to apply to their own country. One writer tells us that we 'exhaust folly' in our system of government. Nova Scotia cries out against us in one hemisphere, Ireland is under *lettre de cachet*, and we govern two hundred millions of Hindoos (though where they are found we do not know) in a manner which the writer can only suggest by a profane exclamation. An eccentric candidate tells the people that he is anxious to 'see a revision of the laws relating to property in land,' which seem to him 'in their feudal condition to be a cumbrous scheme for cultivating plutocrats and divorcing the people from the soil.' A noisy fugleman of the party declares in a like spirit that 'no long time will elapse before the people of this country will take into consideration the laws which deal with the settlement and accumulation of land, and also with those which enable the owner of land to keep large quantities of wild animals upon his estates.' Another stigmatises the clergy of the Established Church as the 'authorised and endowed priests of a faith which belongs to the past, of a faith which has been undermined, and is always in danger of being completely swept away by the unceasing current of religious thought, dammed up by Tudor formularies in vain.' Still another is for forbidding the representatives of the people to have any opinion of their own, and for compelling them to be mere machines for registering the ordinances of a fluctuating majority in their constituencies. Whether the working classes have seriously asked what kind of a polity it would be which was constructed upon these ideas is doubtful. But if they did investigate the subject, their decision would not be favourable to the ingenious politicians who come before them arrayed in various friendly disguises. Wild projects may seem to be acceptable to a portion of the working classes, but it is not the duty of statesmen to confirm these delusions, but rather to expose their mischievous consequences. At the congress of
artisans

artisans held at Brussels in September last, the principle was laid down, and assented to by the meeting, that the soil ought to be made common property, and cultivated upon the co-operative system. Private property, it was argued, had been created by legislative acts, and could therefore be abolished by legislative acts. 'During the whole time that private property in land had existed,' said one delegate, 'the people had been protesting against it.' Collieries and mines, the congress further agreed, 'were fixed in the soil,' and therefore ought to belong to the community represented by the State. Arable land should be the common property of society. 'Private property in land,' said another delegate, 'was an iniquity; it had been acquired by conquest, and it was for the rising generation to organise an opposition to it and abolish it. He believed the time was not far distant when it would revert to the people.' Now it is surely better to show working men where they are mistaken in these ideas—to make it clear to them, for instance, that it is a gross error to regard property held in land as derived from conquest, and to exclude from account the effects of saving which have so greatly multiplied proprietors—than to wantonly confirm their uninstructed theories. There are, no doubt, many working men whose position would lead them to defend the rights of property. Some of them own a little land, or a house, or hope to do so, and we are glad to believe that they form an increasing class. They would not like to be dispossessed of their property because the idle and the thriftless find it inconvenient to be poor, and are attracted by the temptation to lay violent hands on the store accumulated by others. Acknowledge that private property in land is an iniquity, and small holders would have no more security than large holders. It would be impossible to ensure the rights of the one while denying that the other had any rights. Frugal working men have quite as much reason to denounce the teaching which inculcates communism as any other portion of the community, not even excepting owners of estates whose lands were actually in part derived from the confiscation of ecclesiastical property, and who are consistent in crying out for further confiscation now.

We hear much from the Radicals about their sympathy with the working man. But what do they propose to do for him? In what is the policy of the wise and thoughtful members of the party inconsistent with true Conservative opinions? Moderate Liberals who desire popular enlightenment and the elevation of the poor merely share that desire in common with the Conservative party. Conservatives are as anxious as any class can possibly be to render all sections of the community prosperous and

contented. But they hold that this end cannot be attained by grinding down any one class under the heels of another. The Liberal party has had means and opportunities of carrying out measures of amelioration; but what has it done, but give a stone to those who craved for bread? The addresses of Radical candidates are loaded with outpourings of affection towards the labouring classes, as they have also been in years past, with results which the objects of all this concern can have no difficulty in ascertaining. Was taxation ever so heavy in this country as it has been under the Liberal rule? Men who are separated by every instinct and sentiment from the poorer orders, and who care nothing about them except so far as they can be used to promote selfish ends, go about the country in a frenzy of compassion for the 'oppressed working man.' All at once they find that they cannot control their yearning to assist him. He has been trodden upon for centuries, and now they will raise him up. It is only necessary that the workman should first send his devoted parasite to Parliament. The secret of getting returned to the House of Commons now, 'free of expense,' is to abuse the rich and flatter the poor. Men who are sprung from the former rather than the latter class have taken up the trick as a trade. They instil principles which they must know to be false in the minds of their hearers, regardless of the mischief which they are preparing for the future years. One man tells an audience that war is not due to the ignorant or to the uneducated, but 'has come, in almost all ages and in all countries, from the educated classes.' What is this but a shameless pandering to the most ignorant prejudices which any body of men can entertain? But it fulfils its purpose. A man who craves for popularity, and is indifferent to most other considerations, finds himself talking in this way almost without knowing it. Perhaps he ends in believing his own fictions. There are always persons willing to prostrate themselves before any shrine in order to gain power. If their prostration is more abject now than it has been before, they would probably ascribe it to the unfortunate pressure of circumstances.

We deny that the Radicals are in any sense the friends of the working man. What have they been to him as employers? Even among working men themselves, Radicalism is a synonym for illiberality, and yet they still look to a party for that justice which individuals seldom render them. The legislation in favour of the working classes for many years has been the work of the Conservatives. Was the Factories' Bill carried by the Radicals? The Conservative gentry throughout the country have always displayed an interest in the working classes which the manufacturers of the North would have done well to imitate. Radical manu-
facturers

facturers think it no part of their duty to let their workpeople feel in a practical manner the sympathy which they profess with so much ardour at public meetings. They are content with expatiating in pathetic strains upon the hardships of poverty, which are already too well understood by those whom they address. They have avoided the treatment of the question on fair and open grounds, by representing it as one purely of class interests, the rich having an all-prevailing motive for trampling upon the poor. The classes possessing independent or moderate incomes are described as forming one great federation for depriving the working man of his just rights. The rich, or even the professional class, hard-working as it is, are depicted as the unjust stewards:—

‘It is in vain that you will point out to me the palaces of the wealthy,’ one of these public teachers has lately remarked; ‘go through the splendid streets and squares at the West End, and see row after row of palaces glittering with all that wealth can bestow, and see rolling through those streets splendid equipages, and then go to those quarters of the city inhabited by the poor, and then you will see tract after tract, square mile after square mile of degradation, penury, and misery which it is shocking to behold.’

His hearers were invited to draw their own inferences from this condition of society, and they were carefully conducted to the one inference which cast upon the rich the responsibility for ‘square miles of degradation.’ The speaker said nothing of the enormous sums which are drawn from the ‘rich’ in the metropolis alone for the support or relief of the poor; and, indeed, the improvement of the Poor Law System is a subject seldom mentioned by Radical regenerators. That the rates levied for the mitigation of distress fall heavily on many thousands whom it would be a cruel mockery to call rich, and that the money so obtained is often wasted or misapplied, are notorious facts; but what remedy have the Radicals to offer? It is certain that the poor can derive no benefit from the attempts of a faction to stir up a warfare of caste. One great cause of distress among the industrious poor is the impossibility that all of them can find work to do. The perplexity which the working man encounters in his efforts to decide upon a pursuit by which his children may win their bread is becoming greater every year; nor is it confined to the artisan. These are evils which add lamentably to the bulk of poverty in the country, and if a remedy can be found it will only be after long and patient investigation, in which employer and employed, rich and poor, will take an equal interest. We look with great regret on the loss to this country of so many excellent artisans, so many trained hands and strong arms, as are with-
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drawn from us by emigration; but what better can an enterprising man do than seek to find a home in some land where there is abundance of room for him, and where the labour market cannot possibly be overburdened for generations to come? Emigration may be represented either as a hardship or a blessing, but working men would do well to remember that a great part of ordinary life in America, of which they hear so much, is based to this day on the theory of emigration. It is three thousand miles from England, for example, to British North America. Many a lad born in Boston or Maine finds himself obliged to go as far from his home before he can obtain a start in life. Radical orators excite the imaginations of English working men by setting before them dazzling pictures of the ease and plenty which their class invariably enjoy in the United States, but they keep out of sight the fact that if a man would succeed in America, he must work quite as hard as he is obliged to do in England. If he wish to find work for himself and his family he must be content to travel vast distances, and perhaps live in lonely places. The New Englander places two or three thousand miles between himself and his birth-place and kindred, and settles in a tract which is far more difficult to reach from Vermont or Connecticut than Canada is from England. It never occurs to him that he is ill-used because his own town has no room for him. It would surely be better for English workmen to find work and food in the magnificent territory which lies opposite to the richest of all the American States, than to fret manhood away in discontent, fostered by weak or designing politicians. The workmen of the east end of London, for whom an apparently well-organised scheme of emigration has been tried, do not think it a grievance to be invited to a home in a land where want can only be the result of unusual misfortunes, or the consequence of idleness and vice.

We do not say that emigration is a remedy for all the ills of poverty, but it is a far more hopeful remedy for many of these ills than is comprised in the mischievous counsels often tendered by Radical politicians. Or would the working classes prefer to adopt the remedy which some of their devoted Radical friends have offered to them from time to time? Would they like to have restrictions placed upon their right to marry, and be required to limit the number of their children? These are the measures which Mr. John Stuart Mill and other Radicals think best adapted to their needs. We commend to working men who allow themselves to be duped by the cry that the Radicals are their best friends, the following short passages from Mr. John Stuart Mill's treatise on 'Political Economy':—

'Poverty,

'Poverty, like most social evils, exists because men follow their brute instincts without due consideration. . . . Little improvement can be expected in morality until the producing large families is regarded with the same feelings as drunkenness, or any other physical excess. But while the aristocracy and clergy are foremost to set the example of this kind of incontinence, what can be expected from the poor? . . . When persons are once married, the idea, in this country, never seems to enter any one's mind that having or not having a family, or the number of which it shall consist, is amenable to their own control.'—Popular edition, 1865, pp. 226-7.

'Every one has a right to live. We will suppose this granted. But no one has a right to bring creatures into life to be supported by other people. . . . If a man cannot support even himself unless others help him, these others are entitled to say that they do not also undertake the support of any offspring which it is physically possible for him to summon into the world. Yet there are abundance of writers and public speakers, including many of most ostentatious pretensions to high feeling, whose views of life are so truly brutish, that they see hardship in preventing paupers from breeding hereditary paupers in the work-house itself.'—p. 220.

A more inviting remedy than the one here suggested seems to be offered in the principle of co-operation. It is probable that we may hope for good results from this system among workmen when they have agreed among themselves as to the best method of putting it in practice. But it is discouraging to notice that one of the workmen at the Brussels Congress spoke of co-operative workshops as tending to produce 'an aristocracy among workmen.' There is no system which can satisfy the man born in the position of a workman who will not work. His support may be won at elections by vague promises of an attempt to 'ameliorate' his condition by altering the laws relating to land, which he understands to mean confiscation, but in the end he will be an embarrassment to his false friends, as well as to those who honestly desire to do him good.

The working classes fall into a trap when they allow themselves to be persuaded that the Liberal party are their special champions, especially the Liberal party of the present day, which can have no claims upon the gratitude or respect of any portion of the community. Who can describe the policy of the existing Liberal confederation? Who, even, understands its composition? Its very honesty is questionable. It is a new organisation, composed in a very large measure of men who are unknown in public life, or known in a way which true statesmen would not be disposed to envy. Even the standard of public life adopted by them is almost of the lowest kind, or we should never have seen one leading member of the party subscribing towards the election expenses

expenses of a charlatan who has ostentatiously insulted and outraged the religious sentiment of every Christian man. Nor would great leaders condescend to receive deputations of which the offscourings of the community were the spokesmen. The older Liberals, like Lord Overstone, declare their opinion that 'we are advancing fast enough into Democracy,' and they 'would wish to moderate rather than accelerate the pace.' 'To neither of these measures,' wrote Lord Overstone to a Liberal candidate, in reference to Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church policy and the ballot, 'can I give my support; nor have I ever understood that they were recognised, until perhaps the present moment, as orthodox articles in the old and true constitutional creed of the Liberal party.'* The new party, calling itself Radical, has done nothing whatever to entitle it to the support of the country. It consists in large part of men who have suddenly fitted themselves with new opinions to please a new public, or who are manifestly unfit to take any part in public life.

The policy of the Conservatives is sometimes represented to be inimical to the true interests of the working classes. But no attempt is ever made to support the statement by evidence. There were some questions of a former age on which the Conservatives were at issue with the popular feeling. These questions were long ago settled, and most of them were settled in the end by the party of which the Conservatives are now the representatives. No one can honestly deny—except as a violent partisan of the other side—that the policy of the Conservatives to-day is of a broad and generous character. The question concerning the degree of power to be conferred upon the masses is withdrawn from the region of speculation, and it is worse than idle to pretend to wage a living contest over that. The work of spreading abroad enlightenment is one which the Conservatives are earnest to press forward, for they perceive in it our best security against the misrepresentations of Radical demagogues. The local misgovernment which abounds in the country must be ascribed to that party which has suffered it to continue unchecked while boasting a majority of the House of Commons. Conservative governments of late years have been able to do less than they desired for the reform of great abuses, by reason of the fact that they were in a minority. If the Radicals ever argued with fair intentions, they would consider the effect of this circumstance upon the policy which their opponents have been enabled to pursue. But it must be remembered, in justice to all parties, that local misgovernment exists in nations where

* Letter to the Hon. Fitzpatrick Vernon, September 18, 1868.

the people hold the supreme power in their own hands. Wretched dwellings, inhabited by the very poor, are found in all great cities. If governments can provide a remedy for the latter evil, the Liberal party ought not to have left the country in the state it did. It is childish to assert that Conservative principles are opposed to the education of the poor, or to their living in decent homes. The great fact which the electors ought to bear in mind is, that the Liberal party even now, in the midst of their boastings, place no intelligible scheme before the country for the accomplishment of any of these great ends. Mr. Gladstone refers in his address to the question of education; but it is chiefly for the purpose of paying a grateful compliment to Earl Russell. He does not give us any reason to suppose that he has considered the proposal of compulsory education which some of his followers advocate, or that he has any plan for the establishment of primary schools. Mr. Gladstone contents himself with a complacent glance at the past, with taking credit for measures passed by the Conservatives, and with giving a most inaccurate and disingenuous account of the Irish Church controversy.

But, the Radicals further assert, 'we are an economical party. We cost the country very little. We save the money, and the Conservatives spend it.' Mr. Gladstone has partly rested his appeal to the country on this statement, and his followers have reproduced it in a variety of daring or confused forms. Mr. Gladstone ought to have some respect for his traditions. His memory is probably still capable of carrying him back to the time when Toryism represented a principle for which he was anxious to wage war with only too much zeal. His convictions may be different now, but *facts* are unchanged. He is well acquainted with the financial history of the country for many years past, and it would be strange if he did not recollect that his charge against Conservative Governments was disproved by official records which now form a part of history. It was a Tory minister, Mr. Huskisson, who introduced the very system which Mr. Gladstone has since been proud to follow. The elder financier anticipated most of Mr. Gladstone's ideas. But there are other important facts which Mr. Gladstone cannot fail to recall. If we make a retrospect of a few years we find that Conservative Governments have remitted taxes to an extent which Liberal Governments never attempted to rival. Between 1822 and 1832, under the Tory party, and before the passing of the Reform Bill, taxes were remitted to the amount of 19,487,371*l*. This was nearly equal to the whole amount remitted in twenty succeeding years. The new taxes imposed by the Tories in the period we have named was only 1,651,984*l*. Under Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne taxes were increased

increased by a million sterling, and the sum taken off was less by one-third than the amount remitted by the Conservatives. Moreover, as Sir John Walsh pointed out in a treatise where the official returns are given,

‘The result of the Whig financial legislation from 1832 to 1841 was to establish a permanent deficit, which was only supplied by Sir Robert Peel’s imposition of the income-tax. . . . The general result appears to be, that the unreformed Parliament in ten years lightened the public burthens, after deducting the taxes imposed from those remitted by an amount of nearly eighteen millions of taxes; and that in twice the number of years the subsequent Parliaments have only remitted a balance to the amount of eleven and a half millions, and this has only been accomplished by the substitution of some very oppressive taxes for those taken off.’*

It has been shown by careful investigations and comparisons † that Mr. Gladstone’s expenditure was greater than that of the Conservatives upon a fair average of years. Moreover, he retired from office on the last occasion just before the occurrence of one of the most disastrous monetary panics ever known in this country, which the Conservative Government was obliged to face. A short time prior to its outbreak Mr. Gladstone had predicted that British commerce must continue to expand without a check, and his financial statements were based on that agreeable, but most erroneous, calculation. Hence arose no small part of their success. The art of making things pleasant in the midst of financial embarrassments is universally appreciated, but if the steward can do no more than place a rotten plank over the gulf his services are not likely to be highly prized in the end. The whole of Mr. Gladstone’s policy has been a brilliant delusion. Rarely has the country continued to put its trust in a guide who has brought upon it so many adverse experiences. For some years he pursued a system of unrestrained prodigality. At last, in 1862, the Conservative party, and many of his own followers, rose against him. In the House of Lords the Earl of Carnarvon pointed out that Mr. Gladstone’s estimates were invariably wrong. He ‘generally commenced the year with an eloquent speech and a plausible surplus, and he generally concluded the year with a practical deficit and a supplemental budget.’ In ten years, during which Mr. Gladstone held office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, only one of his estimates had been realised. Lord Carnarvon continued :—

* Sir John Walsh on the ‘Practical Results of the Reform Act of 1832’ (1860), pp. 32-33.

† Published in the ‘Standard.’

'The fact was that each year's budget was a budget, not of facts and ascertained figures, but of imagination . . . For the last two or three years the budget had become a mere exhibition of rhetorical subtlety and skill—a tickling of the ears by calculations, which on examination were found not really worth the paper on which they were written. . . . He believed that this proceeded from two causes, one moral and one financial. The moral deficiency proceeded from an over sanguine but most dangerous temperament, which made the intellectual belief the creature of the moral wish, and which led the Right Hon. gentleman to overrate income and underrate expenditure. Starting with self deception, he ended in deceiving others, and turned finance from a matter of hard, dry calculation, into a question of sentiment and conjecture.'

In the same debate Lord Overstone also condemned the financial policy of the Government, and said—

'He could not conceal his conviction, a conviction shared by many persons of experience on the subject, that the management of our national finance during the last two years had been of a very perilous character, and had led to results neither satisfactory nor safe. The subject had been enveloped with so much ingenious rhetoric, and such a blaze of delusive eloquence, that he did not believe the plain simple facts of the case were really understood by the public.'

In the House of Commons Mr. Disraeli reviewed Mr. Gladstone's financial policy from the outset of his career, and made some remarks which are as just now as they were then:—

'Sir, there is something in the speeches of the Right Hon. gentleman on this head, and generally on all matters of finance—it is of common custom with him, and I feel it my duty now to notice it—which fills me with perplexity, which I think conveys to the country a sentiment, not merely of perplexity, but of distrust; and it is this: that while the Right Hon. gentleman is without exception the most profuse minister that ever administered the affairs of this country in peace, he is perpetually insinuating, to use the mildest term, that he disapproves of that expenditure, and is burning to denounce it. Now, sir, I say that is not a legitimate position for the Right Hon. gentleman to occupy. If he disapproves of this profuse expenditure, why does he sit upon that bench, and lend to its enactment and enforcement all the authority of his character and all the lustre of his reputation? If, on the contrary, he approves of that expenditure, then it is his duty, as finance minister especially, not to dispirit and discontent the people, but rather to animate them under inevitable burdens, and sustain their courage at a time when he may, perhaps, have to call upon them with renewed appeals. . . . This, at least, we know, that while this spendthrift is weeping over pence, while this penurious prodigal is proposing this enormous expenditure, he always contrives to repeal some tax to gratify the interests or prejudices of the party of retrenchment. . . . I denounce this system as one detrimental to the character of public

public men, and most injurious to the fortunes of the realm.'—*Hansard's Debates*, 3 S., vol. clxvi., pp. 653-55.

The charge of extravagance against the Conservatives, so far as a former period is concerned, cannot possibly be substantiated, and as regards the present it is most unfair and indefensible. Great statesmen are required by the respect which they owe to their countrymen to fight their antagonists with no mean or ignoble weapons. If there is work of a sinister kind to be done it is only decorous to leave it to the obscure followers who are ready to undertake it. But Mr. Gladstone's plans of party warfare are seldom worthy of his reputed genius. Whether in writing paltry letters to influence the course of local elections, or in putting forth factitious estimates of the financial results of Liberal and Conservative administrations, he momentarily reduces himself to the level of the mercenary and forsakes the post of the distinguished leader. The dust and dirt of the arena ought to be kept from the robes of the commander. What is Mr. Gladstone's specific charge against the present administration? That it has spent three millions more than the Liberals spent in their last year of office. Now if a minor member of the Liberal party had placed this fact before the public without a word of explanation, we might not have had much reason to complain of a line of attack to which the Conservatives are accustomed. But a man of Mr. Gladstone's renown should not have told the country that the Conservatives spent three millions more than the Liberals without at the same time explaining that they had spent it in doing the work which he ought to have done, and which he left undone at the imminent risk of our national honour. If, unhappily, we had become involved in a foreign war in 1865 there would have been an end to Mr. Gladstone's reputation as an administrative officer. Never would the nation have been found at a greater disadvantage. The army was dissatisfied, and the difficulties of recruiting had excited the serious alarm of all military men who were properly acquainted with our position. Forts erected at enormous expense were left without guns. Our soldiers carried the old muzzle-loader, and our fleet had been so scandalously neglected that Sir John Pakington was obliged to declare in the House of Commons that he scarcely knew how to provide reliefs for ships returning from foreign service. The Liberal Ministry left not a single ship in any port fit to be put in commission. Mr. Childers, who is understood to be a candidate for high office in the next Liberal ministry, thought proper lately to inform his constituents that the present government had done nothing to improve the condition

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of the navy beyond 'proposing to build 40 small unarmoured ships.' 'They had been entirely wrong,' he said, 'in reverting to a large expenditure on simply wooden unarmoured vessels, with which at this moment he considered, as they came into the hands of the Admiralty, that body hardly knew what to do.' The whole of this statement misrepresents the policy of the ministry. Mr. Childers was a member of the Board of Admiralty between 1864 and 1865, and it was under his direction that upwards of 3000 shipwrights were employed to repair old ships, while only 1200 men were employed in the building of new vessels. The system which Mr. Childers lately denounced, was the system pursued by the last Liberal administration of which Mr. Childers was a leading member. Anything more unfair than his strictures on the present ministry has seldom been seen in English public life. He was probably in the House of Commons when Mr. Corry moved the Naval Estimates on May 11th, 1868, and he cannot be ignorant that the Government has done more to strengthen and improve our navy, considering the time it has held office, than any administration the country has had for years past. It is true that unarmoured vessels have not been altogether abandoned, and Mr. Childers is very imperfectly acquainted with naval affairs if he does not know that for ocean work this class of vessels are preferred by the United States and by France. In the event of a war, privateers do all the mischief at sea—the *Alabama* is said by the Americans themselves to have swept their commerce from the ocean. The American Government have actually been selling their ironclads; vessels like the *Dunderberg* they have allowed to go to foreign Governments, while a fleet of unarmoured vessels are in course of construction. Monitors for coast work are still thought well of, but armed cruisers capable of making great speed are preferred for operations at sea. The last French budget showed that out of 167 vessels put in commission, only 10 were armour-clad. The expenditure allowed for the building of unarmoured ships in France, during 1869, exceeded that on armoured ships in the proportion of more than three to one.* Mr. Corry told the House of Commons that 'as it is by means of small, and consequently unarmoured vessels, that our commerce would be assailed, it is absolutely necessary that we should be provided with a similar description of force to protect it.' What, then, are we to think of a Lord of the Admiralty who condemns the building of unarmoured ships as an act of folly, and who yet built very little else while he was in office?

* Mr. Corry's statement, May 11, 1868.

But it so happens that the case of the Government is complete at every point, for iron-clad vessels have not been neglected. The late Government ordered fourteen unarmoured vessels to be built—vessels of the very kind which Mr. Childers, a member of the late Government, now declares the Admiralty does not know what to do with. Mr. Corry struck off one of the number, and substituted for it an iron-clad. Six magnificent vessels of war have been put in hand by the present Government. One of these, the *Iron Duke* will have an armour plating of six and eight inches. For this ship alone upwards of 70,000*l.* was set aside this year. The other new vessels are to be of the same class. A turret-ship is to be laid down, with armour plating twelve inches thick and fourteen inches on the turret, with a ten-inch teak backing and one-inch inner iron skin. There is also a ram to be built, capable of accompanying a fleet, or of defending and attacking a port. Both these vessels are entirely new to our service. ‘Considerably more,’ as Mr. Corry stated in moving the Navy Estimates, ‘than one-fifth of the whole money voted for effective services will be spent on new ships.’ The vote for effective services in 1865-66 was 8,658,205*l.*, whereas this year it was 9,552,579*l.* Money was saved in other branches of the department to compensate partially for this increased expenditure. The dockyard vote was reduced by 150,00*l.*, the vote for naval stores by 300,000*l.*, for coast-guard service 10,000*l.*, while six ships and four hundred men have been taken off the African squadron. Thus the charge brought forward by Mr. Childers, in the attempt to support Mr. Gladstone, is proved to be without a shadow of foundation from beginning to end.

With reference to the army, Sadowa may tell us what our fate would have been if we had gone to war with muzzle-loaders against breech-loaders. Of the expenditure of three millions, stigmatised as ‘Tory extravagance,’ official documents show that 1,240,000*l.* was spent in increasing the pay of the army, in putting the Snider rifle into the hands of our troops, in mounting forts with guns, and in works of a similar kind. The greater part of the balance of the three millions, not otherwise accounted for, went towards defraying the expenses of undertakings which had been guaranteed by the Liberal Government, and which were actually commenced prior to 1866.

A statesman may reasonably cherish an antipathy to the party which is opposed to him, but it is possible to conduct an attack upon it without descending to petty concealments and sweeping misrepresentations. Mr. Gladstone knew perfectly well to what purposes the ‘three millions’ had been applied, and he never made

made the least objection to one of those purposes in the House of Commons, although a majority stood obedient to his call. Mr. Childers was entirely silent. Both these public servants refrained from opposition, because they were aware that the expenditure which they now denounce as extravagance was applied to objects of which the nation heartily approved. Mr. Disraeli's administration deserves cordial praise rather than censure for placing us more nearly on a level in strength with the other Powers of Europe. It may be said that the defence of this country is a matter of no moment to the Radical allies. Unlike Mr. Bright, who is no longer the leader of the Radicals, the new candidates for public favour make it a part of their creed to hate and revile England, and to cry out shame upon her before the world. But the great body of the people do not share these malignant feelings towards their country, and they have no desire to see her left weaker than a second-rate Power. Mr. Gladstone did so leave her, and a Conservative administration has rescued us from the danger with which we were constantly menaced in consequence. We need not ask ourselves what would have been the results to England of Mr. Gladstone's economy; if we had been suddenly involved in an European war at the close of his last term of office. The experiment has been tried, and dearly did his country rue in the Crimean war the influence of a Finance Minister who subordinated everything to secure for himself the credit of a popular balance-sheet and of a surplus revenue. In spite of the warnings of twelve months preceding its outbreak, no proper provisions were made to render the army efficient. Hence the misery of our poor soldiers on the heights of Balaclava, hence the impotence of our Generals to act, hence the frightful mortality of more than 15,000 British soldiers who perished by famine and disease, in addition to those who fell in battle, the victims of a false economy. Mr. Gladstone cannot escape from his share of the responsibility for these disasters. He held the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer for sixteen months prior to the outbreak of the war and for a year afterwards, and the policy which he and his colleagues pursued not only brought that war upon us, but left us unprepared to meet it. Mr. Gladstone had placed the country in a still more unsatisfactory position before he quitted office in 1866. He had made a show upon paper of saving money, and of imparting a fresh impulse to the commerce of the nation. But his economy would have cost us dear if we had been compelled to defend ourselves against foreign attack, and the commercial panics which have happened in Mr. Gladstone's time are a commentary upon his boasted services to our trade. Any Chancellor of the Exchequer may

may acquire temporary credit for economy by suffering the navy to go to ruin, and allowing the army to be undermined by discontent, while squandering enormous sums upon both. The Liberals are, as a rule, inferior as administrative officers. There has seldom been seen such a First Lord of the Admiralty as the Duke of Somerset. As a War Minister there never was a weaker appointment than that of the Marquis of Huntington. When Lord Russell was Foreign Secretary we were never on good terms for long together with any nation in the world. The affairs of the Duchy of Lancaster were probably well administered, if the talents of Mr. Goschen are not overrated by his party. In Liberal Governments favourite cliques or families are first provided for, and men of ability are put in the corners which remain unfilled. The present Ministry have actually in part redeemed the injustice of their predecessors towards eminent men of Liberal opinions.

But if Mr. Gladstone's pretences as a financier break down, he firmly believes that his policy of Church destruction will save him. He has reversed every principle of his former life, and he has seen the advantage of such statecraft. He has now been encouraged to invent a scheme for uniting the Dissenters and the Roman Catholics under his banner. A sacrifice of principle unusually great was necessary to accomplish this purpose. It cost Mr. Gladstone little trouble to convince himself that the sacrifice was a duty. His followers, with great consideration for the conscience of their chief, deprecate all argument upon the subject. There are, they tell us, not two opinions among sensible men with regard to it. No one but a half-witted person can object to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. This is the line taken by the Radical party. They have brought to perfection the system of lynch-law in dialectics: do not listen to an opponent, but tar and feather him. The method is not without its merits, but honesty is not one of them. We submit to the great dictators that there are really two sides to the controversy, and that the right side is not the one on which they have taken their stand. The public ear has been confused by noise and clamour, but it seems more disposed of late to listen to the arguments of those who ask for nothing more than equal justice to all classes of the community.

It is, however, late in the day to enter with any minuteness into the general question. Every one now sees very plainly that the maintenance or destruction of the Church Establishment is involved in Mr. Gladstone's policy. Machinery has been set in motion which may stop when Mr. Gladstone bids it, but it is far more likely to

go on working independently of him, and to produce results he may or may not at present contemplate. He has, indeed, already prepared us to look for that 'conscientious development' of his mind which elicits the feverish admiration of his supporters. In the course of the debate on his resolutions on Monday, March 30, he made a remark which is capable of being quoted as a proof of his consistency when the hour has come for declaring war against the Church of England. 'There are many,' he said, 'who think that to lay hands upon the national Church Establishment of a country is a profane and unhallowed act. I respect that feeling,' as he might well do, considering how much he has done in his time to encourage it. 'I sympathise with it,' he went on to say, 'I sympathise with it, while I feel it my duty to overcome and repress it.' There was something, he admitted, very beautiful and attractive in the idea to many persons of a Church Establishment; but 'what is it but an appropriation of public property, an appropriation of the fruits of labour and of skill to certain purposes? and unless these purposes be fulfilled, that appropriation cannot be justified.' These words may hereafter with good reason be held to prove that even in the spring of 1868 his mind was in 'the transition state,' so carefully dug about and tended by his more advanced followers.

Why are Dissenters found ranged on Mr. Gladstone's side? Not, assuredly, because they wish to reduce the means of Protestant instruction in Ireland. It is simply because their principles are opposed to the maintenance of an establishment of any kind. Popery is abominable to them; but they would for the moment conspire with Romanists in an attempt to cause a disruption of Church and State, trusting in their power to keep their allies in subjection afterwards. It may suit the temporary convenience of Dissenters to work hand in hand with Papists: but it is obvious that the motive which induces them to go hunting together, like the lion and the jackal in the fable, must be one of no common strength. The pretence of restoring peace to Ireland does not deceive the Nonconformists. They know perfectly well that there is only one measure which would give satisfaction to the turbulent Irish, and that is repeal of the Union. The disaffected want 'Ireland for the Irish,' and nothing short of that will satisfy them or induce them to cease their warfare against England. 'The object of a truly Liberal policy,' says Mr. Gladstone in his address, 'is by equitable but decided measures to make the name of law in Ireland respected as it is in Great Britain.' The class which Mr. Gladstone professes to be anxious to satisfy does not want English law of any kind. It asks us to take ourselves out of the country altogether. But to the Noncon-

formist allies of Mr. Gladstone, the principle underlying 'the question of the hour' is alone attractive. They foresee that when the destruction of the Irish Church is accomplished it will be in their power to turn against the Government an argument which derives its force from the very policy now demanded in the name of justice and equality. 'You have recognised the principle that a Church Establishment is indefensible where a large section of the population is opposed to it. A very large section is extremely hostile to the existence of a State Church in England. How, then, can you perpetuate an injustice in one part of the kingdom which you have already redressed in another part?'

That Mr. Gladstone's vague scheme is received with especial delight by the avowed enemies of the Established Church, is now past dispute. They approve of it because they regard it as one stage towards the general disestablishment which will alone satisfy all their demands. They have learnt by a somewhat painful experience that they can only hope to conquer by small degrees. To the question whether a measure can be just which would wrong a large section of the loyal people of Ireland, and estrange them from us, without in the least degree composing the discontented faction, they have never given the least attention. And in the eyes of the Nonconformist supporters of Mr. Gladstone this issue is one of little consequence. The one consideration which prevails with them is that, although Mr. Gladstone may really design to end his new policy of disendowment in Ireland where it began, it will be in their power to decide when he, or his successor, shall stay his hand.

The Nonconformists are very much in earnest, but they have immeasurably less to gain than another class of Mr. Gladstone's present supporters, and their interest in the result is consequently less absorbing. To the Roman Catholics Mr. Gladstone's new policy is worth more than all the intrigues which have been carried on within their own circle since the Reformation. They have striven in vain to recover even a portion of the ground which they had lost. The Protestant Established Church was one of the insuperable difficulties which helped to frustrate designs often conceived with the peculiar ingenuity and subtlety of Rome. It was to assist in destroying the secular and ecclesiastical power of the Papacy in this country that the Protestant Church was united with the State, and the Sovereign placed at the head of the Church instead of the Pope. The hopes of all Romanists were naturally raised to the highest pitch when they learnt that Church disestablishment had at length received the sanction of no less influential a man in the country than Mr. Gladstone. They, too, look far beyond Ireland for the

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end of the work which Mr. Gladstone has begun. 'We must be at the coming elections,' says a Catholic writer, 'Catholics first and Englishmen afterwards. . . . If, at the coming elections, we English Catholics do not stand by our Irish brethren, we may look in vain for any advance of Catholic interests for the future.' And in reference to Mr. Gladstone's Suspensory Bill the same writer significantly remarks, 'What will follow that measure, we shall all see in good time.' They can scarcely fix their expectations too high. The Pope, exhilarated by the brightening prospect, sends a pious appeal to the English Protestants to join the one true Church. Never since the Reformation has the position of the Papacy in England so well justified this affectionate solicitude for the 'unconverted.' Separate Church and State, and how long does Mr. Gladstone himself suppose it would be before an ecclesiastical despotism was erected which would be fatal to true progress and liberty of thought? In Ireland the Romish Church would have nothing left between it and supremacy, and what the supremacy of the Papacy means no Englishman ought to have forgotten. It is to-day what it has ever been, the uncompromising foe of all the 'progressive forces' of the age. It will make no terms or conditions with them. It opposes its stubborn and unconquerable will to all aggressive efforts, and even in the nineteenth century refuses boldly to abate a jot or tittle of its ancient claims and pretensions. Other despotisms are overturned in the general advancement of the human race, but Rome prides herself upon her unchangeability. She holds no parley with either political or religious reformers, who elsewhere mould ancient constitutions afresh, and seek to remodel religious systems. If a University is to be founded now, the principle must be admitted that Bishops alone are competent to judge authoritatively of faith and morality. It is not religious equality which the Roman Catholics require, for they have never been satisfied, and never will be satisfied, with less than supremacy. They maintain that they alone hold the truth, and that all other forms of religion are wicked heresies ending in perdition. Concessions are not asked for. Reforms are needed in the Irish Church; and the report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the whole subject affords an ample basis for well-considered measures of reconstruction. But proposals limited to this object would not have attracted to Mr. Gladstone's support extremists of every degree. The Roman Catholics would not have supported him; the Dissenters would have held aloof; the 'Adullamites' would have seen no advantage in returning to the fold and proclaiming their penitence for past backsliding. The various sects which are eager for the

demolition of the Established Church would have been ranged under different standards. The wholesale act of destruction was therefore resolved upon, and there is no enemy to the Church who would not exult over the success of a policy, the effect of which must be to embitter the strife of factions and the war of creeds.

The objections to the scheme of Church disestablishment rest upon higher grounds than the inexpediency of recognizing the unchecked sway of a numerical majority, and it is important that fair-minded men should well consider this fact. The policy of connecting the State with religion has been approved even by eminent statesmen who were not remarkable for their piety. Some Nonconformists impugn it, but chiefly because it is not their sects which are endowed. The Church of Rome protests against it in this country, while enforcing the principle in her own behalf with a rigour which we should consider destructive of all true freedom. She, the most aggressive, despotic, and intolerant of all Churches, the most exacting in her demands, the most immovable to argument or entreaty, the least disposed to yield concessions in any quarter of the world—she, with the duplicity which extends her conquests more effectually than armies, tells us that a Protestant Establishment is a cruel offence and wrong. We are to sever a limb from the national Protestant Church to gratify the Roman hierarchy, who hold that it were better dynasties should fall and kingdoms perish than that the supremacy of the Pontiff should be infringed. Hitherto, the people of this country have believed that the acknowledgment by the State of religious duties is attended with good effects on the entire community. This better influence in government can ill be spared at a time when a large proportion of the poor and uneducated class are invited to take part in the work of administering the affairs of the country. It may be said, although only by those who are not averse to the use of specious arguments, that in the United States we see the example of a successful government with entire freedom from religious connexions of any kind. We shall not here examine into the fact alleged, chiefly because there is no analogy whatever between the religious or political institutions of the two nations. Before the example of America can be consistently held out to us for imitation, each county in the United Kingdom must be made into a separate State, endowed with independent powers for the levying of taxes, the framing of laws, and the support of education, and acting with complete irresponsibility towards a central government, except as regards its liability to pay a fair share of the National Debt.

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When a Government does not dictate laws to a community it could scarcely compel it to contribute to the maintenance of a religion. The Established Church was not abandoned in the United States because it had worked badly, or because it was inefficient, but because it was impossible to bind sovereign States to contribute to the support of religion in any way. The State must be left to encourage religious teaching, or to ignore it altogether, just as it may please. It is preposterous to bid us to 'Americanise' one of our institutions unless the same process is extended to them all. In this country the rural population is often dependent upon the Church for the only instruction they receive. In America there are large endowments in every State for the purposes of education. But even there the absence of all religious influences in the general government is lamented by large classes of the people. We are recommended to imitate the defects of the American system without any possibility of enjoying the advantages which impart to it its strength. The very blemishes which Americans long to remove we are eagerly copying. The Church in this country has always been supported chiefly by the wealthy and middle classes for the benefit of the poor. Under a voluntary system here, where rural labourers cannot obtain free grants of land, nor grow rich by the exercise of their own unskilled labour, the poor could rarely afford to pay for religious instruction. This one consideration, Lord Macaulay declared, would be sufficient to restrain him from joining the supporters of the voluntary principle. 'The person about whom I am uneasy,' he said, 'is the working man; the man who would find it difficult to pay even five shillings or ten shillings a year out of his small earnings for the ministrations of religion. * * * Is he to be dependent on the liberality of others? That is a somewhat precarious and a somewhat humiliating dependence.' At present there are thousands of educated men scattered over the country, knowing little else than laborious days and sleepless nights, whose whole care is to elevate and ennoble with immortal truth the poor and distressed, and to assuage the hardships of their lot by implanting in them the hope of an existence in which the gloomy sorrows of poverty shall be unknown.

But, we are told, all this work could be just as effectually performed under the voluntary system. There are even some members of the Church who profess to look with complacency upon the approaching fall of Establishments, and the victory of the voluntary principle, as predicted by Liberal leaders. They little understand what they fancy they admire. The introduction

duction of the voluntary system would, in the first place, completely alter the relations of the clergy towards their parishioners. They would no longer be regarded as the friends and advisers of their people, but as hired servants, liable to dismissal the moment their 'doctrine' gave offence to a powerful clique. It may be said that Nonconformists find no inconvenience from this peculiar relationship. But, although they may be used to it—although they accepted the ministry on these known conditions—yet few of them would maintain that their state of dependence is conducive to their comfort, their self-respect, their usefulness, or that it encourages the highest class of educated men to undertake the responsibilities of the ministry. The very evils which are commonly found in combination with the voluntary system constitute a formidable objection to the professed subversion of the Establishment. 'Look at America,' the advocates of disestablishment say. When we do look at it what do we find? That the ministers of every creed are obliged in the first place to find a congregation which precisely suits them, or else to suppress any of their opinions that happen to be repugnant to their employers. The clergy of the Episcopal Church are usually better treated than Dissenting ministers, but only because they are more respected by their congregations. The traditions of the mother Church still linger round the offshoot in the United States, and people take a pride in supporting with decency the Church and its pastor. But the pay, except in large towns and cities, is miserably inadequate, and men of inferior capacities and of slight training are often attracted to the work, while others of higher qualifications are compelled to pass it by. A 'popular preacher,' like Mr. Spurgeon in England, or Mr. Ward Beecher in New York, is quite independent of his congregation, and would resent any dictation from them. But the great mass who cannot rise above mediocrity, or the very able men who are too sensitive and too proud to stoop to the arts which captivate the multitude, must be content to submit to the caprices of their congregations. They must preach not what they think proper, but what their hearers prefer. The preacher must accommodate his opinions to his employers' tastes, or if he gave up in shame and weariness, and sought a livelihood elsewhere, he would find in that 'elsewhere' the same conditions of servitude. He might say that he would abandon his calling rather than suffer humiliation. That is a mere personal question. Others would soon step in to take his place—the general system would not be affected by his resignation. No man is indispensable to any system.

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The question upon the determination of which so many irrevocable issues depend is, whether the Protestant Establishment in Ireland shall be first degraded and then extinguished without even an attempt being made to reform the imperfections which exist in it? Alarmed by the rapidity with which the public mind is grasping the true meaning of the contest, a speaker in the House of Lords on the Liberal side attempted, at the last moment, to misrepresent the scope of Mr. Gladstone's projects. He contended, in the face of Mr. Gladstone's own words,—‘I ask you to consent to the disendowment of the Established Church in Ireland,’—that disendowment had never been meditated. It is very probable that the section of the party, which is not without fears concerning the manifest course of public opinion, at first desired to construct a sort of puzzle out of these two phrases, ‘disestablishment’ and ‘disendowment.’ They were intended to keep in a state of pleasing suspense minds of a vacillating order. A perfectly cool hand might have continued to keep these balls changing in the air, but in an uncontrollable fit of impetuosity the Duke of Argyll let one of them fall to the ground. ‘As far as I know,’ he said,* ‘no human being proposes to disendow the Established Church altogether.’ The party which is standing in the background craving to divide the Church property do not, it appears, intend to take all, but only as much as they want. This method of softening the appearance of a foray so as to avoid alarming the victim may have been successful in former times, especially in cases where resistance was impossible. But since the border form of acquisition fell into disuse, the rugged courtesies which on rare occasions relieved its severities have not been so well understood, and the Duke of Argyll's apology was therefore not suited to the age. The time has happily not yet arrived when those who revere the Established Church have nothing to hope for except from the generosity of her adversaries. It may, as members of the Liberal party often threaten, soon ‘become a question’ whether the Episcopal Church deserves to be called a national Church, or whether it ought not rather to be denounced as ‘cumbering the ground,’ and so swept away altogether. But the more closely and calmly the claims of the Church to the respect and confidence of the nation are considered, the less likely will the people be to sacrifice her for the sake of gratifying the animosities of struggling politicians, and allaying the jealousies of hostile sects.

* Debate in the House of Lords, 29th June.

Before the great body of Nonconformists finally decide to render themselves responsible for a policy which can have but one issue, the aggrandisement of the Papacy, we invite them to put aside the persuasions of partisans, and make a patient investigation into all the facts for themselves. 'That the return of this country,' wrote Dr. Wiseman, 'through its Established Church to the Catholic Unity, would put an end to religious dissent and interior feud I feel no doubt.' Glorious as this promise may be in the eyes of Roman Catholics, or of those who dally with the Papal doctrine and travestie her forms and ceremonies within the English Church, we can scarcely expect Dissenters to hail it with enthusiasm. One of their own number has already told them what the demolition of the Irish Church carries with it. 'Confiscate, nay, only sequesterate, the revenues of the Established Church in Ireland, and their return to the Roman hierarchy becomes inevitable.' After all that has been said of the rich sinecures in the Irish Church, the Report of the Commissioners proves that 297 out of the 1518 benefices have incomes of less than 100*l.* a year, and that 1074 have incomes under 300*l.* The cultivators of the land no longer pay tithes, but the whole burden, such as it is, falls on the landlords and proprietors. Under the recommendations of the Commissioners, the work of the Church would be concentrated in the places where the Church population is largest, and the establishment would be at once reduced and consolidated. Is it wise policy to carry out needful reforms, or to leave 700,000 persons attached to the Protestant faith without the means of religious worship; to repudiate and cast them off, and to incur all the risks which so violent a proceeding involves?

It is not, however, simply the fate of the Irish Church which the new constituencies are now called upon to decide. That is an accident of the hour, and its occurrence at a time when our Government is being to some extent remodelled is a general misfortune. It has filled men's minds with prejudices, and blinded them to the greatest of all the issues depending on the voice of the country—the issue, namely, whether we are hereafter to live under a Government adapting itself wisely to existing circumstances, and yet not unmindful of historical associations, or to plunge headlong into the chaos of democracy. A democracy suddenly introduced into a form of government which successive generations have constructed upon a totally different model, is merely revolution in a mask. Where democracy has grown up with a people it may be found suitable to their needs, but in England all that the people have hitherto

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prized must be discarded before a system of that kind can be brought into operation. This process of rejection is already begun, and with Mr. Gladstone as leader of the destructive party, no man can conjecture where it will end. That Mr. Gladstone is popular the constant play upon his name in Liberal addresses sufficiently attests. But *why* he is popular very few even of his devoted adherents could explain to the satisfaction of impartial men. The Liberals have done their best to make the election turn upon personal considerations. Their vehement protestations of fidelity to Mr. Gladstone awaken the suspicion that they still heartily distrust him. But when they command us to place absolute dependence upon one man, they force us to inquire into the nature of the guarantee. The flattering portraits so often drawn by partisans should be turned with their faces to the wall. Let the electors ponder over Mr. Gladstone's past career, and weigh his character for themselves, and then decide whether any nation which trusted to such a statesman would not lean upon a reed. Mr. Gladstone's sincerity is the theme of constant praise. We do not question it. Yet there never probably was a public man in England of equal repute whose mind was so unstable and wayward. He may be in earnest for the moment in one cause, but the next moment he is quite as much in earnest in a totally different and conflicting cause. He takes up an opinion conscientiously, but very soon he rejects it conscientiously, and no man knows what he will next avow. Most persons have some fixed principles with which they would be reluctant to part. Mr. Gladstone has none; he parts with his principles unconsciously. There is scarcely a solitary opinion upon which he built his reputation which he has not since tried to bring into discredit. No changes through which his principles may yet be destined to pass can possibly be more astounding than the transformations they have already undergone. His mind is swayed by impulse, and bigots find him a ready instrument for any work upon which they may be intent.

Guided by such a leader, the country is now invited to place itself under a rule, the one great recommendation of which is that it is without known foundations. Any man may build there if he can; any man may overturn that which is built. We are ordered to look upon a past which has been the envy of other nations with averted looks of shame. We are to begin the work of government anew, and the one leading principle which we are to recognise is that a statesman who obeys the rescripts he receives from the agitators of the hour is entitled to our support and approbation. It would be little if this policy
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were likely to end with the authors of it. But we are destroying one of the greatest governments the world has ever seen—a government which has been won only by countless sacrifices, and under which we have grown up to be a free and honoured nation. We shall not eclipse our old renown under the new system. We are, in fact, merely laying up disorders and troubles for future generations. Is the country prepared to commit itself to a policy which will add one more dark page to the annals of national folly? There is yet time to save ourselves from so great a misfortune. Better far to trust to Mr. Bright than to Mr. Gladstone, for the one knows by experience what mischief fire can do, while the other is flinging about lighted brands without regard to where they fall. It is crafty and dangerous advice which urges the electors to support the Radical party and put their trust in the latent Conservative feeling of the country. Radicals themselves derive secret comfort against their own doctrines from the thought that the power of 'class' is strong, and that England could never be reduced to the condition of a Democratic country. These fancied 'checks' would soon disappear beneath a rule of the masses. The classes possessing property are the first to think themselves secure, and the first to find out how slight was their defensive power. Nothing ought to be left to chance in the approaching contest. If the nation loves its present Constitution, now is the time to defend it. The popular power is amply sufficient to prevent important national questions from being cast aside. If the people think it desirable to measure the Conservative strength which they possess, they could scarcely find a better opportunity than that to which they are now invited. It is a crisis in which no true lover of his country can be wholly free from anxiety; but we appeal with confidence to the prudence and circumspection of the people. They have an interest which it would be impossible to exaggerate in saving the institutions of their native land from becoming a wreck. If ever there was a period in our history when the action of a party aiming to preserve the Constitution from reckless violation could be attended with vast benefits to the commonwealth, it is the present. Much has been conceded to the claims of popular rights; we must now guard that which is valuable in our ancient polity or consent to relinquish it for ever.

It would be difficult to conceive of a declaration of policy on the part of a great leader more completely unsatisfactory than that issued by Mr. Gladstone on the eve of the elections. The more independent of his supporters are obliged to admit that it is alike unworthy of 'the hour and the man,' and they endeavour

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to explain away the new difficulties which their leader has wantonly created. The address does injustice to many of Mr. Gladstone's advocates, who honestly believe that all broad and generous ideas belong, by a wise provision of Providence, to their own party. Mr. Gladstone's manifesto is studded with little sarcasms, with weak taunts levelled at his rivals, and with attacks upon the Conservative party. His absorbing anxiety seems to have been to answer every word which the Premier had advanced. The references which he permits himself to make to education and local taxation have either dissatisfied or alarmed all but those of his admirers who would applaud him if he proposed to institute a Republic without further discussion or delay. He declares himself in favour of allowing 'to ratepayers, by the principle of representation, a control over county expenditure.' That is, he would introduce into county institutions, which are at present well administered, all the disorder, waste, mismanagement, and riot which frequently characterise the proceedings of vestry boards. The papers recorded, a few weeks ago, a wild scene of merry-making on the occasion of several metropolitan vestries meeting to inspect a great engineering work. The rates of the metropolis have long been enormous in amount, and the vestrymen seem to have been anxious to show the citizens with what facility vast sums could be disposed of. This is the system which has attracted Mr. Gladstone's admiration. This is one of those 'liberal ideas' for which extremists challenge universal enthusiasm. The general government having been sufficiently 'revolutionised' for the present, Mr. Gladstone proposes to hand over all forms of local government to the poorest classes. This, surely, ought to complete the measure of his popularity. But if it does not, the most conscientious statesman of modern times is doubtless prepared to throw other portions of an 'exploded system' to the expectant crowd.

The unfairness which marked Mr. Gladstone's address was also the only characteristic of his speech at Warrington, which has reached us as these pages were passing through the press; for an almost superhuman exuberance is no new feature of Mr. Gladstone's method of discussing public questions. His bids for popular applause were painfully anxious and forced. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'your true friend is the man who speaks openly the sentiments of his mind and his heart;' and this sentiment found diffuse repetition throughout the speech. Mr. Gladstone's 'mind and heart' have so frequently been the theme of his followers' panegyrics that he may be excused for dwelling
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with pride upon the charming subject. His former misrepresentations with regard to the national expenditure were increased by a statement of an almost incredible nature. Being totally unable to substantiate the charges of extravagance which he brought against the Conservatives, he accuses them of having tried to force him to squander the public money. 'Great as was the expenditure of 1861,' he tells us, 'it was only by the utmost efforts and the most desperate struggles that we kept down the expenditure at which it stood, in consequence of the constant and persevering efforts of a large portion of the Opposition—of many leaders of the Opposition, and of many men who are now ministers of State—to compel us to spend more public money.' Every word of this ignoble attack is unanswerably refuted by the history of the Conservative opposition to Mr. Gladstone's financial policy of 1859-1861. We have shown that the Conservative party actually for the first time brought Mr. Gladstone to a sense of the need of economy in the public service, and that but for a trick of Lord Palmerston's, in working upon Mr. Walpole's nervous temperament at the last moment, a resolution would certainly have been carried denouncing the monstrous extravagance of Mr. Gladstone's financial administration. Yet at this very time Mr. Gladstone alleges that his opponents were trying to drive him into prodigality, and that he was obliged to make 'desperate struggles' to prevent them. We can only attribute this strange perversion of facts to a heated oratorical imagination. On the 3rd of June, 1862, Mr. Walpole was to have brought forward a distinct motion for the reduction of the national expenditure. Lord Palmerston, with his habitual shrewdness, perceived that it would not be difficult to scare Mr. Walpole from his path. He therefore announced that he should regard the threatened motion as raising the question of confidence in his Ministry, and Mr. Walpole, 'bolted,' to use Mr. Disraeli's phrase. An unmeaning and ridiculous resolution was eventually proposed on the same subject by Lord Palmerston. Mr. Bright himself declared that Mr. Walpole's resolution was 'more satisfactory' than one of which Mr. Stansfeld had given notice, and of which Mr. Stansfeld has been boasting ever since. On that occasion Mr. Cobden severely rebuked the member for Halifax for his wild attacks upon the Conservative party—a rebuke which Mr. Stansfeld by some accident omits to mention in his vainglorious retrospections of this period.

But Mr. Gladstone's account of the financial question is surpassed by his wonderful statement respecting the affair of the Peiho,

Peiho, and the war with China which followed. These events he ascribes, in the comic manner which sits so ill upon him, to the policy of the Conservative party. That was not Lord Palmerston's statement at the time when Mr. Gladstone was a member of the Cabinet, and it is so notoriously untrue to history that it is incomprehensible what can have induced Mr. Gladstone to make it. Let us recall the circumstances:—The Chinese had for years been endeavouring to extinguish our trade. In 1856 the celebrated attack on the British lorch *Arrow* took place, the crew being carried off by the Chinese, and the national ensign taken down. Sir J. Bowring then declared hostilities, and applied for troops. A war ensued between 1856 and 1858, and in June and August of the latter year Lord Elgin signed important treaties, for which he deservedly received great honour. The name of Lord Elgin is now most unjustifiably insulted by Mr. Gladstone in the following statement of the causes of the China war:—

‘At the end of June, 1859, Lord Elgin arrived at the mouth of the Peiho in China to sign a treaty of peace with the Emperor of China, and, under the wise instructions of the Conservative Government, he went to sign this treaty of peace with a large fleet to help him to guide the pen. [Laughter and cheers.] The Chinese did not understand the method of guiding a pen by a fleet, and thought that the Ambassador might do it himself. The consequence was they laid a sort of ambuscade for our fleet.’

Lord Elgin departed from China in May, 1859, and was in England in June, when Mr. Gladstone says he was ‘at the mouth of the Peiho.’ The envoy who was stopped in the river Peiho on his way to Peking held no instructions for which the Conservative party was primarily responsible. He had to pursue a policy which had been adopted by all parties in common. He was sent to carry out a mission which had been for many years in progress. Admiral Hope attempted to force a passage of the river and was repulsed. In October, 1859, the French and English joined in an expedition against China. Lord Elgin, who again left England for China in April, 1860, concluded the treaty of Tien-tsin with Prince Kung, under which our relations have since been carried on.

Compare these facts, which are matters of history, with Mr. Gladstone's statements. He vindicates the Chinese at the expense of his own country, merely for the sake of raising an ignorant cry against his political opponents. He does not even remember the history of the war, which he and his colleagues conducted. Mr. Gladstone returned to office in June, 1859—

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four months before the expedition against China was agreed upon. He now abuses Lord Elgin, a distinguished diplomatist whom the Liberal party rewarded by giving him the appointment of Governor-General of India, for committing an act in China at a time when he was not in the country. And this is an example of the 'wise and manly statesmanship' which the electors are asked to approve at the polls!

We trust that the answer will be decisively in favour of the Government. So far from creating fresh difficulties abroad, it has well-nigh settled the long-standing disputes with America, fostered by their predecessors, and aggravated by the rash speeches and policy of Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone.

The Conservative party does not cling to the mere traditions of the past. It is willing to do all that can be asked for the true welfare of the people. In return it deserves the support of every man in this country who still believes that the government under which we live confers upon the whole nation many priceless blessings, and that to consign it to the reckless hands of agitators of yesterday's growth would be an act inviting and deserving greater misfortunes than the whole world arrayed against us as enemies could bring down upon our heads.

NOTE to No. 248, p. 566.

In our article on the 'Irish Church' we quoted a paragraph from the 'Tablet,' which seemed to advocate the confiscation of lay property in Ireland. The paragraph in question was taken from a pamphlet giving this quotation from the 'Tablet;' but, upon referring to the 'Tablet' itself, we find that we have done an unintentional injustice to the paper, and that, so far from advocating the confiscation of the lay property of Protestant landlords, the 'Tablet' deprecated any attempt by the Catholics of Ireland to deprive the Protestants of even their Church property by the aid of the English Dissenters.

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Bd. Rev. Gen.

END OF THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

